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Maybe you wonder: "What's the BASIC IDEA behind the ad that should have been on these two pages? My answer: What happens at MILLER TIME.

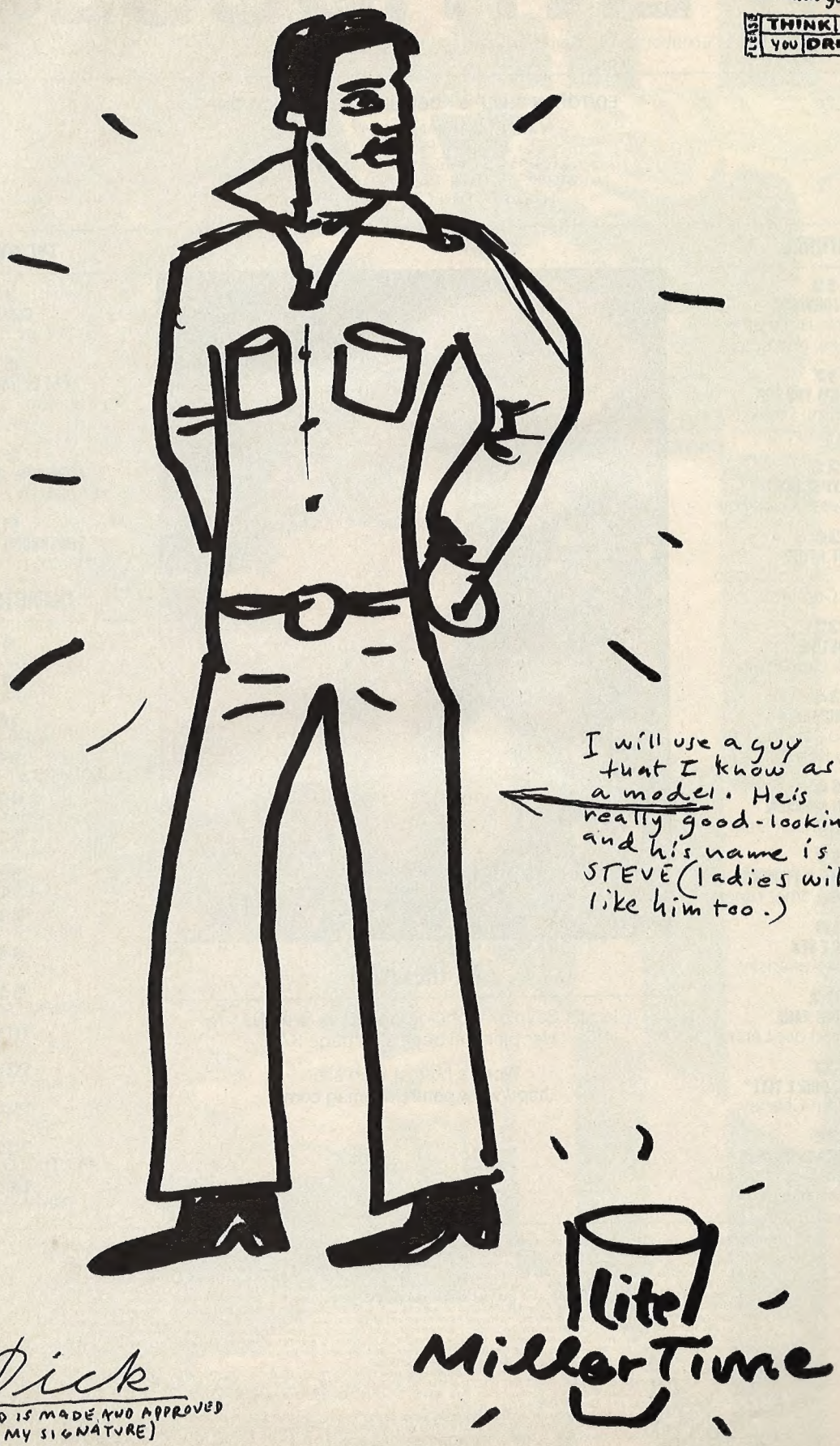
TRANSITION

This is me. Maybe you recognize me from TV. I am the man behind the MILLER LITE campaign.

Don't blame me. I am honest! My promise to you: You'll understand later

This is the MillerTime logo I made. It has been on TV too.

Down here I'll probably put a slogan!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PENTHOUSE®

The International Magazine for Men

May 1997

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Printed in the U.S.A.
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MAY HOUSECALL

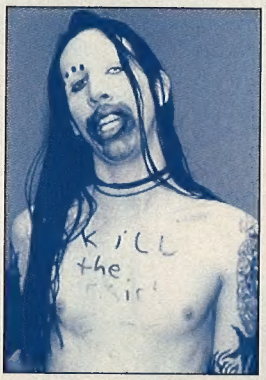
This issue features stock-car heroes, doom-spouting hustlers, satanic rock stars, and a spring bouquet of beautiful Pets.

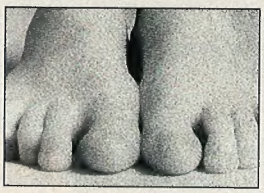
Apocalypse Now

"The end of the world is coming! Prepare to meet your maker!" Thus cry countless doomsday organizations that have cropped up across the land. Doomsayers have been around since biblical times, but America today has become the cultists' land of golden opportunity. Christian sects merge with U.F.O. fanatics, New Age disciples consort with militia riflemen—all this made possible by a communications technology undreamed of in millennial history. Together, these groups form a fraternity of fear, a jumble of frayed nerve endings that stretches across America. Investigative journalist **Peter Klebnikov** reports on the growing strength of this no-longer-underground world of apocalyptic believers who have discovered the cash value of preying on human paranoia.

Manson Family

His songs are full of hate, profanity, self-loathing, and satanism. He has community leaders in an uproar, but teenage audiences love him. He's rock star **Marilyn Manson** (who devised his stage name from **Marilyn Monroe** and **Charles Manson**), and his band's recent album, *Antichrist Superstar,* has gone platinum. Writer **Chuck Dean** met with the devilish superstar who, in line with **John Lennon**'s boast that the Beatles were more popular than Jesus, crows that *he* is "a lot bigger than Satan." Maybe it's time for Marilyn to start his own cult.





King of Speed

As stock-car racing finally sheds its regional roots and roars into the living rooms of Cable America, its superheroes eclipse the popularity of all but the biggest rock stars. Untold glory awaits the driver who can win the most races, execute the most thrilling passes, and capture the hearts of millions of enthralled fans. That driver is clearly **Dale Earnhardt,** seven-time champion of the Winston Cup series, who has won more purses—just shy of $30 million—than anyone else in the history of motor sports. Writer Bones Bourcier profiles the man **Forbes** magazine has called "the Michael Jordan of car racing."

Footloose

Is foot fetishism going mainstream? Now that English royalty (**Duchess of York Sarah Ferguson**) and American political gurus (**Dick Morris**) have propelled toe sucking into the headlines, our Unrepentant Voyeur, **Ralph Gardner, Jr.,** reports that an increasing number of young sexual adventurers are headed feet-first down this sexual bypath. Although few people believe it is likely ever to take the place of penetration, it's quickly gaining a "foothold" as a much-practiced form of foreplay.

Members Only

On this month's "Penis Page" senior editor **Gerard Van der Leun** deplores America's current tidal wave of penile abuse. No, this isn't the good old self-abuse we all know firsthand. Van der Leun is striking back at the more insidious beating the penis has taken at the callous hands of radical feminists, fashion slaves, and fetish faddists, whose denigration, slurs, and superficial put-downs are aimed at turning heterosexual men into second-class citizens. "The penis," Gerard says, "needs strokes, not slurs, if it is to be able to rise to the occasion." ... While we're on the subject, don't miss this month's "Men's Health & Fitness" bulletin on scientific findings in which daily injections of human growth hormone reportedly increase men's sexual desire and the frequency of their erections. Now that's something to get pumped up about!... On the other hand, as legal scholar **Alan M. Dershowitz** declares in his "Justice" column, the right-wing politicians who passed the ludicrous Military Honor and Decency Act last year to defend the "manliness" and "strength" of our armed forces got a well-deserved boot in the rear when a federal judge, acting on a suit brought by our publisher, **Bob Guccione,** threw the law out as unconstitutional. This means that *Penthouse* will continue to be on sale at military bases. That's good news for all Americans who believe in free speech, but it's especially welcome for the troops who defend our freedom around the world. For one thing they won't miss out on this month's beautiful Pets—who, as you can plainly see, are *certainly* worth fighting for!

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

Good Work

My name is Sergeant First Class John McClure, a soldier stationed in Germany and temporarily in Tuzla, Bosnia. When I say temporarily, I mean until we are given orders to redeploy—it could be 11 months from now.

I wanted to write you a quick letter to express my support for your efforts to stop the ban on selling adult magazines in military PXs. I will never understand how a very few elected politicians feel it is their job to decide what soldiers can and can't read. We *will* support and defend the Constitution of the great United States of America. We will carry out orders from our President and will risk our lives if necessary. Why can't we all choose to read what we want?

Soldiers stationed overseas won't get a chance to pick up a copy of an adult magazine in a store off-post. In Bosnia, once the new issue of *Penthouse* is placed on the shelves, it's gone in an hour or two. With many NATO countries here, it's clear which magazine is their favorite. Yours has the most interesting articles and by far the most beautiful women.

Again, keep up the good work. I will continue to purchase your magazine as long as supplies last.—*J. M., Operation Danger Endeavor*

Editor's note: We're happy to report to you, and to all the military personnel who read Penthouse *and who have written us with their support, that in January a federal judge declared the ban on* Penthouse *and other sophisticate magazines at PXs to be unconstitutional. Since a Pentagon spokeswoman said the government would not appeal this decision, it's clear that our brave men and women of the armed services will continue personally to enjoy the freedoms that they're fighting to protect for all of us. See Alan Dershowitz's "Justice" column on page 32 for further thoughts on this subject.*

Doing Battle

I just finished reading the article on Larry Flynt in the February issue. I have to agree with much of it. For one thing, I did some work for Mr. Flynt in the early days, and I know he was not so noble. He was and is a damn good hustler, though. I'll give him that.

If anyone wants to talk about fighting for free speech and our First Amendment rights, that's another thing I can speak about personally, because I get the benefits from the results. I am incarcerated in the state of Texas. Out of all the adult magazines on the market, only two are on the approved mailing list in this state. One isn't worth having unless you want something resembling a ... well, I'll not go into the *Play*— issue.

The other, of course, is *Penthouse*. Why? Because *Penthouse* cared enough about freedom of speech and the First Amendment to sue the state of Texas for our rights. This is something no other publishers have done. And by winning this battle—against the imposition of more restrictions on us than most can imagine—*Penthouse* struck a blow for all of you, and for all of us as well. Bob Guccione—and not some quack religious fruitcake—fought a state. And this is only a small battle out of many. So where's the movie about *Penthouse*'s many battles? It's time to give credit where it's due.—*L. C., Texas*

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965

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Editor in Chief & Publisher

KATHY KEETON
President & C.O.O.

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(U.S. edition)

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MAY

Quite Contrary Mary

I had an experience last night that left me more turned on than I've ever been. It started at seven o'clock, when my girlfriend, Mary, went out with Lara, her friend from work. I've always thought Lara was beautiful—Rapunzel-length brown hair, big eyes, a great five-foot-seven, 125-pound body with a gorgeous, shapely chest. Although I often ask Mary to bring Lara over here, they always go out instead, leaving me home.

Since I have to be at work by 6:30 each morning I'm usually asleep by ten. Last night, however, I was restless, and waited up for Mary. A little after midnight I heard Lara's car drive up and park in front of the garage to our condo. I went to the second-floor bedroom window and looked down, but Mary didn't exit the car. Since the weather was warm I had the bedroom window open and I could hear voices coming from the car. Eager to eavesdrop on what they'd done that evening, I went downstairs, out through the patio door, and around the wooden gate next to the garage. The hood of Lara's car was blocking the gate, and looking through the pine slats, I could clearly see into the passenger compartment. The nearby streetlight enabled me to easily see Mary and Lara smiling at each other as they spoke.

The passenger window was open about a quarter of the way, but I couldn't make out exactly what they were saying. Just as I was about to give up and go back inside, Mary leaned over and kissed Lara. *How cute,* I thought, *a little kiss good night.* But this little kiss didn't seem to stop right away. In fact they just kept kissing. I was astonished. I didn't know whether to be angry or excited. When I saw Lara begin to massage Mary's breasts, I chose to be excited.

After a few moments of passionate kissing, Mary lifted her arms into the air, allowing Lara to pull off her blouse. I could clearly see Mary's 34C tits above the dashboard. Her dark half-dollar-size nipples were quite hard. I immediately remembered that when Mary had dressed to go out, she'd put on a bra. Obviously her blouse had been off before now. Lara bent down and began kissing my girlfriend's nipples. Then they were kissing again, this time with Mary leaning back in her seat. A moment later Lara's head went down below my line of sight. Mary rocked forward as she let out a long "Oooh!" She sat back up, and Lara returned to the driver's seat. "I've never come like that," Mary panted, loud enough for me to hear. She pulled her skirt up, put her blouse back on, and spoke quietly to Lara for a short time. Then she opened the door, got out, and grabbed her purse from the backseat. As she said good night and began

CONTINUED ON PAGE 57

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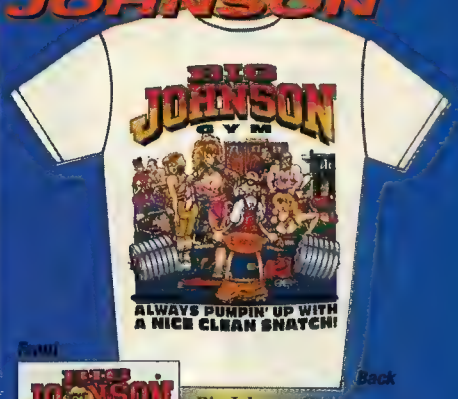

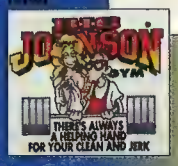

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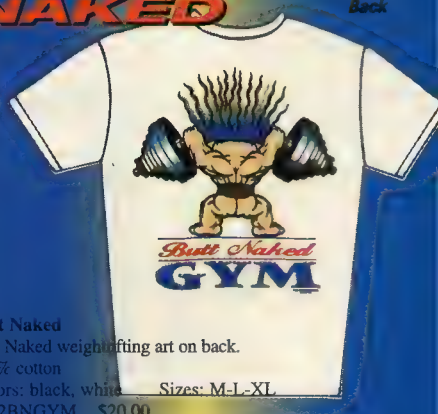

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Las Vegas's latest fun factory brings all the thrills of New York City to the desert, without the lunatics and car alarms.

TRAVEL

New York, New York Hotel & Casino, the new kid on Las Vegas's Strip, is a scaled-down replica of the city that never sleeps, smack in the dusty desert of Nevada. The facade is a composite Manhattan skyline—Brooklyn Bridge, Lady Liberty, and all—while the interior is an exciting array of Big Apple neighborhoods: Greenwich Village brownstones, Times Square with the ball that descends on New Year's Eve (nightly here), Central Park with a real lake and bridge, Coney Island in its 1940s glamour with a state-of-the-art roller coaster that twists and loops around the entire make-believe metropolis at a sizzling 67 miles per hour. The attention to detail—cobblestones, mailboxes, Checker-cab motifs—is impressive. (The midnight car alarms and loitering lunatics are fortuitously missing.)

Strewn among the New York landmarks are 71 gaming tables and 2,400 slot machines. Horse races and pro-sports events are fed in by satellite. For food there's a variety of typical New York eateries—Gallagher's, Chinatown joints, Little Italy trattorias—or you can hang out at the posh Art Deco Empire Bar or the Times Square Piano Bar. This Disneyland for grown-ups (minus that famous rodent) is a nostalgic time-travel trip back to a kinder, gentler New York, where five bucks and a hunch can get you into the game.—*Gabrielle Barth*

SPIRITS

Ask any bartender—cocktails are back in style. So it's not surprising that prepared cocktails—ready to drink at home or at the beach—are widely available in liquor stores and supermarkets, and that every season brings new brands and an expanding range of flavors.

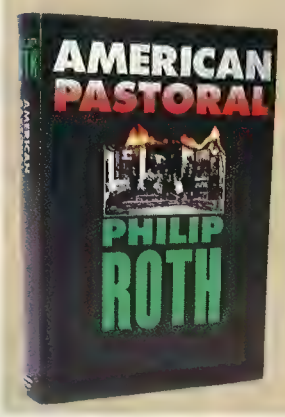
Among the traditional, spirit-based cocktails, using vodka, rum, tequila, and whiskey, are Heublein Club Cocktails, José Cuervo Margaritas, Jack Daniel's Country Cocktails, and T.G.I. Friday's Frozen drinks, meant to be blended with ice.

Another group of prepared drinks consists of cocktail-flavored coolers, based on wine or malt liquors; these include Bartles & Jaymes, Seagram's Coolers, and Bacardi Breezers (made with spirits in some markets).

The newest category of prepared cocktails (also malt- and wine-based) includes Brown-Forman's Tropical Freezes and Ice

WORDS

After creating one of the most disgusting characters of all time in his last novel, *Sabbath's Theater,* breaking up with his companion of 18 years, the actress Claire Bloom, and inspiring her tell-all divorce tome, *Leaving a Doll's House,* Philip Roth surprises us again. His 22nd book, *American Pastoral* (Houghton Mifflin), involves no sex, scandal, or autobiographical saga. The award-winning author of *Goodbye Columbus* and *Portnoy's Complaint* has written a dramatic, exciting, and brilliant tale about the hollowness of the American Dream.



American Pastoral focuses on Seymour "Swede" Levov, a handsome and popular Newark high-school athlete whom the narrator, Nathan Zuckerman, idolizes. The two meet again 50 years later, and Zuckerman unravels the story of the Swede's life. Though the Swede appears to have prospered in his marriage and in his father's successful New Jersey glove factory, there is a dark secret lurking beneath the Swede's smile. It turns out that his beloved only daughter, Merry, became an anti-Vietnam War terrorist in the 1960s, blowing up buildings and her father's respectable and charmed life at the same time.

Although the novel works perfectly on an allegorical level, exemplifying changes in our country brought about by World War II and Vietnam, Roth never reduces it to polemics. It reads just as well on the narrative level, illuminating such human frailties as sibling rivalry, adolescent insecurity, and male bravado in the face of aging and illness.

American Pastoral is Roth's richest, most engrossing book yet. —*Susan Shapiro*

Breakers and Seagram's Frozen Paradise, sold in individual freezer packs.

How do they taste? One of the best of the bunch is José Cuervo Classic Lime Margaritas in big bottles. The Club Piña Colada is rich and creamy, as is the one bottled by T.G.I. Friday's, whose Frozen Orange Dream is also excellent. The Club Mudslide, with its rich rum-and-coffee taste, is another winner. And look for the four-packs marketed by Jack Daniel's, such as the lively Lynchburg Lemonade and the pleasing Cactus Kicker.

The cocktails based on wine and malt (technically, flavored beers) lack the bite of a spirit-based cocktail, and tend to emphasize fruit flavors. They are more enjoyable if you accept them for what they are—inexpensive, low-alcohol (four to six percent) beverages—rather than real cocktails. *—Alexis Bespaloff*

AUTOS

Makers, dealers, parts, and more—eAuto makes accessing the Net as easy for car lovers as a Sunday drive through the park.

FILM

At last a film for fans of the sexual revolution. There used to be lots of sexual-revolution fans, back when people could remember the rigidities that preceded it. But since America has been looking for something on which to blame the bumps of the past 20 years, the sexual revolution became suspect, and folks forgot what went on before. One gets a reminder in ***Inventing the Abbotts*** (★★★).

Liv Tyler (of *Stealing Beauty*) is one of three daughters in the Abbott family, the upper crust of a town that's all apple pie. **Joanna Going** and **Jennifer Connelly** are her sisters in a world where young women get shoved into an unwanted marriage for having had sex with a guy if he's from the right side of the tracks, and shipped off to a mental institution if he's from the wrong side. **Joaquin Phoenix** and **Billy Crudup** are the "wrong side" brothers, and their story would be mere soap, if it weren't for the restrained script by **Ken Hixon** (based on the Sue Miller short story), economical direction by **Pat O'Connor** (*Circle of Friends*), and fine acting, which makes *Inventing the Abbotts* heir to the great fifties blasters like *East of Eden* and *Splendor in the Grass.* The denouement, in which the youngest princess finds true love outside the politics of propriety, is a bit overneat. But this is an American movie, where people ever reinvent themselves into happy endings, and the sixties did reinvent sexual mores.*—Marcia Pally*

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

THREE'S COMPANY

My husband, Chris, and I have been reading and enjoying Penthouse *for some 15 years. A lot of times when we buy a new issue we lie in bed and take turns reading to each other, your column and "Forum," as foreplay to making love.*

I've been married to this wonderful man for over 27 years. Chris is a fabulous lover. He's very patient and unselfish, always taking care of my sexual needs before his own. Throughout our marriage we have openly discussed and fulfilled many of our sexual fantasies together. But Chris had been the only one I'd ever gone to bed with—until a month ago. That was when one of my deepest sexual fantasies became reality. It has created a dilemma, which is why I am writing you, in the hope that you can give me some advice on how I should go about dealing with this quandary.

It all started out quite innocently. I had taken a few days vacation when my best friend, Victoria, stopped over early in the afternoon. Victoria is my age, and has been a friend of ours for more than ten years. She's been divorced for more than a year, after a very abusive marriage. Because of the abuse the furthest thing from her mind has been dating and getting into another relationship with a man. Chris and I have sort of taken Victoria under our wing. Having her over for dinner, going out to dinner, involving her in a lot of things we do.

On this afternoon when Victoria stopped by, I had just gotten some new sex videos Chris and I had ordered. Victoria wanted to watch one. I had no problem with that, even though I'd never watched a sex video with anyone other than Chris. We'd been watching the video for a while when a scene of two girls exploring each other's breasts with their hands began. Victoria and I started talking about what that would feel like. Before we knew it, we had our tops and bras off and were caressing each other's breasts, satisfying our curiosity. It was very exciting to touch Victoria's smooth, round, firm breasts. To touch her erect, hardened nipples was a delight, to say the least. And to feel her hand gently caressing my breasts was very pleasurable. The next thing we knew, we were taking turns, licking and sucking each other's breasts. We got ourselves so hot and horny that there was nothing for us to do but to finish this in the bedroom.

I could write chapters on what Victoria and I experienced together in bed that afternoon. I will only say it was one of the most exciting, passionate, pleasurable, delicious, and satisfying encounters of my life, well worth a repeat performance—something Victoria and I so badly want to share together again. But I told her that when it did happen again I wanted it to be so Chris could experience it. Victoria agreed it would be very exciting to have him present.

This is where I need your advice. I know that one of Chris's sexual fantasies is to watch two women making love. What I don't know, because he never really said, is: Would he want one of the women to be me? I certainly hope so. But I don't know how to go about finding out without divulging my secret. Your advice would be greatly appreciated. And if it helps and this happens, rest assured the three of us will be writing back to you.—L. D., Minnesota

A while back I said in one of my answers, "The man who would turn down two women in his bed has yet to be born," and of course almost instantly some narrow-minded puritan dickhead wrote back and complained that he would never consider any other

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

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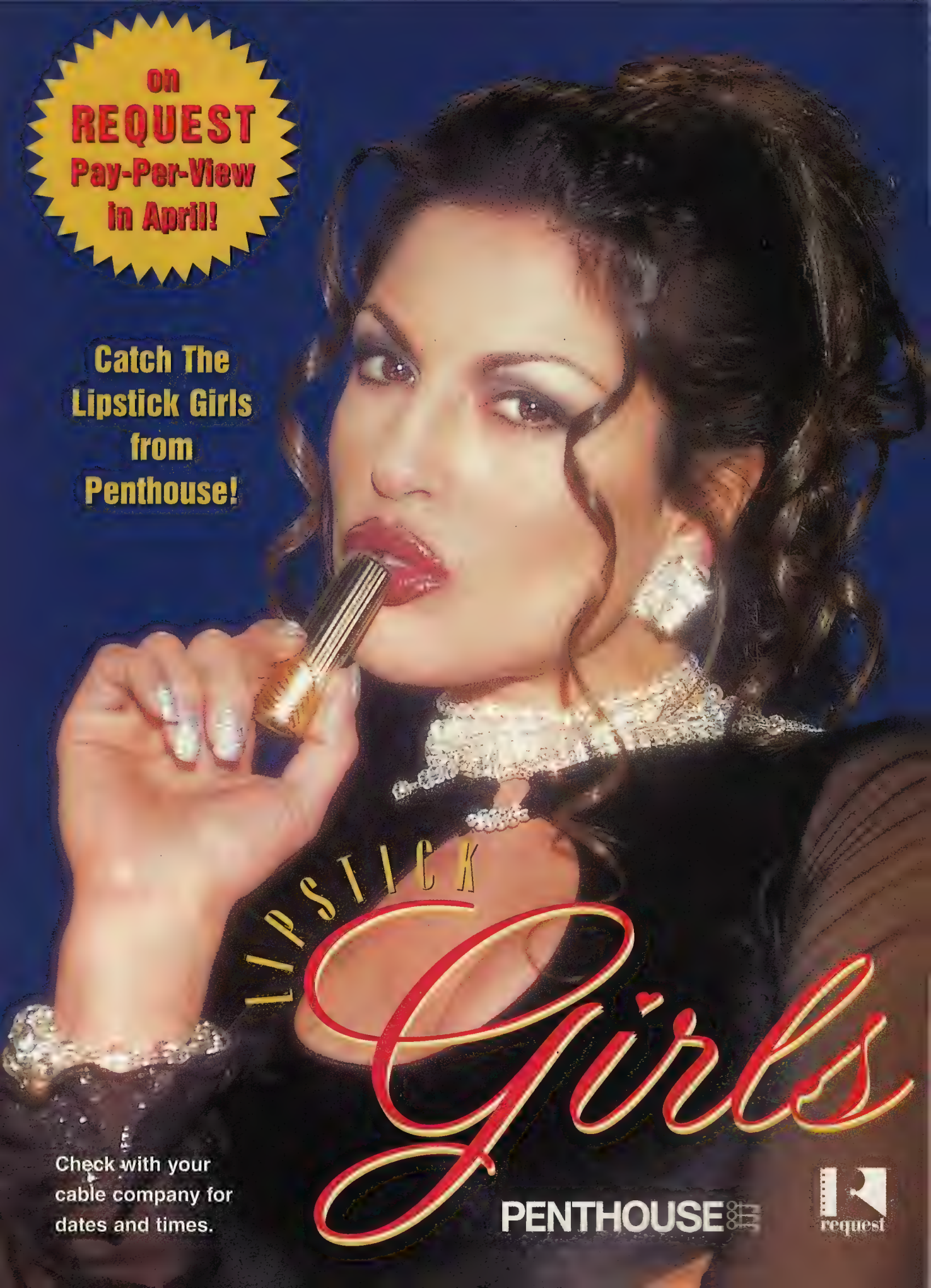
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VIEW FROM THE TOP

DALE EARNHARDT

By Bones Bourcier

It's just past eight on a breezy North Carolina morning, and already the faithful are out in numbers in the little town of Newton, which on this particular Monday is the capital of NASCAR racing. The Man is due here soon. That's the only name you need to use—The Man—because everyone is talking about the same guy: Dale Earnhardt, seven-time champion of the Winston Cup series.

Stock-car racing has always been a major deal in these parts; it owes its life to the moonshine runners of yore rassling over who had the fastest whiskey-hauler. The sport gained acceptance locally in the fifties, regionally in the sixties, nationally in the seventies. When it roared into the living rooms of Cable America in the eighties, untold glory awaited the driver who could win the most races, execute the most thrilling passes, and capture the hearts of an enthralled nation. That driver turned out to be Earnhardt. Thus was born The Man. As in "You see The Man yet?"

The occasion is an open house at Earnhardt's Chevrolet dealership. He is scheduled to sign autographs this afternoon, and the guess is that 10,000 people will show up before the day is over. The hottest attraction is a 40-foot trailer bulging with Earnhardt memorabilia: $110 jackets, $30 sweatshirts, $20 caps, and a zillion more items, from key rings to bumper stickers.

If money is the nineties way of keeping score, Earnhardt is doing all right, even without

the souvenir royalties. He has won more in purses—just shy of $30 million—than anyone in the history of motor sports. But add in the incidental gravy, and The Man becomes The Very Wealthy Man whom Forbes calls "the Michael Jordan of car racing."

Noting the size of the line when he arrives, Earnhardt instructs that the doors be opened early. He signs an eclectic array of items, from the usual (clothing, posters, model cars) to the unusual (a dented fender from a car he'd wrecked) to the downright wacky (a fresh $100 bill, a woman's forearm).

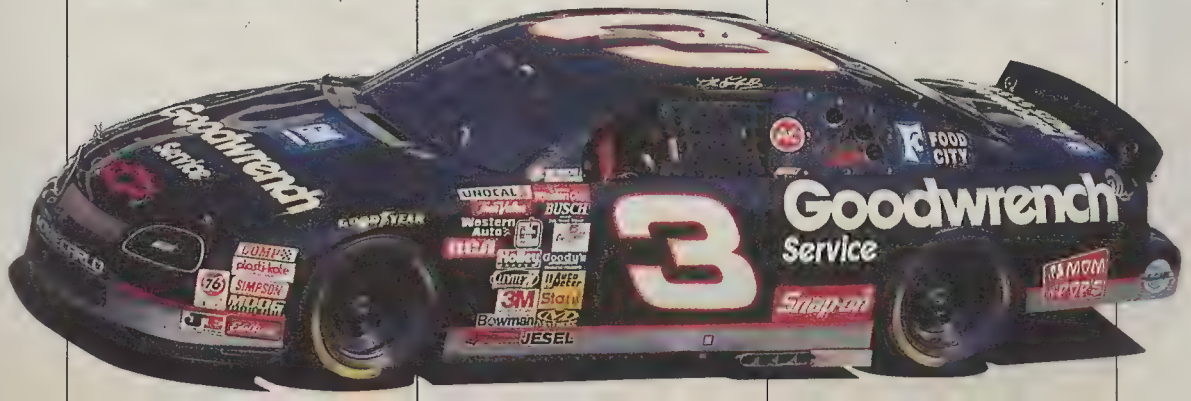
And so it goes, for six hours rather than the advertised three, without Earnhardt taking as much as a rest-room break. But if his fortitude is admirable, so is that of his flock. Even when a pesky rain comes, no one bolts. They have waited too long for the chance to meet this 45-year-old Tarheel who quit school in the ninth grade, labored at menial jobs to support his racing habit, struggled for years on the verge of failure, and survived it all to become an icon.

On the one hand it is easy to explain Earnhardt's amazing appeal. Winston Cup attendance has ballooned from 1.5 million in 1980 to roughly 5.5 million last year, and every event is televised live. "And," says Richard Childress, the ex-driver who owns Earnhardt's team, "Dale was on top of the sport when it was growin' so fast."

But just being a winner doesn't ensure idolatry. When asked what he thinks so many people see in him, Earnhardt responds sheepishly, "I dunno. I just try to be a good racer." Which answers nothing, and he knows it. So he takes another crack at it: "I think my lifestyle relates to the majority of race fans."

Sure, that seems crazy. Earnhardt is a multi-millionaire with all the trappings: private jet, multiple homes, even a yacht (bearing the too-cool

He will overcome: "There was a fire inside me. Whatever it took to beat you, that's what I was gonna do."



VIEW FROM THE TOP

From the pits to the pinnacle: "I come from a cotton-mill town, just like the next blue-collar worker."

name *Sunday Money,* in honor of what paid for it). But he is, he maintains, a regular guy from Kannapolis, North Carolina, and he believes his fans can see that. "I come from a cotton-mill town," he says. "When you grow up like that, you're just like the next blue-collar worker."

And with Earnhardt you can take the boy out of the blue collar, but you can't take the blue collar out of the boy. "I love to wear jeans, ride in my pickup truck, have a beer once in a while, and go about my daily chores," he says. His fans, many of whom share similar interests, adore him for it.

Earnhardt, in the opinion of his agent, Don Hawk, "is a normal person who came from a small town and made something of himself. The average American, I think, is looking for somebody like that."

The Man was one of five kids born to Ralph and Martha Earnhardt. Ralph Earnhardt was a star in stock-car racing's formative years, a fierce warrior who won hundreds of races on the dusty short tracks of the Southeast. "I grew up idolizing him," says Dale, who describes his father as "an independent cuss."

Like father, like son. The younger Earnhardt left school—against his dad's wishes—because nothing to be learned there would ready him for the day he started racing. When that day came Dale was fast but wild. Maybe he was counting on his father to help polish his rough edges.

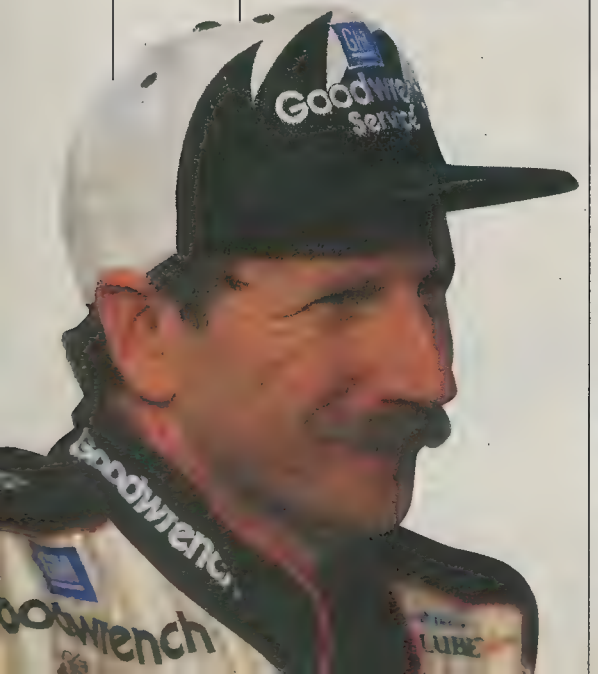
But when a heart attack took Ralph in 1973, the son who had wanted only to follow in his footsteps was 22 and rudderless. He proceeded to make, at least off the track, "all the mistakes you could make."

It is easy now to romanticize Earnhardt's struggling years, but what a struggle they were. Before he was 25 there had been two wives—"I struck out on marriage a couple times"—and three children, and barely enough racing income to pay the rent.

The sport had become his obsession, and he suffered for it. Flat broke in December 1976, during marriage No. 2, he hired on with a crew of welders overhauling a pulpwood mill. Christmas passed with the future NASCAR champion "up in this chute, welding these plates in there, round the clock, sick as hell with the flu." But as any blue-collar man can tell you, there is no cure like a paycheck. "Got time-and-a-half," Earnhardt muses.

At its highest level, racing could be a rewarding gig even then, but Earnhardt was miles below that level. Yet even as he was "starvin' to death," he refused to quit. "There comes a time in life," he says, "when you gain confidence in what you do."

He was 27 in the autumn of 1978 when fate, in the person



of a wealthy team owner named Rod Osterlund, finally ratified that confidence. After first backing Earnhardt in some minor-league races, Osterlund offered a Winston Cup deal for 1979. Earnhardt's life changed forever that day. And though no longer hungry in the conventional sense, he continued to drive like a man with a growling stomach. "There was a fire inside me," he says. "Whatever it took to beat you, that's what I was gonna do."

"I don't like to lose. Still, you've got to sometimes. You can't win all the races."

In the Winston Cup division the code of conduct called for better manners than Earnhardt had in him. The top names of the day—David Pearson, Bobby Allison, Cale Yarborough, Darrell Waltrip, and NASCAR's only other seven-time champion, Richard Petty—won as often on guile as on bravery. And here came Earnhardt, fast and raw, wrinkling fenders and raising hell. His act did not play well. Earnhardt admits that Petty, the sport's beloved King Richard, "chewed my ass out a lot."

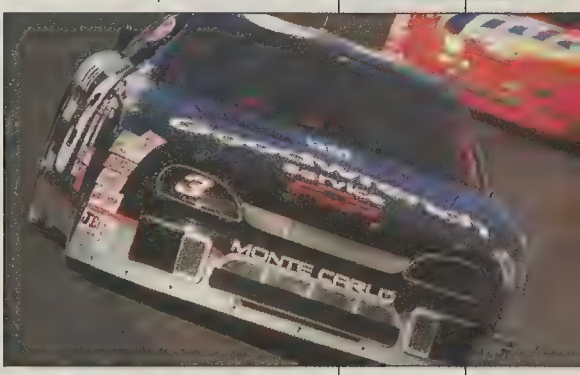
Earnhardt won his first Winston Cup race at Bristol, Tennessee, in April 1979, and was voted that season's top rookie. In 1980 he outran Yarborough to clinch his first NASCAR title. Just four years after spending Christmas in that pulpwood chute, he sat at the pinnacle of his sport. And he was still winning more with brawn than brains, relying on his instincts and his supernatural car control.

Respect came, if slowly. One of the first to recognize Earnhardt's potential was Richard Childress, who thought so much of the youngster that he aborted his own driving career to hire him in 1981. But it was too soon; Childress's equipment wasn't up to snuff. They split for two years before reuniting in '84. By then, Childress says, "you could tell we had the right chemistry." They won six races in the next two seasons, then earned consecutive Winston Cup championships in '86 and '87. In the latter year Earnhardt won 11 times, and drove so forcefully that he was forever tagged "The Intimidator." That was also when he decided, "I've got a future in NASCAR."

It was a bit of an understatement. Earnhardt not only had a future, he *was* the future. Since the reconciliation with Childress he has won 61 Winston Cup races; his closest rival in that span, 1989 champion Rusty Wallace, has 46 victories. And since '86 Earnhardt has ranked lower than fourth in the final standings just once. The offshoot of all this has been Earnhardt's rock-star-like fame. He has guested with Jay Leno, befriended politicos and pro athletes, hung out with country singers. Still, he is fairly accessible: In 1996 he made 54 public appearances for sponsors and charities.

None of this comes easily to Earnhardt: "I'm happiest come Sunday, when it's time to race," he says with a sigh.

The business side of Dale Earnhardt, Inc., is managed by Don Hawk. He negotiates his boss's contracts and looks after the dealership, a 400-acre farm, rental properties, teams that compete in NASCAR's Busch Grand National and Craftsman Truck divisions, and a fleet of short-track cars for three more racing Earnhardts: sons Kerry and Dale Junior, 27 and 22, and daughter Kelley, 24. Until Hawk was hired four years ago much of this was the province of the former Teresa Houston, whom Earnhardt married in 1982. The mother of eight-year-old Taylor, Teresa is credited with making Dale take seriously the business side of racing. "On that," Hawk proclaims, "she was light-years ahead of the curve."



The Man drives fast and raw, wrinkling fenders and raising hell. Richard Petty "chewed my ass out a lot," he admits.

There are now 120-plus Earnhardt-related trademarks in the United States and 19 other countries. Among them: Dale's signature, the word "Intimidator," even the numeral 3 as it appears on his car. This foresight paid off when the souvenir craze hit stock-car racing. *Forbes*, which puts the sale of licensed Earnhardt goodies at $50 million annual-

VIEW FROM THE TOP

Signing bonus: Fans gather early at Earnhardt's car dealership for an autograph session. By day's end, the crowd is 10,000 strong.

ly, ranked him 20th on its 1996 list of the world's highest-earning athletes, pegging his "salary and winnings" at $2.5 million and "endorsements" at $8 million (all the *Forbes* numbers are estimates).

More than the money, Earnhardt's lasting legacy will be his tough-guy image. Oh, he has matured a bit, sure. But Ralph Earnhardt's boy remains the iron-willed charger. NASCAR officials have slapped his wrist occasionally, hoping through penalties and fines to temper his aggression, but their efforts have been in vain. "Earnhardt is the very best driver in the country," says Rusty Wallace. "He's got more natural ability and more balls than anybody."

It's not that The Man is immune to danger. Last July Earnhardt was leading at Talladega, Alabama, when a nudge from behind sent his car flipping at 180 miles an hour. He was lucky to escape with a broken sternum and fractured collarbone. The next morning he checked himself out of the hospital and flew straight to Childress's shop. The richest event of the season, the Brickyard 400 at Indianapolis, was set for the following Saturday.

Just 24 hours after his Talladega tumble, Earnhardt climbed into the car he was supposed to race at Indy, "just to see how I'd feel." He felt, of course, like racing. Earnhardt had driven hurt in the past. In 1982 he broke a leg and never missed a single start; in '95 he raced for weeks in agony with a cracked vertebra and a crushed disk. But he had never been wounded like this. So the Brickyard strategy was for him to take the green flag—thus collecting whatever NASCAR points the car earned—and then turn the wheel over to Mike Skinner, a substitute.

The plan made sense. It also devastated Earnhardt. But he climbed out after six laps, waved off a TV crew, and sat heartbroken as Skinner drove off in his car. "It was pretty emotional to have to get out of there," he says.

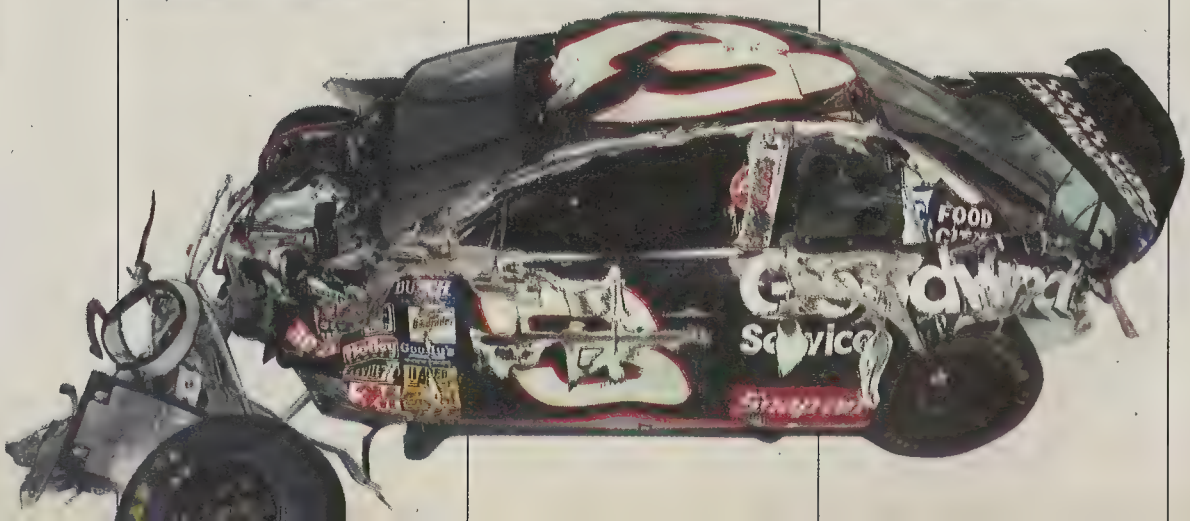
One week later Earnhardt qualified for the pole position at Watkins Glen, New York, drove the entire race, and finished sixth. But he struggled through many of the remaining races and settled for fourth in the final standings. Though he insists his injury wasn't solely to blame for the slide, he will say, "It slowed our pace down." Then he displays a cocky grin.

"Earnhardt is the very best driver in the country. He's got more balls than anybody."

"But we'll be better next year.

"I don't like to lose," Earnhardt says. "Still, you've got to sometimes. You can't win all the races."

Where it all stops, nobody knows. Forty-five is not old in racing terms, even if The Man is now a grandfather twice over. But he couldn't quit right now if he wanted to. "The fire's still in me," Dale Earnhardt says. "It's still there."



Balloonheads®

BY ART CUMINGS

"Of course we won't know for certain until he passes it, but my guess is it's a Chicken McNugget!"

Article by Peter Klebnikov | Illustration by Janet Wooley

Apocalypse

NOW!

Militia gangs and New Age disciples cash in on the end of the world.

2000

The dinosaur country of southeastern Wyoming is a place of magnificent isolation where no one would dream of "adopting" a highway. An orphan dirt road off County Road 311 leads to a cluster of barns and a mobile home. On the front door a picture of a handgun underscores the defiantly self-reliant message: "We don't dial 911 here." Inside, a couple of hard-eyed women shuffle papers to the sighs of country music. The walls are lined with shelves overflowing with notorious tracts heralding the Apocalypse and all its attendant horrors.

Welcome to the headquarters of Scriptures for America, one of countless doomsday organizations marching across the country. Such groups have been around forever, stirring to life and dying with the turn of centuries, but today's prophets, by number and variety, qualify this as the golden age of the doomsday industry.

The current onrush of cults differs from past trends by the mass audience that has been attracted, thanks to Hollywood and Madison Avenue, and by the strange hybrids thereby produced. Christian cults merge with U.F.O. groups, New Age disciples consult with militias, and all this has been made possible by communications technology undreamed of in millennial history. Prophets no longer climb trees to get the word out. Web sites on the Internet, radio stations, public-access television, slick P.R. agents, and market surveys target like-minded factions in every corner of America, no matter how remote.

Scriptures for America typifies the newest breed of doomsday cult. It is a spin-off of the preexisting Christian Identity organization, which preaches the apocalyptic vision of a final confrontation between the forces of good and evil, with the United States government representing Satan. By casting the government as the devil incarnate, groups like Scriptures are fueling the growing militia movement in America, say cult experts and law-enforcement agencies. Militias now have a spiritual cause, and perhaps as many as two million Americans have undergone military-style training to survive the pestilence of the prophesied End Times. Among the Apocalypse trainees was accused Oklahoma City bomber Timothy McVeigh, who consulted with Christian Identity groups in Oklahoma.

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From his mobile home at Scriptures for America, Pastor Pete Peters has been a leading figure in Christian Identity since 1977. Peters greets an interviewer with a direct question: Is the reporter a Jew or a Communist? Credentials thus established (the reporter is neither), the interview begins.

Peters and his allies plan to survive the Last Days in small groups. He counsels his followers to fight Armageddon by "taking the Gospel to City Hall," marching on Washington, and "taking action" against homosexuals. "It will be scary. It may take a miracle to save us. But miracles are no problem," he says. (Hedging his miracle bet, Peters has bought a 1,000-acre spread on which he's installed a shelter and a generous food supply.)

Taking on Hollywood and Washington is easy these days. A Web site enables Peters to communicate with like-minded groups. He vehemently denies any links to militias, but his apocalyptic message is extremely popular with them, lending an urgency to their mission. In no time militia theories have gone spinning into orbit on the Internet, nesting among U.F.O. groups and New Age cults. This makes for some strange mutations.

"More and more of our U.F.O. conferences have a faction that tells people how not to pay taxes, and that black helicopters are coming to usher in a One World government and the end of civilization," says Jon Klimo, a U.F.O. researcher. "In the U.F.O. community people fear a One World government of malevolent E.T.'s." Meanwhile the Jehovah's Witnesses have started preaching on the need to dissolve the United Nations.

Together, these groups form a fraternity of fear, a jumble of frayed nerve endings that stretches across America. It is a fraternity that Peters does not endorse. "This end-of-the-world theology has gotten out of hand," Peters says. He accuses doomsday prophets of encouraging passivity and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

"The risk," says a cult expert, "is that people will begin to follow prophecies rather than reality."

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RIGHT STUFF

CYBERCAMS: STILL AND VIDEO DIGITAL CAMERAS BY GERARD VAN DER LEUN

THE ONE-POUND POWER PACK

The hands-down winner for the ultimate in compact consumer video cameras has to be the amazing GR-DV1 from JVC of America. Weighing in at just 16 ounces, the camera is about the size of a 4x5 index card and only 1¾ inches thick. At the same time you get a high-resolution color viewfinder, 570,000 pixel C.C.D. recording chip for sharp images in every frame, and a 10x optical zoom lens. It also records sound in stereo, and stabilizes the image automatically. The stealth video camera of the year.

POCKET STUDIO

For broadcast-quality video in a unit that fits in your coat pocket, test-shoot the Sony SteadyShot camcorder. Weighing in at under one-and-a-half pounds, this mini-monster gives you professional-level images recorded in digital format on a tape that's one twelfth the size of a VHS cassette. It also features digital dubbing, which enables you to transfer the recording to any other videotape medium. The C.C.D. chip takes an image of up to 680,000 pixels. This, along with its ability to have a horizontal resolution of 475 lines, gives you videos as bright and clear as a day in May.

DIGITAL SNAPPER

For those who need a handy digital camera with lots of storage, high quality, and a bargain price, we'd recommend a look at Casio's QV-30 Plus. It boasts a dual-focal-point lens (43mm wide angle and 103mm telephoto), a 480x240 d.p.i. resolution, and stores up to 96 images in flash memory—to keep your images alive even if your batteries die. You also get the software needed to edit your images on your PC.

MULTI-LENS DIGITAL SNAPSHOTS

If you want your photos in digital format but still want a lens with versatility, the Minolta Dimâge V is currently the only game in town. This breakthrough camera has a lens that not only rotates but detaches from the body completely on a one-meter-long extension cable. The latter feature allows you to shoot over barriers, over the heads of crowds, or make macro close-ups. The Dimâge V incorporates a 1.8-inch color monitor that can display up to nine images at a time. The "film" is 2MB SmartMedia memory cards, which hold up to 40 images and can be re-used once the images have been transferred to a PC.

CU-SEE ME

For those of you who like to see who you're connecting with on the Internet, and who like to be seen at the same time, Panasonic has the ultimate Netvideo cam, the PM-A110. It sits on top of your PC and can be used for video conferencing, video presentations, or just fooling around on the Net. It generates N.T.S.C. images at 320 TV lines and 30 frames per second. Yes, it does colors ... millions of colors.

APOCALYPSE NOW!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

"handing victory to the Jewish concept of One World government.... Why polish brass on a sinking ship if it's the end of the world, right?... Established churches work hand in hand with the government in developing this end-of-the-world theology. Everybody wants us to be terrified. But we are not afraid of AIDS or any other plague manufactured in the laboratory of Babylon."

Drawing on the New Testament's Book of Revelations, Christian Identity holds that the world is now entering the period of Great Tribulation, in which the white race, God's chosen people, is being punished for straying.

One way to combat passivity is to raise panic. "The increased tension over the millennium is not bad for our cause," says Dave Barley of the racist-minded America's Promise Ministries. "People are waking up and asking what's wrong with America."

It does not take much to translate millennial fears into action. On October 25, 1996, three members of Barley's congregation (who call themselves the Phineas Priesthood) were charged with two bank robberies and the bombings of a newspaper office and a Planned Parenthood clinic. "Yahweh is my defense," claimed Jay Merrell, the chief defendant.

America's most visible militia leader, Colonel James "Bo" Gritz, has taken to the hills of central Idaho, buying 280 acres on the Nez Percé Indian reservation to wait out the millennium. He named his group the Christian Covenant Community and gave it survival training. Last October the Covenanters dedicated the entire month to paratrooper training in North Carolina. Gritz, who ran for president in 1992 on a doomsday platform, says the world is threatened by destruction, and hordes of starving people will besiege the United States. "Our Covenant Communities will provide a haven," he says at meetings. Meanwhile he oversees construction of roads and shelters on his mountain hideaway from a white Jeep Cherokee.

Ted Daniels, publisher of the "Millennial Prophecy Report," says Americans are particularly susceptible to "millenarianism" because we see ourselves as the Savior Nation. He goes so far as to predict outbreaks of violence when followers recognize they have been duped. Pastor Peters agrees. "When people awaken to these false prophecies, they'll be mad as hell," he says, echoing in "real" life the Peter Finch fictional madman of the film *Network*, 21 years ago. "There'll be some ass-kicking going on around the country."

Selling Doomsday

In the meantime there is money to be made. Big money. The Apocalypse has always been a great marketing tool. Christopher Columbus understood this, and won the backing for his voyages in part through predictions of the end of the world. Five hundred years later doomsday profiteers are lining their pockets and tapping a huge market. More than ten million Americans believe the world may soon end. They cite a variety of signs, including certain calendars devised by the ancient Egyptians, early Christians, and Native Americans, not to mention astrological charts. A CNN survey shows that 53 percent of Americans believe in the Second Coming of Jesus Christ. Another reveals that half of all Americans believe in the Antichrist.

The options available for how to meet the end of the world are broad. You can put on a costume and await a spaceship off the California coast, you can bury yourself in a Montana bunker ($5,000 each), or you can join what looks to be hundreds of groups elbowing each other in Jerusalem to build the prophesied Fourth Temple. For the investment-minded, an outfit called the Matrix Institute sells "Future" maps showing prospective oceanfront property in Denver and Nebraska. Pessimists can join the Voluntary Human Extinction Movement, led by Les U. Knight. In Texas, gun merchants use anxiety over the millennium to boost sales. In Colorado, when a radio station recently told people to dump their dollars, gold and silver dealers were besieged.

Most Americans who await doomsday belong to fundamentalist churches that take the Book of Revelations literally. In this cosmology, every political event, from the Israeli-Arab peace agreement to an American presidential election, fulfills prophecy and leads us closer to the Apocalypse.

Fundamentalist churches conduct expensive seminars on how to recognize omens of the Apocalypse. Interspersed with endless boilerplate about how the government blew up the Federal Building in Oklahoma City, Christian radio spends hours disputing whether the planet is in a period of Rapture or in Tribulation. Friendships are made or broken among those who are "pre-mil" or "post-trib."

"I get hundreds of letters a week asking if the world is ending," says radio preacher Marv Rosenthal of Zion's Hope Ministry. "It could well be."

Few are bold enough to predict specific dates. A popular evangelist named Charles Taylor did; in 1976, 1980, 1988, 1989, and again in 1992, this last time sending his followers surging to Israel. As he once more announced doomsday in 1992, confusion erupted at an airport ticket counter when Taylor's disciples were asked if they wanted one-way or round-trip passage.

A more publicized misfortune of lemmings occurred thanks to the Church

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

"Come, come, Miss O'Connell, you'll have to do much better than that...."

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

HANG 'EM HIGH

Clint Eastwood, asked during a seminar if his starring role in the film *The Bridges of Madison County* meant he was becoming a romantic lead, immediately squelched the idea. "This romantic stuff is really tough," he said. "I can't wait to get back to shooting and killing."

ONLY IN HOLLYWOOD

Actor **Ron Eldard** says that one of the reasons he quit his role on the popular TV series "E.R.," where he was the onscreen (as well as offscreen) boyfriend of **Julianna Margulies**, was that "her trailer was bigger, and I can't have that."

WELL, WHATEVER FLOATS YOUR BOAT

Drew Barrymore, asked which foods put her in a sexy mood, cited macaroni-and-cheese and Jell-O.

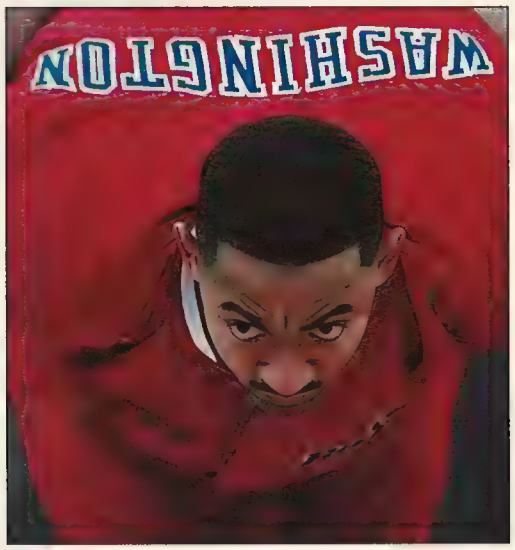
DARE TO DREAM

Rock singer **Ozzy Osbourne**, on the formation of his new record company: "We will be a self-contained company answering to no one, and we hope our music [inspires] the public to go fucking crazy."

ANIMAL CRACKERS

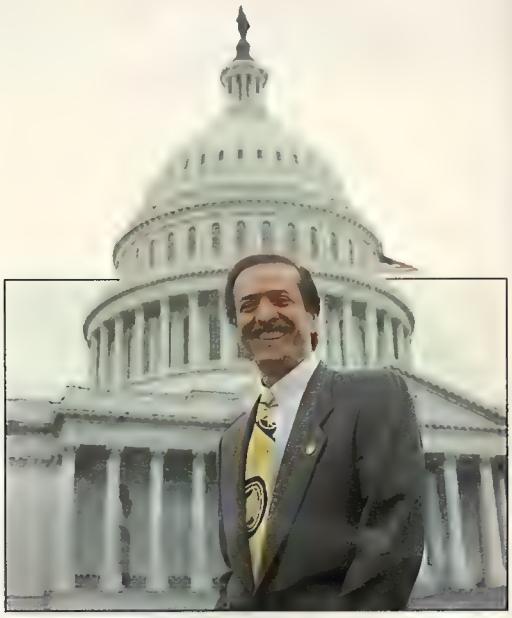
Celebrities who intended to donate luxury goods to a fund-raising auction for the People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals encountered PETA's logical descent into kookiness. An offer of an expensive silk gown from actress Susan Sarandon, for example, was rejected because silkworms lost their lives in the process of making it. Restaurant-chain owner Rocky Aoki offered a 1974 Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow, but that offer was rejected because the car's interior has "the skin of a cow in it."

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE

N.B.A. star **Juwan Howard,** asked how he defined loyalty in a week when he left the Washington Bullets to earn more money with the Miami Heat, and then cooled the Heat when the Bullets offered still more money: "Yes indeed, I believe in loyalty. But I believe in loyalty in the sense that it has to be done right and make sure that I don't lose in no kind of fashion."



I GOT YOU, BABE

Congressman Sonny Bono, in a speech, claimed that the C.I.A. has a "hit squad" active in Haiti that is killing Haitians to keep U.S.-supported President René Préval in power. Asked what proof he has of this assertion, Bono said he had none as yet, but claimed the White House is aware of the assassinations and is covering them up. A White House spokesperson said he had no idea what Bono was talking about.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

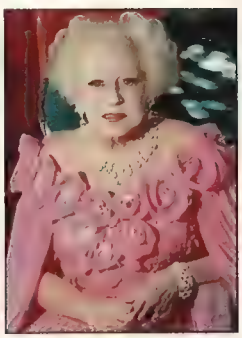
Bob Denver, who created the character Gilligan on the long-running TV series "Gilligan's Island," now lives quietly in the mountains of West Virginia and plans with his wife to produce a weekly radio show that he says will play old music, update the latest trends in Los Angeles, and present "weird news."

YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK

Among the expenditures submitted by several Pennsylvania hospitals for reimbursement by Medicare: $14,743 for renovation of an office, $7,230 for souvenir paperweights, $2,433 for a trip to Italy to inspect a sculpture, $3,524 for holiday gifts to physicians, and $140 for an executive to have his car washed.

OUR BEAUTY TIP OF THE MONTH

British romance writer **Barbara Cartland** revealed that she tries to look younger during TV interviews by holding a flashlight in her lap that whites out the hills and valleys of her face.



"It's not like a horse race or the Olympics. Not having sex the night before won't help."

Britain's ***Margaret Atwood,*** *on losing out to another author for her country's prestigious Booker Prize*

ME TARZAN, YOU PIECE OF ASS

The estate of Edgar Rice Burroughs, creator of Tarzan, sued the makers of a porno movie that featured a Tarzan-like character getting it on with a very sexy Jane. The plaintiff declared the film "lewd" because it depicts Tarzan and Jane "engaged in numerous scenes of sexual intercourse."

OH, LIGHTEN UP!

A Connecticut clergyman has criticized a popular line of children's action figures, particularly "Xena II" —one of the Hercules line of toys—because instructions include the advice: "Remove Xena's Princess warrior outfit." "What is it teaching little boys about women?" the minister asked.

WELL, NOBODY'S PERFECT

The Bell Atlantic telephone company's own phone number as printed in a new edition of a suburban Maryland phone book turns out to be wrong.

WELL, IT NEVER WORKED FOR US

A new compilation of pickup lines has as its title this classic: *You're So Fine, I'd Drink a Tub of Your Bathwater.* The introduction is by model Veronica Webb.

AH, ROMANCE

Model Rachel Williams has announced she is seeking a sperm donor so she can have a baby, to be raised by her and her girlfriend, rock singer Alice Temple. Williams's agent, who is coordinating the effort to solicit donors, specified, "She isn't interested in having a father or a daddy—she's just interested in sperm."

MEMO TO JAMES BOND

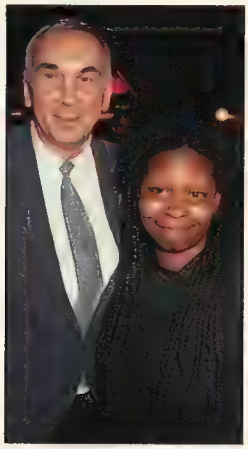
Recently C.I.A. officials asked Congress for a $10-million appropriation to build a "fitness and wellness center" at the agency's Virginia headquarters. The proposed facility would include special rooms for bridge, yoga classes, and "lunchtime square dances."

"I would love to have children someday. But with someone I like."

Sharon Stone, on motherhood

SORRY WE ASKED

Whoopi Goldberg, on whether she is planning to marry her live-in lover, actor Frank Langella: "I don't want to think about that yet. I believe in the 12-Step Program."



GREAT MOMENTS IN JOURNALISM

ABC's "Good Morning America" devoted an entire two-hour show to Disney World. Asked if such extensive coverage had anything to do with the fact that the network is now owned by Disney, the show's executive producer said, "You hope people are smart enough to know we're not going to let the ownership issue interfere with our editorial decisions."

JUSTICE

By Alan M. Dershowitz

Run for the bomb shelters. Our armed forces have been deprived of a weapon more powerful than Star Wars.

The Military Honor and Decency Act of 1996—passed by Congress to defend the "manliness" and "strength" of our armed forces—has been declared unconstitutional. As a result of this decision (in which, as you'll see below, this writer played a small part) *Penthouse* and other "sexually explicit" magazines will continue to be on sale at military bases wherever our troops are stationed throughout the world.

The government would like it otherwise. The government feels that the sale of *Penthouse,* which is among the most popular magazines at Army PXs, "jeopardize[s] the military mission" of promoting values like "courage," "honor," and "commitment." Selling the magazine also, according to the government, creates the impression that the armed forces endorse the views expressed by *Penthouse.*

A federal judge has given the First Amendment "a new spit shine," by striking down the so-called Military Honor and Decency Act of 1996.

Judge Shira Scheindlin does not like sexually explicit magazines like *Penthouse.* She finds them offensive, despite her acknowledgment that *Penthouse* is not obscene and that it "contains a number of articles by prominent authors such as Ben Stein and Alan Dershowitz." But as a federal judge she must follow the Constitution, rather than her personal preferences. *Penthouse*—"tremendous[ly] popular" among military personnel—is constitutionally protected speech under the First Amendment. Moreover, no one who finds it offensive is forced to buy it.

The government, to support its claim that it has the right to decide which magazines a soldier may buy, cited Supreme Court decisions authorizing some degree of censorship by schools and radio stations when these restrictions are designed to protect children from inappropriate adult material.

But soldiers are not children, and they may not, under this nation's Constitution, be treated like children. "Citizens do not jettison their constitutional rights," Judge Scheindlin wrote, "simply by enlisting in the armed forces."

There is absolutely no evidence that the reading of *Penthouse,* or other sexually oriented magazines, has any negative effect on military discipline, morale, or performance. Indeed the Military Honor and Decency Act does not ban the *reading, possession,* or *distribution* of *Penthouse* on military bases. It bans only its *sale.* Moreover, if *Penthouse* were to offer a hardcover "Military Edition" containing the exact same content, it would not be subject to the censorship of the Act.

Which all goes to prove that the entire enterprise of enacting this law was purely political posturing and pandering to moralistic constituents. Former Congressman Robert Dornan made that clear when he said on the floor of the House that *Penthouse* is "a frontal, direct, vicious, specific assault on women ... cheapening [them] down like slavery to a product, meat on a rack."

Dornan, who opposes a woman's right to choose abortion, is entitled to his own inconsistencies and confusions *as a private citizen* (which he now is, following his electoral defeat last November, by a woman). But he has no right, as a congressman, to impose his hypocrisies on soldiers with other tastes.

Although an appeal by the government is possible, Judge Scheindlin's decision striking down the statute as violating the First, Fifth, and Fourteenth Amendments is a great victory for the values our military is supposed to defend—freedom of speech, the right of choice, and the right to privacy.

As Bob Guccione, who spearheaded the fight against censorship by the military, aptly put it: "Federal Judge Shira Scheindlin has just given the First Amendment a new spit shine by rejecting the bloated Military Honor and Decency Act as unconstitutional.

"The fact that some people or groups of people may find sexually permissive materials like *Penthouse* magazine offensive is not a legal rationale for suppressing them."

YOUR BASIC® TOOL BOX

KEEP IT BASIC

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1997

16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

High-tech tools for the 21st century

By Ken Sander

"What Dolby is to music, SoundTracker is to C.B. radio."

Don't Give Me Any Static

C.B. (citizens band) radio is so old, it's new again. A great way to communicate, C.B. radio incurs no phone charges, the air time is free, and you get 40 channels. When I was road manager for the rock group The Stranglers we'd use C.B.'s to communicate during concerts. Driving to the next gig, we'd use the same C.B.'s to keep our buses and trucks in touch with one another.

In those days, and right up until the present, the downside to C.B. radios has been the static they generate. You can't listen to music because of the static, and you can forget trying to walk around at a rock concert being cool.

To greatly reduce static, Cobra Electronics has developed the SoundTracker. SoundTracker technology reconfigures the radio's transmission, making it more effective. It cuts through all the other transmissions in the air. The result is an increase in range, owing to a stronger signal. If both the transmitting and receiving C.B.'s use SoundTracker technology, the results are even clearer. Cobra Electronics notes, "What Dolby noise reduction is to music, SoundTracker technology is to the C.B. radio."

Another Cobra C.B. innovation is the specialized FRS-200, measuring only 4¾ by 1¾ by 1⅜ inches. This C.B. looks and works like a portable phone. Since most C.B. radios are meant for outdoor use, their transmissions may have range, but they don't penetrate walls or buildings very well. The Cobra FRS-200 operates on

an ultra-high frequency that, even in a dense environment, carries quite clearly over two miles. That's far enough to use it in malls, office buildings, stadiums, and warehouses.

Keeping Honest People Honest

The RF-Link Sportleash is a personal-property security device made up of two components: a silver-dollar-size transmitter containing motion sensors slaved to a pager-type receiver. You attach the transmitter to your skis, golf clubs, or anything portable that you value. The transmitter has a blinking light to warn there is an alarm present.

If anybody disturbs the object, the pager/receiver will beep or vibrate. The

alarm signal travels about 100 feet, through walls or windows. If you move out of range, the Sportleash will immediately sound an alarm alerting you it is "off the leash."

Electroshock Car-Theft Therapy

Touch the Autotaser and you'll find it … well, a shocking experience. The Autotaser attaches to the steering wheel of your car like an ordinary steering-wheel lock. It has a motion sensor, and if someone breaks into your car it sounds a loud, screeching alarm. After that the Autotaser gets aggressive: It emits a field of electrons that completely surrounds the device, ready to deliver a whopping (but nonlethal) 50,000 volts. This should give any but the dumbest car thief pause, but if he then actually touches the steering wheel it's like getting zapped by a cattle prod.

The Autotaser is legal, and not considered a booby-trap device. Still, I don't think I'd leave my dog in the car unless he needed some serious behavioral modification.

The Autotaser comes with a coded remote control so you can deactivate it safely. But don't lose this remote. I know what you're thinking—"If I wear rubber gloves I won't get shocked." Don't make this bet. The charge slices right through kitchen-type rubber gloves.

After all the bad experiences I've had with car theft I wish I could have bought this device ten years ago. After all, thieves can't steal a car they can't touch.

A few insights into the dreams of men.

Yes, men dream in color.

The average male only remembers 62% of his dreams.

5% of all men have a recurring nightmare.

Every man gets aroused at least once per night.

Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

CROWN ROYAL • IMPORTED IN THE BOTTLE • BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY • 40% ALCOHOL BY VOLUME (80 PROOF) • JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, NEW YORK, NY

APOCALYPSE NOW!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

Universal and Triumphant in Paradise Valley, Montana. Its headquarters is at the edge of Yellowstone Park on a spectacular 12,000-acre spread formerly owned by Malcolm Forbes. Here CUT was established in 1986 by Elizabeth Clare Prophet. On March 3, 1990, Prophet ordered 756 members underground with the announcement: "Get into your bunks and fasten your seat belts. The bomb is on its way!" She herself chose to remain in her million-dollar home with its indoor pool.

The day came and went, and the United States was not destroyed—but many CUT members were, financially, after they maxed out their credit cards on the theory that the banks couldn't collect once New York had blown up.

The false prediction generated enough publicity to add, bizarrely, to CUT's reputation among survivalists. "We get a lot of requests to help build shelters," says Don Knittel, a CUT consultant. "We try and help people." Recent customers include a New Age cult in Colorado and a Krishna sect in North Carolina.

The failure to predict the Apocalypse has not squelched Prophet's passion for doomsday. Claiming her followers misunderstood her 1990 prediction, she is again touting imminent mass destruction. CUT's menu of horrors includes all-out war, sinking and rising continents, and total economic collapse. "The shelters are a pretty strong statement about how we feel about the millennium," says Knittel.

The message from Paradise Valley has resonated loudly around the world. CUT boasts thousands of mostly college-educated, middle-class believers in 71 countries, all willing to follow Prophet to doom. Why?

"She is a master of manipulation," says former CUT member Peter Arnone. "She borrows what is useful from other movements"—extreme-right-wing politics and CUT's weapons-procurement program from the militias. Several families of tax-evading constitutionalists live on the premises, and Kamala Webb, a prominent member of CUT, recently left to become a leader of the notorious Militia of Montana.

This cross-fertilization with armed movements has got CUT into trouble with the law. Prophet's husband was recently convicted of buying more than $100,000 worth of semi-automatic and other weapons. CUT agreed to end its stockpiling of guns in exchange for keeping tax-exempt status as a church. Nobody apparently asked what a church was doing with assault weapons in the first place.

"We're survivalists," says CUT's genial public-relations man, Murray Steinman. "We don't know who has the finger on the nuclear trigger, but we are in a constant state of preparedness."

"We would not defy the government today, except if there were a breakdown of law and order," Knittel chips in. "Each individual owns the weapons now for physical protection. We may have to protect ourselves from roving bands due to food shortages, or if we are overrun by Mexicans or Cubans. The weapons are our insurance policy."

On a brilliant afternoon in Yellowstone, Prophet delivers a chilling sermon inside a barn, dark except for a huge illuminated globe of the planet Earth. On all sides are statues of the world's major deities.

"The world is in a greater crisis than at any time since Atlantis. I don't recommend that you choose to stay on this planet for long," she intones in a machine-like voice. "There is a good chance that nuclear war will descend."

According to CUT beliefs, higher beings, or "Ascended Masters," speak through Prophet, an Ascended Master herself who has chosen to remain tethered to Earth.

Prophet pauses to complain about the air-conditioning. "We need your sacrifice. We have three to five years left to us," she tells her followers, who sit frozen in poses of meditation. "Even if the planet fails, you will go to Buddha and say you fought for world freedom."

The sermon over, members chant: "Christ be in me, Christ be on me, Christ be behind me." To a reporter leaving the barn the sound resembles a sawmill trying to meet a quota.

Former members and other critics say CUT practices classical methods of mind control. Round-the-clock chanting or "decreeing" leads to sleep deprivation; members are kept confused through complex rituals, and staff members turn over all their income and savings to the church. Those who contribute enough money are granted a priority on survival.

In the end clear thinking is lost. "We believe she is a Christ," says Knittel, who has a Ph.D. in chemistry. "Only she can change the planet. The planet is infested with fleas. Someday soon it will get mad and throw its fleas off."

> "Everyone wants us to be terrified. But we are not afraid of AIDS or any other plague manufactured in the laboratory of Babylon."

Mimeographed Paranoia

Fear is the glue that binds CUT together. "They need a war to justify the millions of dollars in profits rolling in from the sale of the shelters," says Peter Arnone, the former CUT member. (Five thousand dollars buys a spot in the newly renovated shelters, updated with observation posts, plumbing, and a seven-year supply of food.)

Paranoia is fostered through a mimeographed list of enemies suspected of bringing about Armageddon. The Montana press and TV, Islamic Jihad, China, and the neighboring gun club (a "range war" rival) are damned in voodoo-like rituals at the church.

"These doomsday cults instill a paranoid state that is latent in all of us," says Hal Mansfield, who runs a deprogramming center in Colorado. "This paranoia filters down into the rest of society. Pretty soon entire nations are calling countries they don't agree with 'Satan.' "

David Koresh also used fear to control the Branch Davidians. But experts doubt that CUT will turn into another Waco, if for no other reason than the church is doing well financially. "Crisis is a way of life for CUT," says Arnone. "It serves as a rallying point, and keeps people contributing money."

The unifying role of the millennial message surfaces in the 200 children of CUT who are taught that life is about to be extinguished at a time when theirs has barely begun. Preschool children are prepared for the millennium through chanting, explains teacher Hannah Hennig. Chanting must become "part of the children's personality," she says. "I get excited when I see three-year-olds go by themselves to pray. They need our masters and Elizabeth Clare Prophet to be their guide for the persecution of the millennium."

CUT's skillful use of new technology has helped cosmetize the image of a cult that only a few years ago was simply considered mad. It has become an international organization, thanks to its video and radio arms. It is now building a satellite television studio, and plans to rent time on cable networks.

Hundreds of doomsday cults have followed suit, establishing their own Web sites. Internet experts say the sects have been more aggressive in

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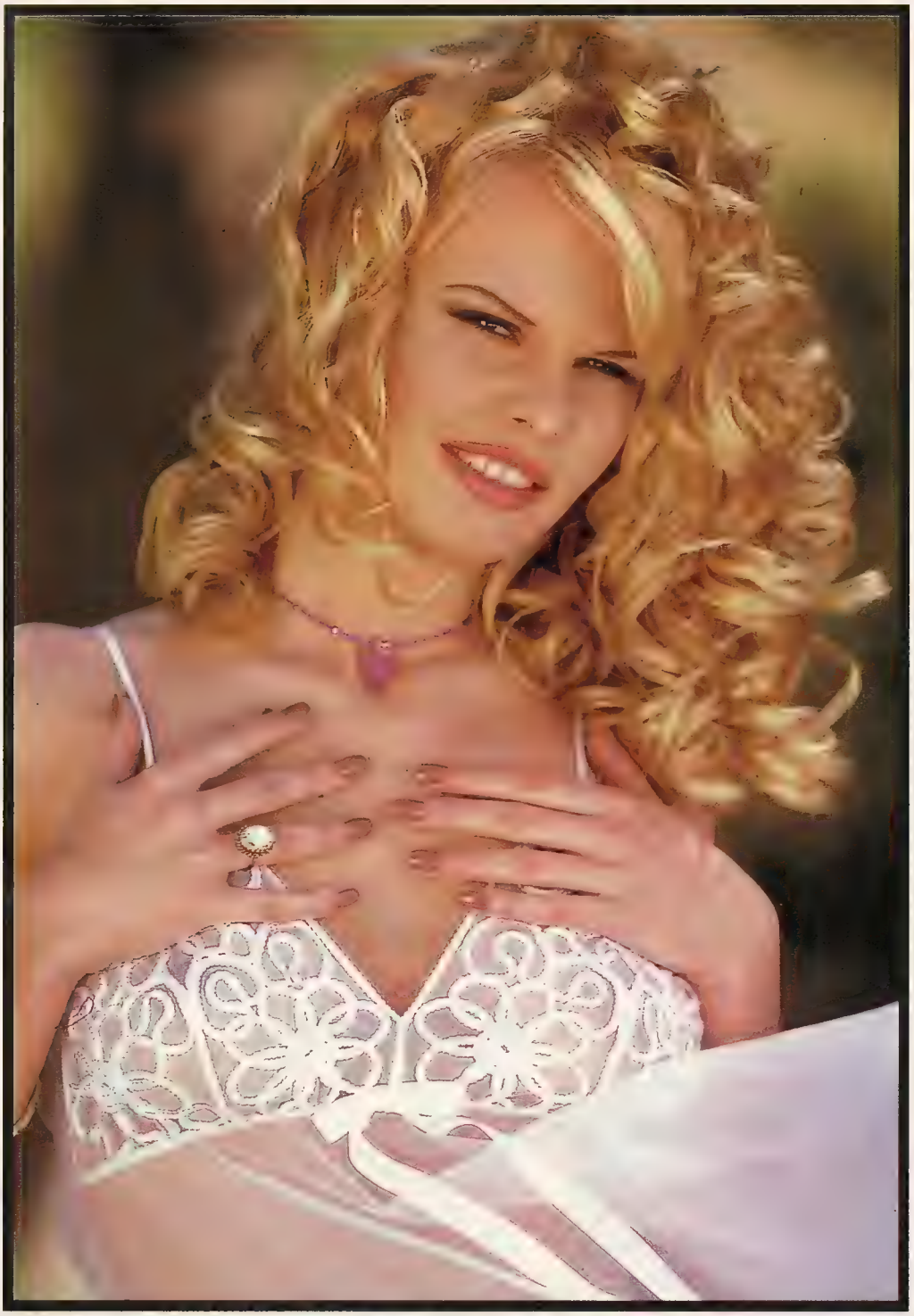
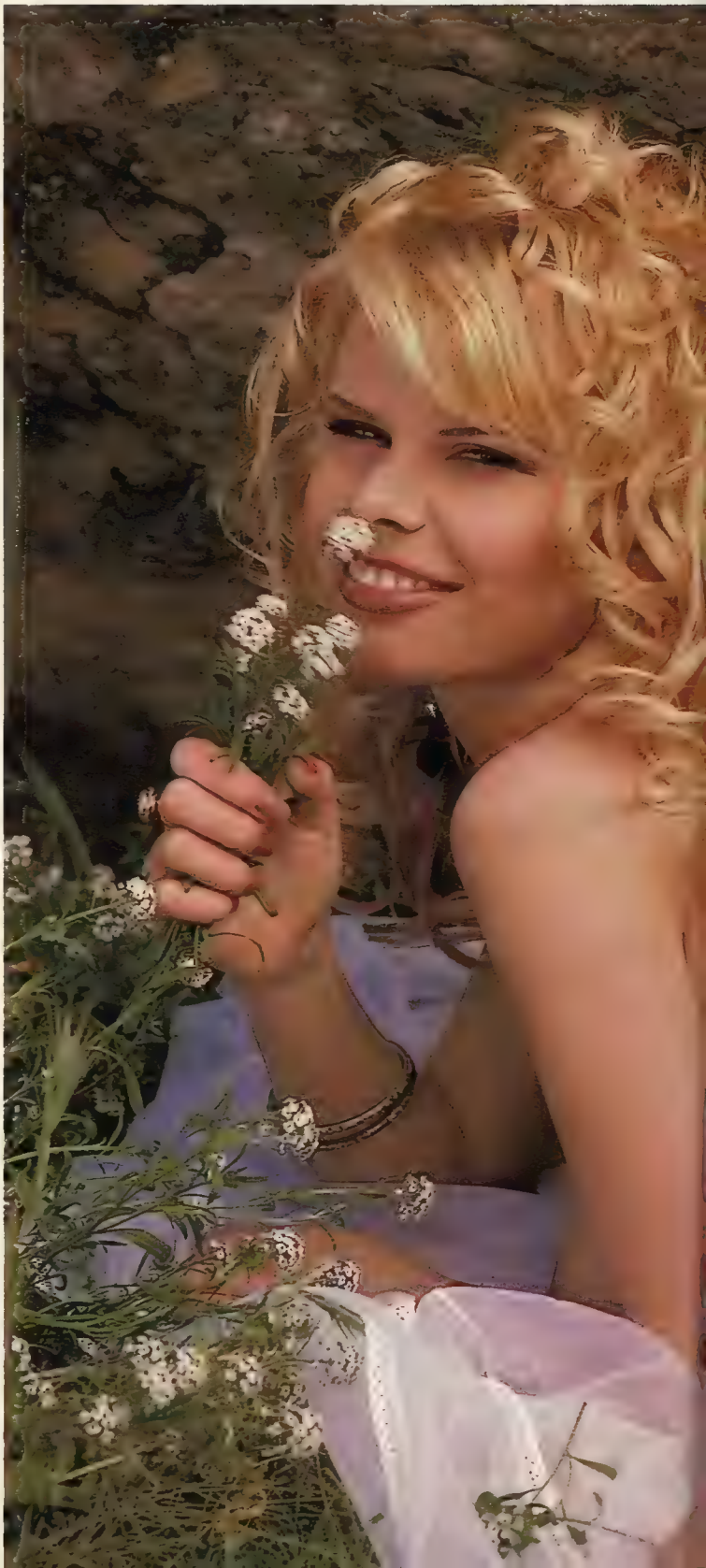


CLAUDIA

"There's no better feeling than to be in love.... And there's nothing more tragic than when it is lost."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRETT BERENY

Few women mix innocence and sensuality as dynamically as this blonde Venus from the Czech Republic, Claudia Bajmlova. Although our Pet's English is limited, her ability to communicate knows no bounds. These photos make it obvious: Our 25-year-old is fluent in the universal language of the body.



- America,
everyone
as so nice,"
says
Claudia. "I
felt very
ortable,
even
though I was
so far
from home."

In matters o
romance ou
Slavic beau
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fatalistic.
It comes as
no surprise
that her
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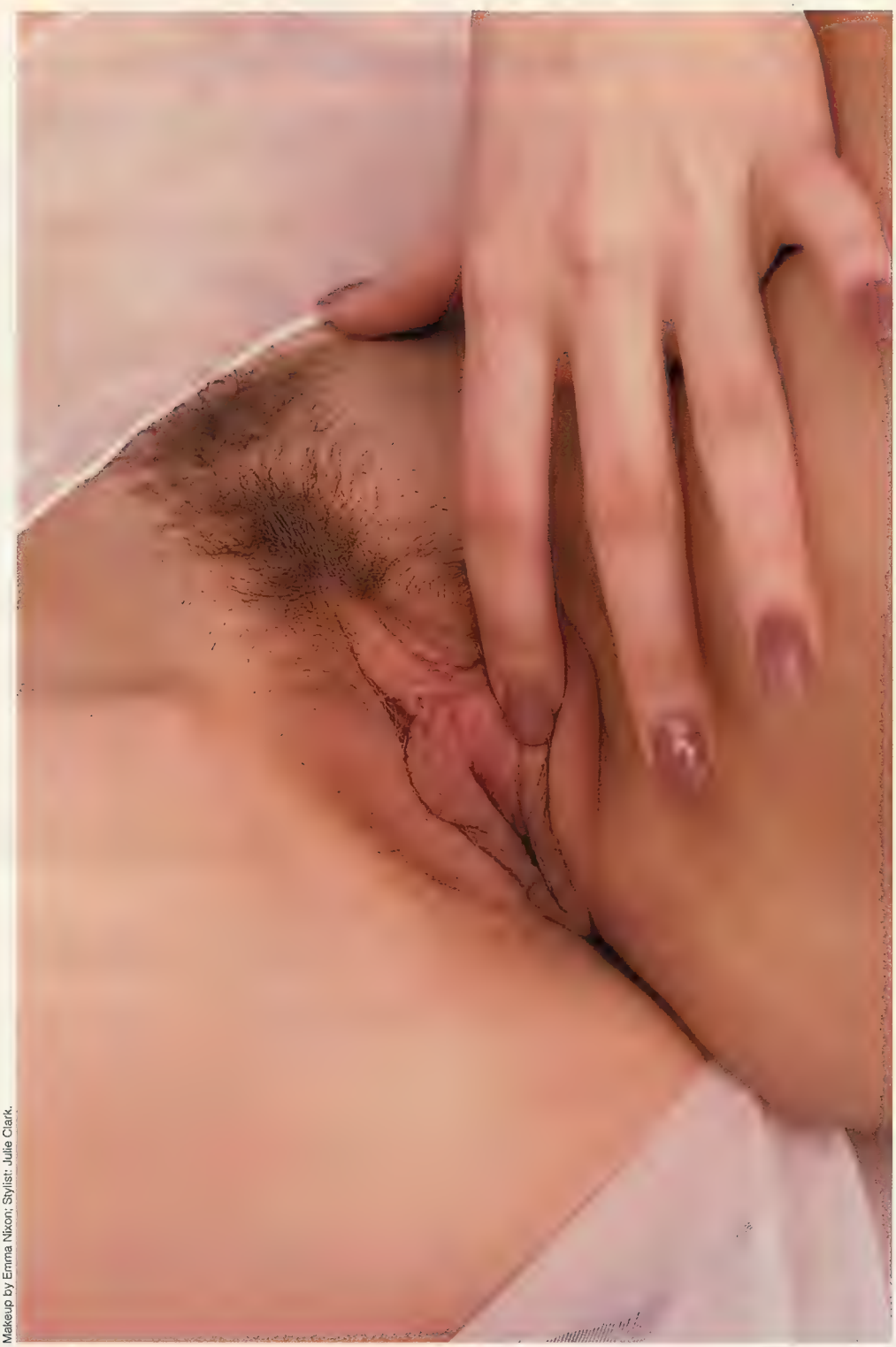

Makeup by Emma Nixon; Stylist: Julie Clark.

With promises of continued modeling and travel, Claudia looks to her future with an excited anticipation. "I want to see everything and do it all!" she says. Along with this refreshing enthusiasm, our stunning Capricorn has an unwavering trust in Cupid's influence. "I believe in love," says Claudia. "There's no better feeling than to be in love.... Love holds tremendous power—it unifies all people in every country and generation." With these photos, Claudia, you're doing exactly that.

"I am a lot bigger than Satan. More people believe in me than belie

him."

MARILYN MANSON

INTERVIEW BY
CHUCK DEAN

Marilyn Manson says the "n" word. In the song "Irresponsible Hate Anthem" he says, "Everybody's someone else's nigger. I know you are, so am I." And when he sings,

"I am the idiot who will not be himself—fuck it," kids love it.

During a show at Washington's 9:30 Club you can't tell Manson is abnormally pissed, because that's his shtick: doling out a thorny brand of hard rock that has chucked this black-vomit, let's-*take*-prisoners band into the swill of superstardom. Several of the group's offerings—1994's *Portrait of an American Family* and the E.P. (extended-play) *Get Your Gunn,* and 1995 E.P.'s *Lunchbox* and *Smells Like Children*—have sold way into the millions, and the current *Antichrist Superstar* is a major commercial and critical success. (In an impressive three-and-a-half-star review, *Rolling Stone* wrote, "Marilyn Manson packs all the right ingredients—offensive antics, a groovy image, and musical sensory overload—into *Antichrist Superstar*, the album that could make the group rock's next billion-dollar babies.")

Onstage, the rangy Canton, Ohio, kid formerly known as Brian Warner works his dusky teenage disciples into manic endorphinites who rarely show signs of weakening. In fact the howling Mr. Manson pushes them completely over his jagged edge, then demands, "Spit, motherfuckers," and they graciously oblige with a rain of phlegm that soaks the stage and the near-naked rock star. During the downpour he belts, "Beautiful people, beautiful people, it's all relative to the size of your steeple," as if it were his demented swan song.

There are others in the Manson brigade—bassist Twiggy Ramirez, keyboardist Madonna Wayne Gacy, drummer Ginger Fish, and guitarist Zim Zum—a group of self-proclaimed freakazoids named for sex symbols and various mass murderers. Back in Florida they all mixed forces and things sort of clicked. Soon the nursling version of Manson was born, eventually catching the eye of Goth-god Trent Reznor of Nine Inch Nails. For his Nothing label, a division of the controversial Interscope Records (launchpad of Ice-T's "Cop Killer"), Reznor was scouting talent to bring aboard, and there wasn't a doubt in his dark little mind that Manson was the ticket.

At first Interscope's coat-and-tie brass were circumspect about signing a bunch of unpredictable hooligans who, looking like they'd walked off the set of *Night of the Living Dead*, had been kicked out of Utah for ripping up a Bible, banned from MTV for being too creepy, and arrested in Miami for getting nakeder than Jim Morrison did ages ago. The bigwigs just didn't want to put stock in a band of misfits whose towering ringleader had a habit of breaking beer bottles onstage, Ginsu-ing himself, and inviting the audience to hit him with their best shot.

But Sir Trent flexed some salvation muscle, and the deal was ultimately done; America soon learned just what a Marilyn Manson was. Now it's your turn.

Do you have any idea how popular Marilyn Manson is?

I don't really notice. I don't watch MTV, because we don't get it in hotels. I mean, I go into a store and I see the band on the cover of magazines and things like that. It's kind of surreal. If you take time to think about it, it can really fuck you up, so I don't.

"When people always mistake us for devil worshipers, I try to explain that that's very narcissist. You can't worship something you already are, unless you want to stand in front of the mirror, which I do while masturbating."

Are people taking you seriously now?

Yeah, people are starting to respect what we do.

Your new album, Antichrist Superstar, *has received tremendous reviews.*

Yeah, that definitely makes me happy. I've never felt like I needed anybody else to justify me, but at the same time it is a reward.

Have you ever wrecked a hotel room?

Ah, more than one.

Less than five?

Less than five, more than one. I remember one time it was out of being pissed off. Another time it was while making a pornographic film.

Do you remember your first kiss?

Yes. I was involved with a girl who had really bad crooked buck teeth and was the daughter of a preacher. This was, I believe, third grade, and it was on the playground. She had that pure-white blonde hair, unbleached—born that way. Scandinavian looking. I remember I was in love with her up to the time she got braces.

The Southern author Reynolds Price wrote that "the artist's work explains creation back to God." What do you think God hears from you?

It would be hard to say, because the only ideas of God are the ones we've gotten from Christianity, Judaism, and all the established religions. It's hard to form your own opinions on God's ideals, because we've been kind of brainwashed. If I believed in an outside force that we wanted to call God—and I believe that there is one, maybe it's not necessarily supposed to be worshiped—I think it would appreciate what I say, because I can't see God wanting to create a world full of idiots and followers.

Can you be a decent card-carrying Satanist without acknowledging the existence of God?

The word "Satanist" might be too limited for me. Satanism is one of the things that I agree with, along with many other philosophies. Like I said before, I am a lot bigger than Satan. More people believe in me than believe in him.

The Dalai Lama said, "My religion is kindness." What's yours?

Selfishness. You know, self-preservation and doing things to make yourself happy, not feeling guilty for wanting to be yourself or wanting to do things for

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yourself. We live in a society of victimization, where people are much more comfortable being victimized than actually standing up for themselves.

Are you happy?

[*Laughs*] I'm happy when I'm getting to do what I do, and I'm only unhappy when I don't get to do what I want and how I want.

Okay, let's get evil. Let's diss Hootie and the Blowfish, just for the sake of doing it.

Well, if people want to blame me for all the bad things happening in the world, blame my music, then I'm going to sue Hootie and the Blowfish for boring the fuck out of me.

Did you vote?

No, I didn't vote. The only way I'd vote was if I was running. People could spend more valuable time buying rock albums, because it's obvious that music is more powerful than politics, or else the President wouldn't have to go on MTV to address anyone.

Would you be surprised to discover that the F.B.I. has a file on Marilyn Manson?

I'm almost positive that they do, not only because of the subversiveness of a lot of things that I do, but I know that anybody who has any affiliation of any sort with Charles Manson has a file. Also, my connection with The Church of Satan and organizations like that. Sometimes, late at night when I'm in my hotel room I leave my curtain open in hopes of someone watching me. I put on a little show for them.

Have you ever been contacted by militia or skinhead groups?

No.

You've said that Antichrist Superstar *was going to change the world, the way that the Manson murders did during the Summer of Love. Has it?*

I think it is, and will continue to do that. The media and politics really made [Charles] Manson the scapegoat for a whole generation, and I see that tag being placed on me. And it's a tag I've almost accepted with *Antichrist Superstar.*

Are you as effective as the original Manson?

That whole incident in '69 kind of brought an end to the Summer of Love. Today, with a similar political climate—with this pseudo-revival of family values, and everybody pretending to love everybody, and we all want to hold hands and get along—I think I'm awakening in impressionable people the reality that this is just a bunch of bullshit, that it's just another reason to sell a T-shirt, just as much as I have another reason to sell a T-shirt.

"I used to shoplift a lot. Not because I needed to.... It was always the thrill of being able to get away with it. Anybody who gets caught shoplifting should be put to death, because it's real easy to do."

If it's true that you sold your soul to the devil, how much did you get for it?

It was kind of tax-deductible. You sell your soul to yourself, you can't lose that way. So when people always mistake us for devil worshipers, I try to explain to them that that's very narcissist. You can't worship something you already are, unless you want to stand in front of the mirror, which I do while masturbating.

Where does an Antichrist like you get his makeup?

Usually at your local drugstore.

You shop?!

Sometimes. I sneak around. I used to shoplift a lot. Not because I needed to. I always had the money, but it was always the thrill of being able to get away with it. Anybody who gets caught shoplifting should be put to death, because it's real easy to do.

Once you did an America Online interview with MTV and someone asked, "Is your dick bigger than your ego?" But, unfortunately, AOL censored it. Care to set the record straight?

I think that anything my dick does is purely fueled by my ego. In fact I don't even need to have a dick; I'm so comfortable with my sexuality that it's not even necessary. At this point I could just stare at a girl's crotch and satisfy her. That's how big my ego is. I'm being sarcastic, if you can put that in italics. [*Manson is being sarcastic.*]

What do you think anti-rock/rap crusader C. Delores Tucker does for kicks?

She probably puts on *Smells Like Children* and masturbates. It's quite obvious. She said it was the dirtiest, nastiest porno record directed at youth that has ever hit the market, so she must have done her research. Things are only as sick as you see them, and she was the first one to point that out, so she must have a great taste for porn. And I'm sure she's reading this right now, because I'm sure she subscribes to *Penthouse*; otherwise she wouldn't be able to be on top of what's dirty. And I'm sure she likes to be on top, for that matter.

Do you ever watch wrestling?

No. I do like the aspect that there's some fake violence and the guys are wearing makeup and they all walk around in underwear. It's very homoerotic, but I don't watch it because it's a sport. That, for me, would be a sin, to watch sports.

What are your hobbies?

I collect prosthetic limbs and other archaic medical devices. Other than that I don't have any hobbies.

Why do you put backward maskings in your songs?

Mostly because I like to see how far people really want to look into it, but I feel like the messages that are forward are blatant enough and important enough that I wouldn't have to hide anything. Whenever I put anything backwards it's just for the novelty of it. It's very rock-and-roll.

"There is a generation that is pure in its own eyes,

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Ribald Rimes

Our continuing compilation of today's wittiest and lewdest limericks. Written and edited by Michael Dorsey. Illustrated by David Miller.

A young miss who enjoyed bondage play
was promised a kinky-type lay.
She said it sounded real good
and she'd come when she could,
but she couldn't get loose right away.

An old lady whom time would soon censure
was relating her latest adventure:
"I was ready to sob
as she suckled my knob,
and I swooned when she took out her denture."

There was a young fellow from Boston,
who purchased a nice little Austin.
It had room for his ass
and a gallon of gas,
but his balls hung out and he lost 'em.
—submitted by Harvey W. Gipple

Tenth-Anniversary Lament for Jimmy Swaggart

I'm a travelin' salesman for Jesus,
reaching out to whomever God pleaseth,
even blaspheming belles
in seedy motels,
where I comfort the rod that they teaseth.

Original limericks can be submitted via the *Penthouse* Web site, http://www.penthousemag.com; our favorites will be published in an upcoming issue.

APOCALYPSE NOW!

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exploiting the Web than traditional churches.

Yet technology is still the best way for the millennium movement to enter the mainstream, so fierce is the competition for disciples. More than 1,000 prophets are listed in the "Millennial Prophecy Report." There's even a "Premonition Registry," whereby prophets can obtain a patent.

"Go Ahead, Make My Day!"

No longer restricted to isolated outposts where disturbed people live out their fantasies among the sagebrush, millennial tension is cropping up even in Middle America. Signs of our national unease are everywhere.

Outside Frostburg, Maryland, travelers on Highway 40 can see a row of crosses and a large sign: NOAH'S ARK BEING REBUILT HERE. The spot is conveniently located next to a McDonald's, the better to accommodate ark passengers who may want a Happy Meal to go.

In Boulder, Colorado, and in San Francisco the radio crackles with doomsday advice. Buses ply the highways with massive signs announcing "The Rapture," and churchfront billboards warn that time is short. Cult leaders appear as guests on local doomsday radio stations.

In some places a millennial ecosystem flourishes. Carmel, California, is a quiet, prosperous town where the longest entry on the police blotter concerns the theft of a few bottles of fine wine. But the approaching millennium is stirring things up. Some 20 residents have formed an "Angel Group" that communicates with a mother ship hovering over California.

Carole Austen, the Angels' leader, starts her seances with U.F.O. Captain Ashtar by chanting, "Go ahead, make my day." This is in deference to Clint Eastwood, at one time mayor of Carmel. While the communication can be rough—Austen claims she is sometimes physically thrown on the couch by E.T.'s and ordered to meditate—the message from Ashtar is simple: Disasters lie ahead.

Like other groups, this one is a hybrid of science fiction and religions. "The E.T.'s will help us build flying saucers and get off the planet to avoid destruction," Austen says, echoing the ancient Christian concept of levitation through ecstasy. She represents one side in the split within the U.F.O. community as to whether E.T.'s are benign or cruelly exploitative.

Survivalists, clearly influenced by militia groups, predict that U.F.O.'s are about to attack. They're stockpiling grains and water and buying weapons and military gear like the Cyborg Attack Protection helmet, a three-pronged piece of headwear, available for $329 plus $15 shipping and handling from the Alien Resistance Movement. Also popular at $48 are Fantazia Energy Waters, which "neutralize alien implants" in women. "We don't look at fuzzy pictures of U.F.O.'s," says ARM president Thor Templar. "We train people to survive." U.F.O. survivalist conventions resemble "hell week at a fraternity," says researcher Leo Sprinkle.

While pessimists skulk underground, New Age optimists are making plans to gather in locations around the country where they will be blissfully beamed up. A favorite is Area 51 in the Nevada desert. At night, devotees watch for U.F.O.'s cruising the Extraterrestrial Highway.

But the pessimists multiply exponentially.

"Every day we get calls about new groups," says Janja Lalich, who counsels former cult members in California. "Most are of an apocalyptic bent. The leaders of the new cults often once belonged to larger cults and have learned the formula."

The difference between a cult and a

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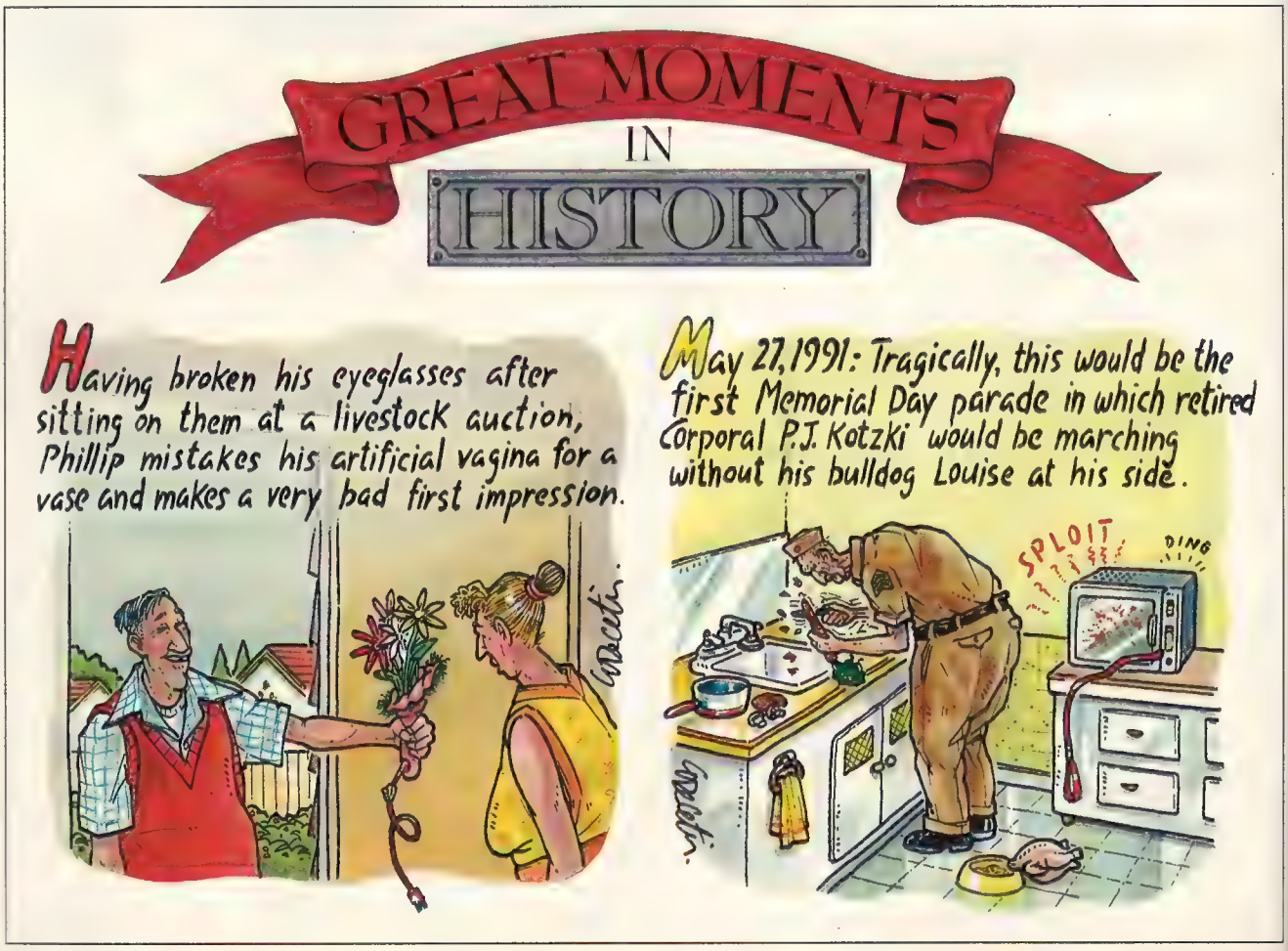
GREAT MOMENTS
IN
HISTORY
Having broken his eyeglasses after sitting on them at a livestock auction, Phillip mistakes his artificial vagina for a vase and makes a very bad first impression.
May 27, 1991: Tragically, this would be the first Memorial Day parade in which retired Corporal P.J. Kotzki would be marching without his bulldog Louise at his side.
SPLOIT
DING

CELEBRITIES CAUGHT IN THE ACT OF BEING THEMSELVES

MUG SHOTS

From *Mug Shots: Celebrities Under Arrest.* Copyright © 1996 by George Seminara. (St. Martin's Press, Inc.)

Danny Bonaduce Arrested March 31, 1991. Charge: Assault on a man dressed as a woman. Sentenced to 750 hours of community service.

Orenthal James Simpson Arrested June 17, 1994. Charge: Two counts of murder in the first degree. Found not guilty by a jury of his peers.

Hugh Grant Arrested June 27, 1995. Charge: Lewd conduct. Fined $1,810, sentenced to two years probation and attendance at an AIDS education course.

Divine Brown Arrested June 27, 1995. Charge: Lewd conduct. Fined $1,300, sentenced to 180 days in jail, two years probation, and attendance at an AIDS education course.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

the back of her fingers, then softly touching her nipples, making them hard. She moved her right hand down to the mound of black hair between her legs and began touching her clit with her middle finger.

After a few moments, she sat down on the floor with her back against the bathroom wall and her knees in the air. As her right hand returned to her clit, she pulled something out of her purse. It was her cellular phone.

After she had dialed, I heard her speak quietly. "Hi. Guess what I'm doing? That's right. I want to come again. No, I don't want to wake him up. Besides, I'm thinking about you. I can smell your pussy on my hand. If I don't put my tongue inside you I'm going to go insane. Hurry back."

She hung up and set the phone down, rubbing her pussy faster and beginning to moan a bit. She licked two fingers on her left hand and began rubbing her left nipple. Within a minute she shuddered and pushed her legs together, letting out quite a yelp. After putting on her skirt and blouse, she went backoutside, where Lara picked her up and drove off.

When I woke up in the morning Mary was sleeping next to me as though nothing had happened. I've decided to tell her I'm going out of town next Friday night in hopes that she'll bring Lara here. Of course I think I'll be hanging around.—*E. S., California*

Suck Therapy

I have a sexual challenge. I consider myself somewhat of an expert in oral sex and have been known to brag to many a sweet lady. I can always back up my claims. When a coworker of mine heard my boasts, I knew she was curious enough to give my tongue a test drive one day.

We agreed that it was a test, and I only had five minutes to prove myself. I took it real slow, licking her pussy with long strokes of my tongue that dove deeper and deeper into the tasty flesh. I would periodically stiffen my tongue and drive it into her pussy, fucking her with it and swirling it around inside her. I would also take as much of her pussy in my mouth as I could, and suck until the flesh popped out of my mouth. The showstopper, however, was when I would occasionally let the tip of my tongue dance lightly over her clit. Her moans and squeals told me that five minutes was plenty of time to prove myself.

I tried as hard as I could to keep going past five minutes, while she tried to push me away, afraid of losing control. To really drive her crazy, I pushed her legs back as far as I could and made long, quick strokes with my tongue and sopped up the wetness from her ass hole to her clit. She succeeded in finally pushing me away, but I knew she was hooked.

She was afraid to admit it, but I knew that I was the best and most experienced pussy eater she'd ever met. She was so concerned about overinflating my ego that she would not say it directly. Her pussy was a real treasure, very hairy with dark, meaty pussy lips that reminded me of the wings of a butterfly. Most of our sessions took place at the office, in a staff bathroom, and she was always concerned that someone might catch us. That never stopped her from coming back, though.

My next goal was to make her come all over my lips. She was holding back out of allegiance to her man, as if he had a license to her orgasms or something. But as I said, I love a challenge.

Our future sessions were increasingly intense because I would add a new wrinkle to my pussy eating. Sometimes I would find the right spot on her pussy lips and chew on them delicately, making her eyes roll to the back of her head. On another occasion I would swab her down like a sailor mopping the deck of a ship. My one special gift is that I am not afraid to get my face, mouth, and nose really into the job. Sometimes when I am done I look like a glazed donut. What really drove my honey wild was my tongue dancing lightly on her clit. Each time I would make my tongue touch her clit lighter and lighter.

I went to work on her pussy. I put together every technique in my arsenal to make her explode on my lips. The chair beneath her ass was saturated with the juices from her leaking pussy. I sucked on her pussy like I was trying to swallow her whole. I turned my head sideways, pushed her legs farther in the air, and dug my tongue into her with long, slow, deep strokes that covered the area from her pussy to her clit.

For all the times we were together, at this moment she was strangely silent. I knew she had come because her body went limp, and my mouth was baptized by her ejaculate. I knew she'd come really hard because the juices kept flowing, almost drowning me.

We both decided to move on with our lives, and my suck therapy ended shortly thereafter. There have been no hard feelings, and I count it as one of the good memories. The fact that I could share my talent with someone else is reward enough for me.—*R. W., Ohio*

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APOCALYPSE NOW!

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fundamentalist religious group lies in the degree of control over the individual. Cults coerce their members without the members being aware of it. Doomsday cults thrive on and feed uncertainty. Sowing panic is a goal, and some prophets say they are awaiting their equivalent of the Oklahoma bombing.

"The stage has gotten bigger and the lights brighter," says Lalich. "Whereas before it was enough for a cult leader to say, 'I am Christ,' now he has to do something bigger, such as bringing about the end of the world. All cults operate on the urgency of the message, and what is more urgent than the Apocalypse?"

Sex for Aging Baby Boomers

With 150 churches, Abilene, Texas, thrives on Armageddon. But a lot of residents are chilled when they see what's happening in the name of religion in the scrubland 15 miles east of town.

Men in the old-fashioned dark suits of Orthodox Jews sweat under the Texas sun as they toil in a heavily guarded compound. At night the sound of ram's horns echoes among a city of mobile homes and trailers. The House of Yahweh is building a city here to save the world.

Yahweh disciples believe they are a tribe of ancient Israelites who have somehow ended up outside Abilene. More than 1,000 of them are gathered here for the Feast of the Tabernacles, and they range from Oregon lumberjacks to housewives from L.A.'s Watts.

Their leader, Yisrayl Hawkins, is a former policeman who once sang in a rockabilly band. Hawkins understands that nothing sells like doomsday. Even as he's preparing his brethren for the end of the world he is busy selling them house lots and golf carts.

He has convinced his followers that God ordered him to launch Yahweh, and that he is the Witness spoken of in the Bible who will announce Christ's Second Coming and then be martyred. When Hawkins speaks he stands next to a model of a huge temple that the church plans to build in Jerusalem to usher in the reign of Christ. With only three years to go before the millennium, the 62-year-old Hawkins is constructing a real-estate and media empire. His representatives have had meetings with the royal family in Jordan on building a settlement near the ancient town of Petra. Plans have been registered.

"Many have converted to us because of their concern over the millennium," says Yahweh spokesman Shaul Hawkins (no relation to Yisrayl). People are also moving to Abilene as a result of Hawkins's bright scheme of submitting his videos to 90 different public-access stations across the country. "Our advertising budget alone is several hundred thousand dollars a year," says Shaul Hawkins. Like other successful groups, Yahweh sells its message by offering sex to an audience of aging baby boomers. When his wife left him Yisrayl Hawkins preached the virtues of polygamy and attracted a core of enthusiastic supporters.

Each member of the House of Yahweh is expected to tithe one third of his or her annual income. Those without money can hand over their food stamps. His doomsday work has vastly improved his standard of living, providing him a lavish lifestyle, with several homes, a fleet of cars, and bank accounts around the world, including one in Bank Leumi in Israel.

"Cults like these prove that religion is the last bastion of the flim-flam artist," says Hal Mansfield, the Colorado cult-buster.

So what, you may ask, if some guy in Texas thinks he is God's main prophet and is making money off it. Well, in the Book of Revelations the Witnesses are given powers to nearly destroy the world. The danger is that Hawkins might start believing and acting on that, as David Koresh did. "These people would kill themselves if he said to," former member David Richardson told a local newspaper.

Hawkins's hold on his followers—like that of Jim Jones in Guyana—is total. Over the past six months hundreds of Yahweh's followers have legally changed their names to Hawkins and pierced their ears as a sign of servitude. Members are kept under control with the threat that unless they contribute money and labor, the world will end. "This is the psychology of prisoner-of-war camps," says Mansfield. "Anything that goes wrong and brings the end of the world closer is your fault. You become afraid of your own shadow."

Local events have biblical significance for Yahweh followers. "It says in the Bible, all churches will unite with lawyers and judges to persecute the House of Yahweh," says Shaul Hawkins. "This is happening. We are ready to be martyrs."

Those who leave the group are terrified. One former member died under suspicious circumstances, several critics have had their houses burned, and others have fled to Canada. "Neighbors are afraid to speak out," says Ray Jones, religion editor for the *Abilene Reporter News*. "People are afraid of retribution."

To reach the 44-acre compound of the House of Yahweh visitors have to pass a guardhouse and barbed-wire fencing. When Pastor Hawkins speaks, 12 guards in black suits surround him. Other guards in fedora hats patrol the grounds, barking orders into walkie-talkies. These security techniques, according to former Yahweh disciples who requested anonymity, were adapted

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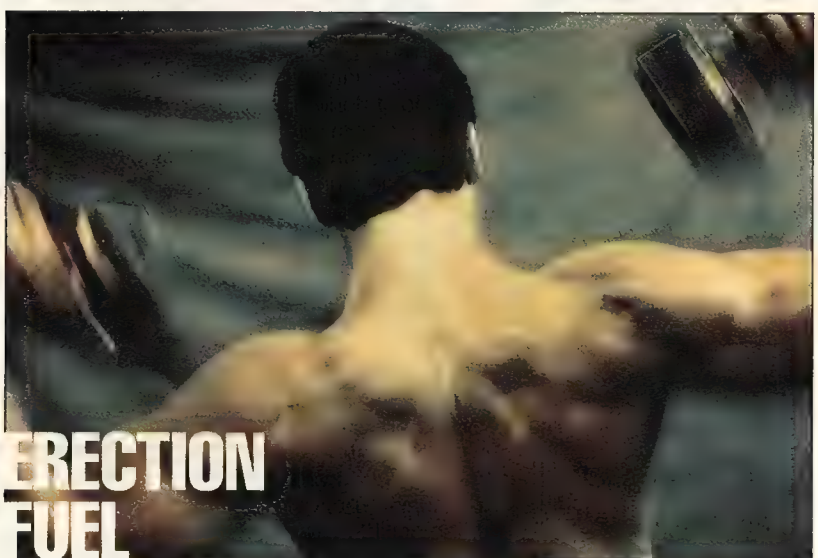
"'Give me liberty or blow me'? I can't publish that!"

Men's Health & Fitness

Contributing Editor Bill Lawren

Be stronger, smarter, harder, better! *Ultimate tune-ups for top performance*



ERECTION FUEL

Flash back to this: You're 16, sitting in English class. You've just made the fascinating observation that Betty Sue is wearing a new bra—which definitely warrants further study. Just then the teacher asks you to step up to the blackboard, and there's no way you can hide the tent in your pants. Was there anything more embarrassing?

Time passes, and by age 25 most of us have better control over the occasion of our erections. But give a guy another 15 years and he'll be hard pressed to remember the last time he was *embarrassed* by having a hard-on.

Why does sex drive decline as a man ages? One key factor is that levels of human growth hormone (HGH) plummet in men between the ages of 20 and 40. Low HGH, low libido, says Ronald Klatz, D.O., author of the new book *Grow Young with HGH* (HarperCollins). He cites a study in which three-quarters of the male subjects given daily injections of HGH reported increased sex drive or more frequent erections. Human growth hormone probably plays a pivotal role in sexual health, Klatz concludes.

HGH is available by prescription only, and it may not surprise you to learn that it is not approved for the purpose of turning grown men into rutting teenagers. But Klatz says you don't need a shot of HGH. "Better to stimulate your body's own production of the hormone before you start augmenting the supply," he says. Check out these natural ways to boost your sex drive:

Pump heavy. High-intensity weight training can increase the body's output of HGH as much as fourfold. If you're an experienced lifter, Klatz recommends three-times-a-week sets of three to five repetitions, using a weight that's 70 to 85 percent of the maximum amount you can lift. In addition, once a week do a single lift of the maximum weight you can handle. (Warning: Heavy lifting can injure your joints; do this only under the guidance of an expert trainer.)

Pump light. If you're a beginner, any weight training is better than none. Build up your strength using light weights. Do two or three sets of eight to ten reps of the following exercises, with one minute of rest between sets: standing barbell curl, bench press, overhead press, deadlift, squat, shrug.

Huff and puff. Endurance training also cranks out HGH. Beginners should start with 20 minutes of brisk walking three to five days a week, and work up to 20 minutes of race-walking or jogging. Those who are more fit should start with a 30-minute jog-run and increase to 40 minutes of running.

Eat for power. Couple your exercise plan with an HGH-releasing diet. The guidelines: Carbos: 50–65 percent of your diet. Fats: 10–30 percent. Protein: 25–30 percent.

Swallow this. Certain supplements are known to jog the pituitary, boosting the production of HGH, particularly arginine, ornithine, and glutamine. If you want to get all three plus more in a single dose, Klatz recommends HGH Plus–PM, a new formulation made by the Weider Nutrition Group.

For more information or to order a copy of Klatz's book, call the American Academy of Anti-Aging Medicine at (773) 528-4333.

Men's Health & Fitness

Sweets' revenge? Many common "nonfat" snacks are loaded with sugar.

NO FAT? NO GOOD!

Those tempting foods blaring a guilt-free "No fat" label may not be as benign as they sound. Many of the nonfat snacks on the market today are loaded with sugar. Now a study by scientists at Rockefeller University and the University of California at Berkeley shows that seven out of ten people who ate diets low in fat but high in sugar had increased blood levels of saturated fat. Eating this way all the time "could harm the heart and blood vessels," says Rockefeller's Lisa Cooper Hudgins, M.D.

So what's a snack-craving man to do? Keep your sugar intake moderate—say, one soda or a small dessert or candy a day, says Janis Jibrin, a Washington, D.C.-based dietitian. Also, eat plenty of fiber. "Fiber," she says, "helps regulate blood sugar."

To get adequate fiber in your diet, Jibrin recommends eating six to 11 servings a day of complex carbohydrates—what your mother probably called starches. These include potatoes (skins on), whole-grain breads and cereals, and brown rice. In addition Jibrin recommends two to four daily servings of fruits, and three to five daily servings of vegetables.—*J. Garrard*

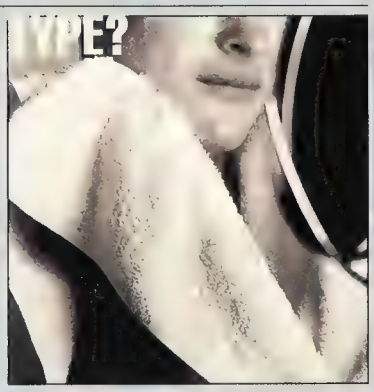
RUB-ON HARD-ON

From Italy, which after all gave us Gina Lollobrigida, comes a distinctly different way to generate an erection. In a preliminary study of 154 patients with erectile dysfunction, 75 responded favorably to a rub-on cream which is based on a combination of drugs that signal the brain to increase blood flow. These 75 patients were then invited to continue to use the cream. After three to six months, 54 of them still reported more, harder, and longer-lasting erections.

The scientists at the

EXTERNALS

WHAT'S YOUR SKIN TYPE?



Today's world is different from the one our dads lived in—and we're not just talking about having to witness Demi Moore sucking a stogie. The modern man must learn to use something besides soap and witch hazel on his skin. There are moisturizers and cleansers, bronzers and conditioners, aftershaves and pre-shaves.

But wait. Before you shell out big money for something that comes in a small bottle, you need to know what your skin type is—dry, oily, or "combination"—so you can get the right stuff. "Most men have no idea what type of skin they have," says New York City skin expert and spa owner Lia Schorr. She offers this quick self-test:

1. Mix this tonic: In a blender combine the juice of one lemon, one-half cup water, one teaspoon olive oil, and three ice cubes. Blend until the ice has melted.

2. Wash your face with a gentle cleansing lotion, not soap; rinse well.

3. Wait three hours.

4. Wet three cotton balls in the tonic.

5. Wipe one cotton ball across your forehead, the second down your nose, and the third across one cheek.

6. If all three cotton balls come up clean, your skin is dry. If they're dark, it's oily. If the cotton balls are only slightly soiled, your skin, like most men's, is a combination of the two.

ASK DR. SLOAN

SEX WITH FEELING

Q: What's the best way to turn a woman on?—Ted W.

A: What most men don't realize is that the skin is the way in. And I mean the whole skin, not just the genitals. In fact, inch for inch, the skin is the most sensitive organ in the body. Through thousands of nerve endings distributed along the skin (they're called proprioceptive receptors, or P.R.'s) we feel, we sense, and we appreciate all that's good in life.

Lovers should learn to make use of the P.R.'s before, during, and after lovemaking—or even as lovemaking all by itself. After all, genital sex may not be on the agenda at times, but the skin is always ready.

What's useful about P.R.'s is that they never react the same way twice: Time of day makes a difference, as does the firmness of touch and of course who's doing the touching. Some experimentation usually turns up whole new fields of pleasure in places you'd least expect it. The point being that caressing her can lead you to secret pleasure zones. So rub, pat, tickle, touch, sniff, lick, suck, caress, and massage to your heart's content. Help her awaken those mysterious and delightful nerve endings.

Don Sloan, M.D., is the author of Anything Goes: Dr. Sloan's Complete Guide to Sexual Diversity.

Center for Molecular Biology in Milan and the University of Pisa who did the testing conclude that the cream produces a "significant increase" in the blood-pumping ability of tiny arteries in the erection chamber of the penis.

When will this cream be at the corner drugstore? The scientists can't say, but we're willing to bet it will see the light of day in Europe first, before slowly working its way to our shores and through the labyrinth of F.D.A. approval.

DID YOU KNOW?

- Some 17 percent of people who catch colds do absolutely nothing to treat them.
- Stress can cause gum disease.
- People whose brains are more alkaline and less acidic are more likely to have high IQs.
- Back pain can be a sign of depression.
- Vigorously rubbing the skin just before you get a shot lessens the pain.

MO' BETTER BLUES CURE?

If you're feeling rotten and considering one of the new miracle mood-lifters like Prozac, Zoloft, or Paxil—or any antidepressant for that matter—here's something to think about: A recent study concluded that much of their power comes not from the drugs themselves but from the placebo effect—which is simply the *belief* that the drugs work.

Guy Sapirstein, Ph.D., of Westwood Lodge Hospital in Westwood, Massachusetts, reviewed studies involving 3,252 depressed patients who had received either antidepressant drugs, psychotherapy, placebo pills, or no treatment at all. His analysis was that the placebo effect explains twice as much of the patients' improvement as do drugs.

This conclusion is "absolutely irresponsible," says Jeffrey Newton, spokesman for Eli Lilly, the drug company that makes Prozac. "Even leaving the impression that a placebo treats depression does a disservice to patients."

For his part, Sapirstein believes drug companies don't view studies objectively. The placebo effect, he says, shows that depressed patients have some control over their own condition. He's not opposed to drugs, but believes patients should try biofeedback, talk therapy, or other non-drug approaches before considering medication.

Talking back to Prozac: Are we too quick to reach for a pill when we're down?

Don't dry up in the shower: Unfiltered water can be hard on a man's skin.

GET CLEANER IN THE BATH

Many of us are concerned about the quality of the water we drink—witness the booming sales of bottled waters and home water-filtration systems. But with all this attention to water that goes *in* us, we've paid far less attention to the water that goes *on* us, whether in the shower or indirectly, via appliances like clothes washers and dishwashers. According to the Water Quality Association and the National Sanitation Foundation, we should be wary of chlorine, a chemical that can dry skin and gum up appliances.

If you want to do something about the chlorine in your water, a company called Kinetico in Newbury, Ohio, offers an answer: the Quad-50 Carbon/Softener, a water conditioner designed to get the chlorine out. The machine uses a system of packed carbon filters and control valves to do the job. The result, according to Kinetico certified water specialist Dave Krupinski: "Your skin isn't dried or irritated by chlorine, you don't have to use as much soap, and your appliances work better." The system costs only $20 to $30, although installation can be expensive. To contact Kinetico, call (800) 944-9283.

DISCOVERIES

ONE STEP CLOSER TO A MALE PILL

Are you the type who thinks birth control is a woman's problem? Or do you feel a man should shoulder his share of the burden? If it's the latter, listen up: Thanks to state-of-the-art research by Susan Benoff, Ph.D., director of the molecular biology laboratory in the Division of Human Reproduction at New York's North Shore University Hospital, a virtually ideal male contraceptive is a giant step nearer.

Benoff has been working with calcium channel blockers, a class of drugs commonly prescribed for high blood pressure. Turns out sperm have calcium channels in their outer coatings that enable them to latch onto the outside of the egg. In theory the right kind of calcium channel blockers could prevent that momentous linkup from occurring, and Benoff and her colleagues are hot on the trail of one that will act specifically in the testes. (Existing calcium channel blockers bring blood pressure down, but won't work for birth control.) The male contraceptive, which might be on the market in five to six years, could take the form of a shot, a time-release gel, or an implanted pump.

POST-WORKOUT DINING

Some men think cutting back on food will help give them a "ripped," or bulging-muscle, look. But if you want your muscles to show, you need to eat more, not less, says Michael H. Stone, Ph.D., professor of exercise science at Appalachian State University in Boone, North Carolina. "It's very important to eat after a weight workout. If you don't, you'll suffer muscle fatigue and weakness. Worse, you may actually lose the muscle-building benefits of your workout."

He recommends that immediately after exercising you tuck into a carbohydrate-rich meal (pastas, fruit and vegetables) to replenish diminished energy reserves in the muscles. Go lighter on protein—though it's key to rebuilding muscle tissue, most of us get much more than we need. In general, avoid fat. "If you follow this meal plan," says Stone, "you may build more muscle mass, and have a quicker recovery."

A NEW FORM OF SELF-ABUSE?

Question: If a 65-year-old man knew of a drug that could give him a hard-on lasting an hour or more, would he take it? Answer: Does the pope wear a dress?

Erection-enhancing drugs like Caverject are becoming increasingly available—all that's needed is a doctor's prescription. Though these drugs are intended for men who can't get it up without chemical help, there are already reports that they're being taken by healthy men seeking a little more bang for their wang.

That's not a good

idea, warns Gregory Slachta, M.D., assistant professor of urology at Tufts University in Boston. The main danger is priapism, a fancy word for a hard-on that won't quit. Untreated, this can cause permanent damage to erectile tissue in the penis. Ouch! That seems too high a price to pay for an hour or two as a sex machine.

NO-EXCUSES WORKOUT

Couch potatoes and workaholics have one thing in common: a list of ready excuses for failing to exercise. Here, courtesy of Russell Pate, Ph.D., chairman of the department of exercise science at the University of South Carolina, are the five most common ones:

Excuse: No time.
Solution: Exercise first thing in the morning, before work and other activities get in the way.

Excuse: I can't stay motivated.
Solution: Build your own reward system. If you stick to your exercise program for a week, treat yourself to dinner at your favorite restaurant.

Excuse: It's not that important.
Solution: Schedule workouts, just like business meetings, so they're a set part of your day. If you skip one session, that can easily snowball into weeks away from the gym.

Excuse: It hurts.
Solution: Start gradually; go easy. Ask the gym's trainer for alternate exercises.

Excuse: It's embarrassing.
Solution: No one said you have to exercise in Macy's window.

SELF-HELP

HEADING OFF HEADACHES

You've had a battle with the boss, the freeway's at a standstill, and when you finally do get home your dinner explodes all over the microwave. Suddenly you've got a crippling headache. "The head is the center of sensation," says Seymour Diamond, M.D., director of the Diamond Headache Clinic in Chicago. "That's why tension headaches are so frequent."

Some men get episodic headaches, which strike one to three times a week. Others get chronic headaches, which come once a day. You already know about the medicines that are best for headache—aspirin, acetaminophen (Tylenol), ibuprofen (Advil), or newer drugs like naproxen (Aleve). But here are other solutions to consider:

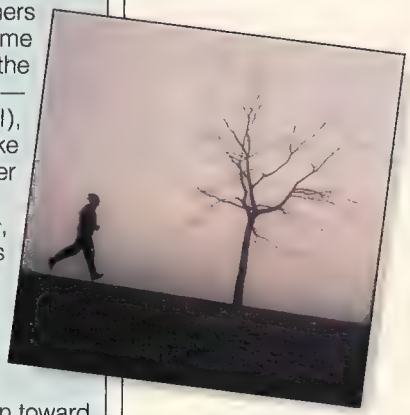
Make a move. Exercise—walking, swimming, cycling, or rowing—releases feel-good endorphins, the brain's own painkillers. These natural chemicals are many times stronger than aspirin and can often cure a headache quick, says Diamond.

Eat lots of salad. Take a dietary turn toward vegetables, especially carrots and leafy greens, which are rich in vitamins C and A, B-complex vitamins, and calcium. (Seventh-Day Adventists, who eat a primarily vegetarian diet, have the lowest headache rates in the country.) You say vegetables and you don't mix? Try a multivitamin to fill in the nutritional gaps. Also, some studies show that daily 50-mg supplements of niacin can be a good substitute for aspirin.

Release the pressure. Take a daily stress inventory during your commute to work and again as you lie down to sleep at night. Do you find yourself grinding your teeth, involuntarily tensing your shoulder or back muscles, slouching, or biting your nails? If so, do something to release the stress, whether it's deep, slow breathing, stretching, or spending ten minutes visualizing a calming scene. You might even want to check out biofeedback or psychological counseling (ask your doctor for a referral).

Call for help. The National Headache Foundation offers pamphlets, relaxation tapes, and exercises (about $10 for a complete package). Call them at (800) 843-2256, or write the N.H.F. at 428 W. St. James Place, Chicago, Ill. 60614.

Work it out: A good run releases painkillers that can kill a headache quick.



SMART SEX

By Dr. Judy Kuriansky

"An increasing number of women love their genitals, and want their men to do so as well —or else."

Discussion overheard between two guys about going down on girls. Jeff: "Ugh. I'd never go down there." Peter: "What's the matter with you, dude? It's the greatest, and by far my favorite thing to do. I can lie between her legs for hours."

Which guy will get more girls, more love, more head himself?

I'd put my money on Peter any day. As would an increasing number of women who love their genitals, and want men to do so as well. Or else.

For some women it's a make-or-break thing for the relationship. When Evan refused to do it for Julia—after she mustered the gumption to ask—she knew it was over with him. "I consider it a sign of love for me, and for women in general," she said. "If he won't do *that,* God knows he probably won't be willing to please me in other ways."

Of course anyone has the right to say no to any sex act, but I suggest you reconsider refusing to kiss her down there.

Shame on men who demand it for themselves but won't return the favor. Jeff protested, "But hers is wet and messy." Jeff, your release is wet too. Her genitals look, taste, and smell no less attractive than yours.

Consider other protests I've heard from men calling my LovePhones radio show. "My tongue [or mouth] gets tired" (so, take breaks, vary your moves, like licking around and on top). "I feel subservient or controlled" (so, redefine—you are actually in control of her by giving her pleasure). "It smells bad" (shower together, get used to it, put flowers nearby; remember, you have a natural scent too). "It tastes bad" (get used to it, spread honey or drip champagne over her). "It looks weird" (wrong, it's beautiful, like Georgia O'Keefe's flowers). "I don't know what to do" (let enthusiasm guide you, or ask what she likes).

Some women have these same fears and resistances—much to my distress and that of their partners who *enjoy* giving. Peter even feels rejected if a woman refuses to let him do it. "It's like she doesn't trust me or love me enough to have me down there," he says. If your woman doesn't allow genital kissing, ask why. Where did she learn that was not okay? Invite her to view, taste, and smell herself with deliberate delight; model that attitude by doing it with delight yourself. Watching her feel good can make you feel great. Reassure her that she deserves to be pleasured. Ask her to lie back one night and just receive. Tell her loving her genitals is essential to loving herself and allowing herself to be loved, and to having orgasm alone or with a partner.

Do you want her to come during intercourse? Then give her lots of oral stimulation first. It's the easiest way for women to come, and the psychological feeling of being loved escalates the physical stimulation. If she pushes you away (out of fear of letting go), ease up, but go back again.

Gourmet guys good at giving pleasure orally treat it like the ultimate kiss. Think of the vaginal lips as a mouth, your tongue as a penis. Build her anticipation by promising to do it. Follow my four T's: tease, touch, tongue (in the Rolls-Royce method, lick, dip, slide, suck), talk (say "I love you and I love doing this"). Add a zinger: Insert a finger inside, and rub other body parts (mons, thighs, breasts).

When you're down there and she's getting excited, be prepared for surprises: "varts" (normal expulsions of air from the vagina), ballooning engorgement from excitement, even flooding like a river (it's a female ejaculation—rejoice).

As Sandra Bernhard told me, "Isn't that the way all relationships start—with a long tongue?"

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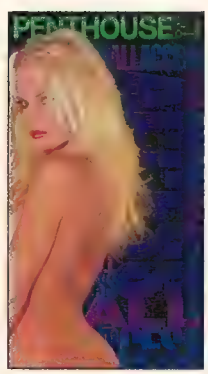

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APOCALYPSE NOW!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

from Posse Comitatus, one of the most violent militias of the 1980s, which, after being driven underground, has surfaced as consultant to the doomsday sect.

After the Posse killed two policemen in the 1980s and disbanded, one of the founders, David Mrotek, and six others drifted from Wisconsin to Abilene, where they joined forces with Yisrayl Hawkins. Mrotek allegedly supervises the purchase and storage of weapons and food at the Abilene compound. He is now an elder of the House of Yahweh.

In his books and television appearances Yisrayl Hawkins regularly assails the federal government and defends militia policies.

Cult experts compare Hawkins to Koresh, who died in nearby Waco, but Shaul Hawkins disputes this, saying, "Koresh tried too aggressively to end the world. You can't fight your own government. There are much greater battles ahead." Yahweh is preparing for a final war between the Arabs and Israel, with China and the United States being pulled in.

"Things are deteriorating," asserts Michael Hawkins, an elder who runs the video production studio. "Diseases that we thought had been conquered are reappearing. When you read about these things, you know the end is near." He denies there are any weapons or militia members on the property. "There is a lot of fear and rumors about us in the community," he says. "It's unfair. We always pay our bills."

While some doomsday cults are drawn to magnet cities like Abilene, others are nomadic and can be found in any town. The Brotherhood, another Old Testament doomsday cult, can be encountered amid the body-piercing emporia, tattoo shops, and rain-forest terrorists of Eugene, Oregon.

Like other so-called personality cults, the Brotherhood functions in perfect secrecy. Timothy, an elder, cuts a strange figure as he recruits members on a campus walk. Most students avoid the man with the deeply lined face, the fearsome eyes, and the message of destruction. In his homemade tunic he looks a little too much like Jesus Christ.

James Roberts came from a Pentecostalist background and a tour in the Marines to start the Brotherhood in the early 1970s, carving out a church for a hard core of End Timers. A somber man with a jet-black beard, 58-year-old Roberts teaches that Christ won't return to Earth until the Brothers have been tempted by the devil and martyred.

Despite the extreme rigor of the sect, the Brotherhood is gaining new members. Its roughly 300 young men and women, who roam the country in groups of three, are eager to be martyrs. "We are ready," says Timothy. "Many righteous people will have to be slain."

They have forsaken virtually every comfort. Police call them "the Garbage Eaters," because of their practice of foraging through dumpsters. But they keep their fingernails clean and they never beg. "God provides for us," says Timothy.

Experts say the rapidly approaching millennium gives a leader like Roberts an excuse for harshness. "The Apocalypse is a great control mechanism," says Lalich.

> "We may have to protect ourselves from roving bands due to food shortages, or if we're overrun by Mexicans or Cubans."

Justice is meted out, for the Brothers, according to the Bible, so there is no way to argue the sentence. In their doomsday cells, conversation between male and female members is discouraged. Roberts, who is known as The Great Apostle, has imposed a moratorium on all marriages and births because the end is so near.

Severe paranoia leads the Brothers to take precautions. They steal into their own houses, and constantly look over their shoulders. "People everywhere want to crush us, because we are the only uncorrupted church," says Timothy. "We've been thrown out of towns, and police have accused us of mistreating our women."

Many of the Brothers and Sisters come from troubled backgrounds. Some are runaways, others former drug abusers. They crave punishment. "Sometimes the Lord whips us and we know we've done wrong," says Dale, 19, a recent convert.

Dale was ordered to reject his mother because she was divorced. Like other parents, she received a form letter from him, severing all relations. "Our families are like vipers telling us we can get to heaven without the Brothers," says Dale. "I hate that talk. I don't talk to my parents, and they don't know where I am. We die to the world when we come to this church. I consider that I am no longer in the flesh."

Members live on an average of $20 a month, and share all property. They live in the woods or in the abandoned houses of America's Dust Belt. In the evenings they sit on inverted drywall buckets and eat dinner silently. The food is restaurant leftovers—a salad of wilted lettuce and tomatoes, perhaps, with the rotten sections carved out.

After dinner the Brothers hold a prayer meeting. In an abandoned house behind a carpet warehouse they sing in Early Christian rhythms about the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. Timothy delivers a sermon on obedience. A Brother reveals how God helped him find a tent for a Sister, and everyone claps softly with a sound like running feet.

In the morning Timothy gets on a bicycle with a sign on the fender, HEAVEN BOUND, and makes the rounds of the dumpsters. "We go wherever our leader moves us," he says. "We pray and have a dream, and wake up and go."

Dale denies being a member of a cult, yet displays all the symptoms associated with such groups. "I could go away," he says, "but then I'd have to leave my friends and leave Christ."

Sometimes he's tempted. "I want my mother or a beautiful girl that I see, but it's just the skin I want, the touch. Then I remember what I am here for.... It's hard in this society to be ready for the end. My clothes may be dirty, but I want to come before Christ in a white robe."

Levitating Into the Afterlife

The three most destructive cults in recent history, Jim Jones's Jonestown, David Koresh's Branch Davidians, and Aum-Shinrikyo in Japan, were all doomsday cults. Today's End Time groups operate more discreetly. Some, like the Brotherhood, are invisible. Others gain wide social acceptance.

Diners at the Ching Hai Spiritual Association restaurant in downtown San José, California, may not realize that their waiters are smiling because they are about to levitate the planet and themselves into the afterlife.

Founded by Suma Ching Hai, a 50-year-old Vietnamese woman, C.H.S.A. has become one of the world's fastest-growing cults as a blend of New Age thinking and environmentalism with a sprinkling of the world's religions.

Like virtually every parallel movement, Ching Hai starts with a version of creation in which a perfect world has been corrupted and must be perfected again by a chosen few. But this time Earth itself will participate in the

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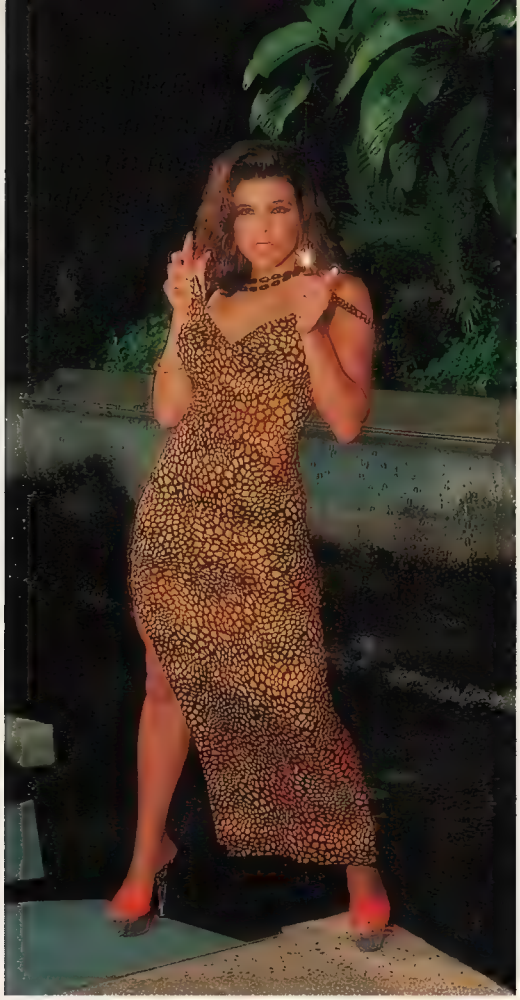
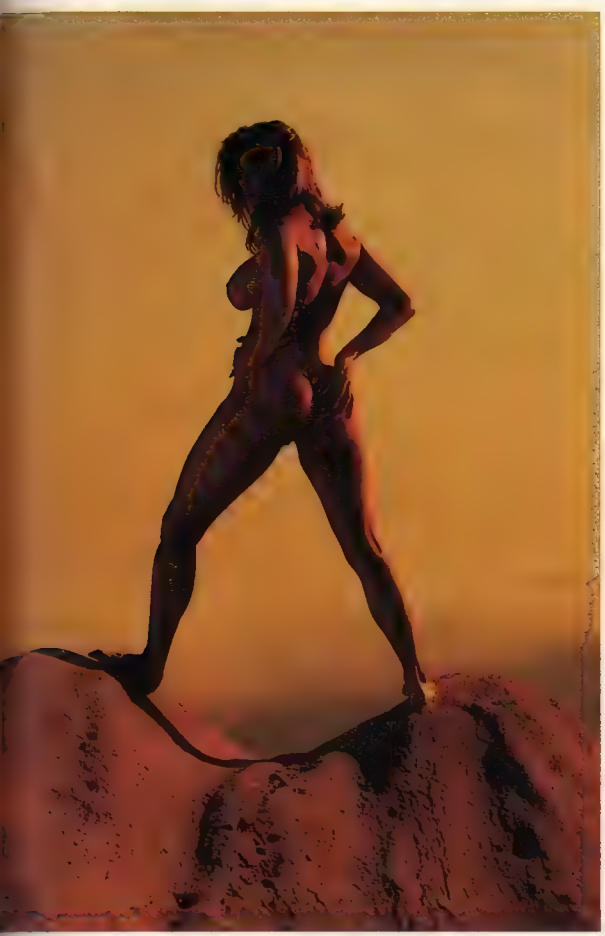


'We're all given assets in this life ... mine are my body and spirit.'

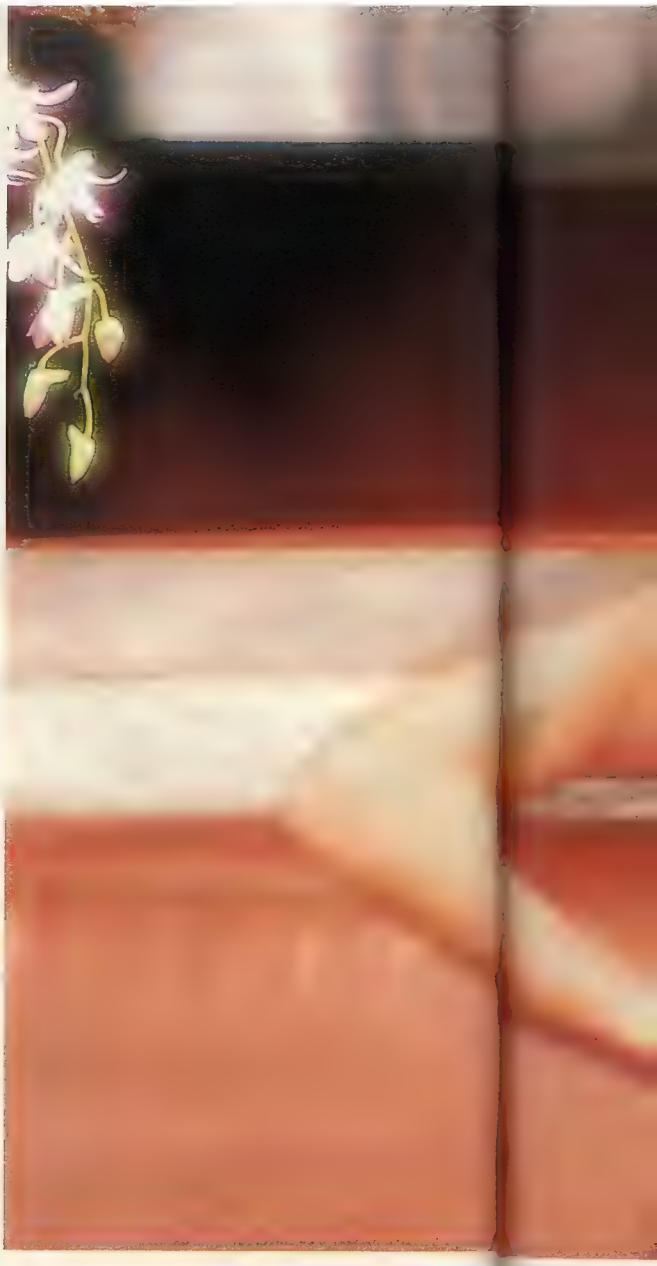
ANDREA



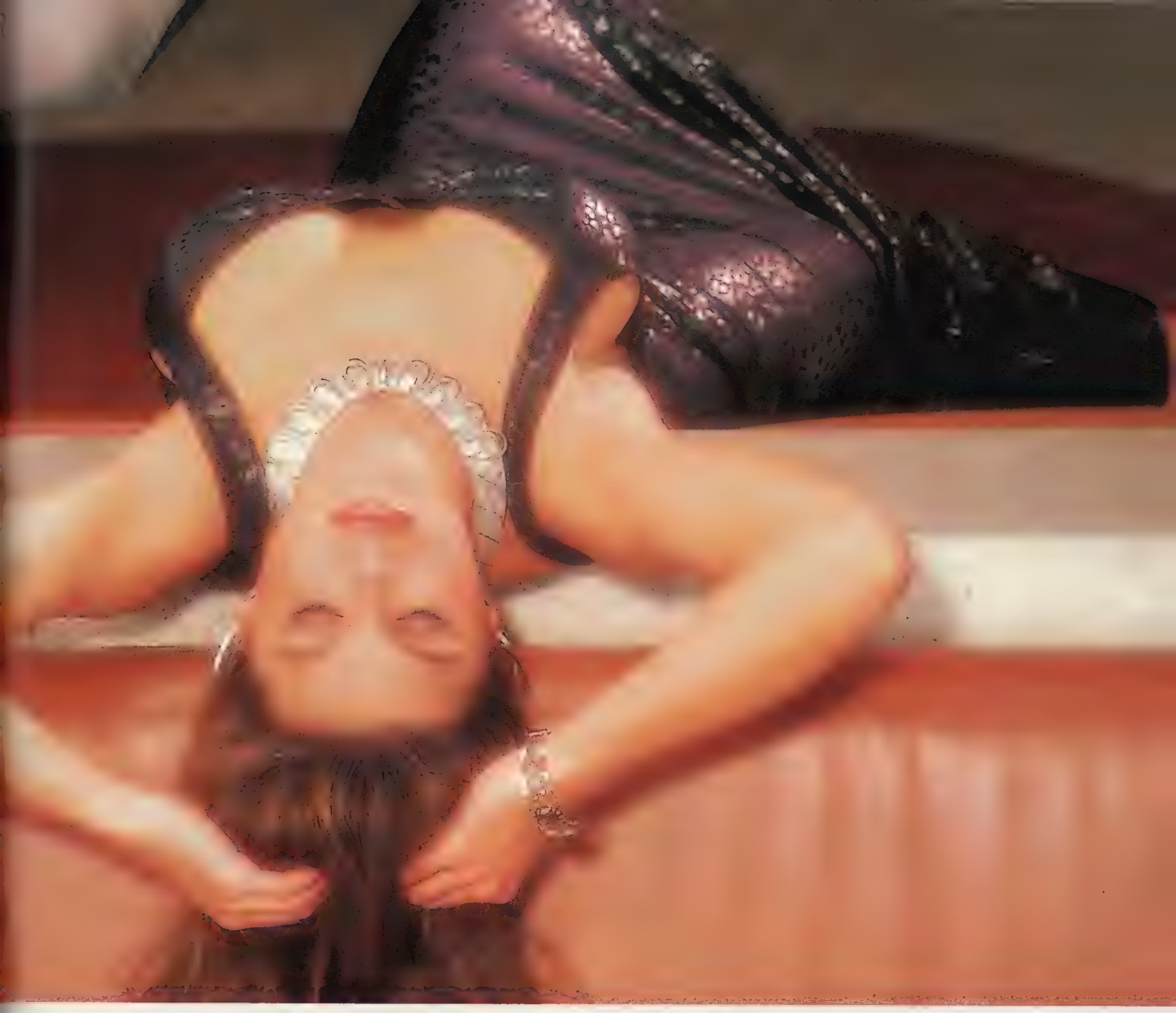
FREE AND EASY

At a time when political correctness and religious bigotry are challenging our freedom of speech, it seems appropriate to choose the fiercely independent and outspoken Andrea Kurtz as our May Pet of the Month. "I believe my power lies in my femininity and my ability to express myself," says our five-foot-three firefly. "I'm grateful to *Penthouse* for encouraging both men and women to explore their sexuality. And I consider it the highest honor to represent Bob Guccione's vision in these photographs."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER



"Carl Wachter's creative direction made posing natural and exciting at the same time."



Our 26-year-old May flower finds her deepest peace in the great outdoors, meditating and practicing yoga in the buff under the eternal, sheltering sky. "Being in nature feeds my soul," says Andrea. "I love to hike, swim, work in my garden, and just bask in the sun—and if I can be naked while I do these things, it only enhances the experience. When the stress of every day starts to get to me, I know the instant remedy is fresh air and sunshine." It's a good thing Andrea knows how to chill out. Born under Scorpio (the sex sign ruled by the genitals), she often finds herself at the mercy of her own intensity and passion, operating at a high pitch of emotion. "When I'm in love with a man, I become extremely proprietary," she reveals. "The Scorpio in me gets very jealous. I make sure he knows there's no other woman for him.... I guess it's just the nature of the beast!"

Andrea is unapologetic about her 36-22-34 womanly abundance: "We're all given assets in this life, and we each have a responsibility to put them to good use—mine are my body and spirit."

"Working with Carl Wachter was a wonderful experience," says Andrea with a smile. "His creative direction and the trust I had in him made posing natural and exciting at the same time."

For Andrea, there's no greater turn-on than meeting a confident, intelligent man who's not threatened by her powerful presence and rigorous honesty. "I believe a relationship between a man and a woman should encourage and complement their personalities so that they blossom in each other's aura," says our Pet. Her idea of the ideal date? "That's easy. An evening of absolutely no limits. I don't need flowers or candlelight or a fancy meal—what's important to me is that I'm with a man who can have a good time doing anything, anywhere ... which usually leads to wild lovemaking in the most interesting places!"

Andrea believes that "freedom should never be taken for granted. I always want to have the liberty to express myself—whether it be through photos or the written word." And let's not forget the freedom to *watch* Andrea expressing herself. That's one principle we could never take for granted.

To see more of Andrea, visit the Pet of the Month Fan Club at http://www.penthousemag.com.

MISS ANDREA KURTZ/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

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MILITARY affairs

The size of the defense budget is not really a hot-button issue with most Americans. What criticism there is tends to stem from the general disenchantment with government, and has little to do with what it actually costs to maintain our defense. Even so, we expect top-notch performance from our military no matter the mission or its circumstances, and the Clinton administration's new national-security team has little understanding of the resources it takes to guarantee that performance. The "guarantee" depends, not on some ideal defense budget, but on the dedication and motivation of the men and women who wear their country's uniform, and they happen to be the most underrepresented minority group within the Clinton administration.

According to political columnist Mark Shields, himself a Marine veteran, in the U.S. civilian work force, 37 percent of men over the age of 35 are veterans of military service, yet among the current White House staff only four percent of the men are vets. Of the 828 Senate-confirmed positions in the Clinton administration, just 19 percent of the men—half the proportion in the national work force—are veterans. (This is a big difference from, say, the current Congress, where 50 percent of the male members are veterans.) Clearly the Clinton White House's commitment to "cultural diversity" stops short of embracing veterans. Some veterans advocates maintain that this disparity of representation is not an accident. They claim it is a deliberate policy, holding that the presence of veterans in the White House would be painful, if not outright embarrassing, to the officials there who took a pass on military service. Whether or not it's true is really beside the point when it comes to the performance potential of the armed forces. This potential has more to do with morale.

Secretary of Defense William Cohen must be mindful of our country's security needs.

Because that morale is more important than the size of the defense budget, it is essential that President Clinton's new secretary of defense, William Cohen, and his team seek out and listen to the concerns of the troops as well as others who care about the genuine national-security needs of our country.

Although *Penthouse* doesn't actively solicit the views of members of the armed services, many of them send us their opinions. Recently we received an extremely thoughtful letter from a senior enlisted sailor with 16 years of service that spoke to the question of morale and how it may impinge on military performance: "In four years the military will be in dire need of good-quality recruits, but will not be able to draw them into the services under the benefits that are being offered today. The scandals that have been so much in the spotlight just make matters worse for the services.... Honor is a dying trait that has been replaced with excuses and self-justification.... Our lack of leadership, from Washington, D.C., to the lowest military levels, is going to hamper the way the military performs its duties, at home and abroad. We are only as good as public opinion will allow. If scandals keep coming up year after year, painting a negative image of the military, that is how we will be viewed by the public. The information age can kill you just as fast as it can help you...."

The sailor seems to be telling the members of President Clinton's national-security team that among the armed services' rank and file there is a crisis of confidence over the military's leadership. If the economic incentives offered are inadequate to persuade quality young men and women, in sufficient numbers, to accept the inconvenience and hardships of military service, it hardly matters how brilliant the members of the President's national-security team are. Sadly, those who are expected to do the fighting for our country may not be today's best and brightest. But the current best and brightest geopoliticians who aspire to direct the use of military force would do well to listen to the young men and women who are actually wearing the uniform, before they lead us into another quagmire.—*William R. Corson*

HYPERSEX

"You're not wearing panties.... My cock is so hard, it's almost ripping through my jeans."

I've got to tell you—your e-mail and chat logs are making me lose control. For those of you just showing up at this particular party, allow me to introduce myself: StolenKiss@aol.com, virtual voyeur. Send me your steamiest online experiences, and I'll post them here and at our no-limits Website, http://www.penthousemag.com.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

HotBody: Look out the window of your apartment. See me waving?

JohnnyReb22: That's *you*?

HotBody: I've been watching you stroke your cock in front of the computer for weeks.

JohnnyReb22: You're gorgeous. Long black hair ... perky tits ... legs that go on forever....

HotBody: Play with your cock for me, okay? I've been fantasizing that I strip for you while you jerk off.

JohnnyReb22: That makes me so hard....

HotBody: Unbuttoning my blouse to reveal a black, cut-out bra that exposes my stiff nipples ... wriggling out of my tight miniskirt until I'm wearing only the bra, heels, and black silk panties.

JohnnyReb22: Move the panties aside so I can see your cunt.

HotBody: Slowly pulling aside the panties, rubbing the silk against my shaved pussy lips. Now I'm spreading the lips so you can see all the way up into my tight, wet hole.

JohnnyReb22: My cock is ready to explode.

HotBody: Plunging two fingers into my cunt while my other hand teases my nipples.... Come for me, baby.

JohnnyReb22: You are too much ... ahh!

HotBody: Just trying to be a good neighbor.
—D. A., New Jersey

THE WYOMING WAY

MindFling: It's a warm spring night in Wyoming. I'm slipping a Waylon Jennings cassette into the stereo of my '68 Ford pickup....

SweetXXX: I'm wearing a sleeveless cotton dress, pale yellow. My golden hair is tousled ... legs crossed at the ankles and up on the dashboard. The windows are open and the wind gets under my dress and blows it up over my knees.

MindFling: I stop the truck in the middle of nowhere. Turning your head, I kiss you deeply.

SweetXXX: Kissing you passionately back ... tongues trailing ... soft, hot, wet lips exploring ...

MindFling: I jump out and walk over to your side of the truck, as you open the door for me.

SweetXXX: Giving you my sexiest smile...

MindFling: Now I pull your legs apart and reach for your hips with both hands.

SweetXXX: My knees tremble.... I want so badly to give myself to you.

MindFling: You're not wearing panties.... My cock is so hard, it's almost ripping through my jeans.

SweetXXX: Unzipping your jeans to expose the monster ...

MindFling: I pull your sweet little ass to the edge of the seat, then slide the head of my cock to the edge of your moist pussy lips.

SweetXXX: My hands help guide your pulsating shaft into my cunt....

MindFling: I love the way you look with your legs wrapped around my waist.

SweetXXX: I rub my clit as you slide inside me, inch by inch. My index finger finds the center of my clit and pushes down on it. I bring my finger to my mouth and suck it ... then touch my clit again with my wet finger.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

Hofmekler's People

THE LINEUP Paula Jones is suing President Clinton for sexual harassment. She claims that she can identify "distinguishing characteristics in his genital area." It will be up to the Supreme Court to decide whether or not there should be a lineup to determine if she really can.

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

Private Party

We were three friends partying through the long, warm spring night. The living room was dimly lit and smoke was heavy in the air as we kicked back and floated on the music. With my feet up on the coffee table I leaned against him, loving the feel of his strong arm around my shoulder.

She was a petite brunette with big brown eyes. With a smile, she slid up close to his other side. Because of the heat we had all long since shed most of our clothing; he wore only briefs, while she and I were clad in panties and bra. The peace of our friendship, touch, and the smoke provided a very sensual atmosphere. Mindlessly we caressed one another, and his arousal soon became apparent. She and I reached for his beautiful hardness at the same time—pulling it free from its confinement in his shorts, which were thrown onto the floor. He moaned as he sank back on the couch with his arm around each of us. We stroked him simultaneously, both quite skilled at handjobs; he seemed to enjoy the experience, and was quickly on the brink of orgasm. He kissed my mouth passionately as the brunette lowered her head and sucked every drop from him. His body was still trembling when he gently pushed our heads together across his rock-hard abdomen so that she could share a taste with me.

My mouth met hers, her soft lips parted mine, and the taste of her sweet breath mixed with his come. The sensuality and passion of the moment was overwhelming as we became absorbed with the kiss. Tongues sharing at first, then exploring and stimulating. His penis remained hard at the sight of two women reaching over him to touch each other's breasts. He suggested we move to the bedroom. As we followed him down the hall, that gorgeous brunette and I removed what little clothing we still had on. We hardly noticed him where he sat at the foot of the bed as we crawled in and fell back together on the pillow.

His heavy breathing provided a soothing background for our now passionate lovemaking. As we kissed, each of us explored the other completely. She knew instinctively exactly what I like, the places that are special to women. As her gentle lips kissed my large breasts, her fingertips glided down my abdomen until they reached my soft pubic hair. But I would wait; I needed to please her. My lips touched her neck; she was so soft and smooth, with a light, sweet scent. As one hand fondled her right breast, my full lips nibbled her left nipple. It responded instantly as I devoured it. Her breasts were quite small, but stimulating.

My hand found her cunt, and I moved my fingers slowly between its lips. A sound of pleasure escaped from her throat. I was aware of quiet movement as the man with us began stroking his now throbbing dick, eyes riveted to the scene before him. He didn't seem to mind that we were absorbed in each other and neglecting him.

Her erect clit begged for me to touch it. I kissed her stomach, moving my lips down to her clit as my fingers slid easily inside. My tongue worked firmly while my hand stroked her up to and over the top. She moaned as her body rocked with the convulsions of ecstasy that I had wanted so badly to give her. At that moment I felt the drops of his come as it shot over her pussy and my face; a small reminder of his presence, which we had barely noticed. I wanted and needed for her to do the same for me, and she did not disappoint.—*A. Z., Louisiana*

> "The chair beneath her ass was saturated with the juices from her leaking pussy."

Car Parts

The other night when my girlfriend and I were making love, a funny thought came to me. I'm embarrassed even to mention it, it's such a stretch of the imagination—my naughty mind. Here it goes: Her body, I got to thinking, was like a beautiful automobile, and I was the lucky mechanic called in to work on her.

First I turned her on to see how she ran: My hand slipped under the hood (the shirt she wears to bed in cold weather) and tried first one and then the other of her wondrous ignition switches, the nipples. They swiftly hardened between my fingers, and I knew she was humming.

Next thing, I pulled up the hood to have a look and to do a little lubricating. The nipples in my mouth were like some divine love valves. Soon she was softly purring.

I got to thinking that I should check the engine, so I helped her slip out of her panties, then made a few gentle probes with my nimble fingers, testing the sweet spark plug. Her clit felt warm and wet. I rubbed it up and down and around, testing the spark.

I decided that closer inspection was necessary. She agreed. She got on all fours, and I slid on my back till my head rested between her legs—just like a mechanic, ready for underbody work. When I looked up I got a perfect view of the whole works, which she slowly lowered like a heavenly hydraulic lift onto my face. *Mmm.* My tongue began to inspect the edges of her pussy and then plunged in deep. Her butt wiggled. I slipped a finger into her bottom and rubbed the edges of her nether hole.

Meanwhile she was burning rubber on my tool—I wear a condom for both courtesy and safety—working her mouth and lips up and down on my piston. We became a single unit—car and mechanic. But suddenly she needed to have her oil checked, so she slipped up my stomach and lowered her hot pussy right onto my dipstick. She had plenty of oil. I knew it right away as my cock entered the warmest region known to man. The helpless mechanic, I gazed in wonder at her splendid fanny as she rode me.

We were really driving, with me behind the wheel, when all of a sudden she turned to face me. With that shift in gears the engine was fully engaged, and both our bodies did a wonderful shimmy and shudder, and slowly and exquisitely came to a delicious halt. Who says mechanics have no fun. Can't wait till she comes in for another inspection.—*C. L., Maine*

How Charming is Youth

It's not often anymore that I can luxuriate in the arms of a very young man. Joshua and I have been married for three decades, and are sailing full-steam into middle age. For about 28 of those 30 years we have had an open marriage and enjoyed many partners in our bedroom activities. But at my age it becomes a special treat to be able to go to bed with a man less than half my age.

A few months ago a single father and his 22-year-old son moved into the neighborhood. It wasn't long after they moved in that I started chatting with them about our street and the people who live there. Harrison, the son, caught my fancy. His ready smile and friendly demeanor lightened my mood, and I wondered whether I could seduce him. A couple of times we had stopped on

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105

ANDERSON
AND
TAYLOR

"Last night," Taylor confessed to a girlfriend, "I had the most incredible dream. I was making love with a platinum-haired woman who knew *just* how to touch me. But then I realized that she *was* me—she was the longing I had always repressed."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SCOTT EVANS

" 'I'm here to serve you,' she whispered. 'Don't tell me what you desire.... I know your every wish.' "

"Her name, she said, was Anderson, and she fed the hunger n my soul and urged me to explore further."

"Together we probed my psyche, fulfilling my every desire ... and still I cried for more."

"The air was heavy with our musky essence. Our moans boomed into the vast twilight. We rode the waves to our epiphany as one body and one mind."

"When I woke up her voice was still with me: 'You can't love another!' she said, '... not until you can love yourself.' "

The Joke Man

This month's crop of zappers, snappers, and one-line knee-slappers from the comic cosmos of ...

Jackie Martling

• A Secret Service agent is standing at the bottom of the stairs as President Clinton is leaving Air Force One, and he can't help but notice that the President has a pig under each arm.

The agent salutes and says, "Welcome back, Mr. President. Nice pigs, sir."

Clinton smiles and says, "These aren't pigs. These are genuine Arkansas razorbacks. I got this one for Hillary and I got this one for Chelsea."

The agent says, "Good trade, sir."

• How do you know if you've got a great sperm count?

She has to chew before she swallows.

• Siegel is complaining to his marriage counselor. He says, "My wife sucks."

The marriage counselor says, "Then why are you here?"

• Melendez walks into a bar and says, "G-g-gimme a b-b-beer."

The bartender says, "Seems you've got a stuttering problem."

Melendez says, "N-n-no sh-sh-shit."

The bartender says, "I used to stutter, but my wife cured me. She sucked me off three times in a row, and I haven't stuttered since."

Melendez says, "W-w-wow, that's g-g-great to know."

A week later Melendez walks into the bar and says, "G-g-gimme a b-b-beer."

The bartender says, "Why didn't you try what I told you?"

Melendez says, "I d-d-did. It d-d-didn't work. B-b-but I m-m-must say, you have a really n-n-nice apartment."

• Bruce is fucking Charles in the ass when Charles reaches around and grabs Bruce's cock.

Bruce jumps up and says, "What are you, some kind of fag?"

• What does P.M.S. stand for?

"Probably Moving to the Sofa."

• Oglio is on the plane of a small airline. The stewardess says, "Would you like dinner?"

He says, "What are my choices?"

She says, "Yes or no."

• Why do men like blowjobs?

It's the only time they get something into a woman's head straight.

• Did you hear about the Polish guy who couldn't get it up?

He thought he had Down's syndrome.

• A lady hails a cab, takes it across town, then tells the cabbie to pull over. He says, "That'll be twelve bucks."

She says, "I haven't got any money, but how about a bit of this?" She pulls her dress way up and she's naked underneath.

He takes a look and says, "Jesus, lady, haven't you got anything smaller?"

• You know why men snore when they sleep on their backs?

Their balls flap over their ass holes and they get vapor lock.

• How do you know when it's bedtime at Michael Jackson's house?

When the big hand touches the little hand.

• Dell' Abate goes to buy a train ticket, and the girl selling tickets has an incredible set of jugs.

He says, "Give me two pickets to Titsburgh ... er ... I mean, two tickets to Pittsburgh."

He's really embarrassed. The guy in line behind him says, "Relax, pal, we all make Freudian slips like that. Just the other day at the breakfast table I meant to say to my wife, 'Please pass the sugar,' but I accidentally said, 'You fucking bitch, you wrecked my life.' "

• How is mountain climbing like getting a blowjob from Whoopi Goldberg?

You should never ever look down.

• Dirty Johnny is delivering newspapers.

He rings Mrs. Johnson's doorbell, and when she answers he says, "I'm collecting today. That'll be five dollars."

She says, "I'm a little short on cash, but if you want, I'll give you sex instead." Johnny says, "Sure."

He walks in, she unfastens his pants, pulls them down, and there's the biggest cock she's ever seen. He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a handful of washers, and starts sliding them onto his hard-on.

She says, "Don't do that—I can take all of it."

He says, "Not for five bucks you can't."

For more of Jackie Martling's universe of laughs, be sure to check out JokeLand's World Wide Web page at http://www.jackiejokeman.com. Or if you think you can stump the Joke Man with a joke he doesn't know, send it to JokeLand, c/o Penthouse *magazine, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10172-0003. If Jackie doesn't know it, you'll receive a free copy of his* Sgt. Pecker *CD.*

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THE PENIS PAGE

FACTS & PHALLUSES OF AMERICA'S FAVORITE ORGAN

By Gerard Van der Leun

The SPAN (Stop Penis Abuse Now!) Manifesto

Real men must take a hard look at the current tidal wave of penis abuse in America. I'm not talking about the kind of penis abuse many men know firsthand, but the more insidious beating the penis has been taking at the callous hands of the cabal I call the R.F.F.S.F.F. (Radical Feminists, Fashion Slaves, and Fetish Faddists). This evil conspiracy makes it ever more difficult for your average person-of-penis to get it up and keep it up.

Let's look at the shameful record.

• *Radical Feminists.* Everyone in the world knows that radical feminists, unlike penises, are no longer useful members of society. They're shrill, aging, and lucky to get a date with a dual-control dildo. Still, their wilting effect on the penis lingers like a case of penicillin-resistant syphilis in a Nevada whorehouse.

Why? Because their philosophy says a penis is worth a lot less than a vagina. The saying that sums up their contempt for the organ that had a half share in making all radical feminists possible is: "A woman without a man is like a fish without a bicycle." Men have had to listen to this snoozer for decades, and we've sort of gone right along with it.

We've gone along with it because, frankly, we don't know what the hell it means. It is just one of those slogans radical feminists were forever ejaculating that sounded smart but didn't mean squat. The net effect of this saying was to downsize the penis—the real goal of radical-feminist penis envy.

As all proud penis possessors know, the penis responds to a positive mental attitude and feelings of self-esteem, not to superficial put-downs. The long and short of it is: The penis needs strokes, not slurs, if it is to be able to rise to the occasion of helping to create more radical feminists.

• *Fashion Slaves.* Have you checked out what masquerades as a "men's fashion magazine" lately? Magazines like *Details, Arena,* the demented *Men's Styles of The Times,* or even, in an insecure month, *GQ*? These are no longer, if they ever were, fashion magazines for men, but drag rags. They celebrate *boys* as homoerotic objects. Open these drag rags and what do you see? Street urchins with a nasty drug habit to feed, turning tricks in Calvin Klein's rec room—pale, anorexic waifs who might look yummy to aging chicken hawks and perverted drag-rag art directors, but won't be trying to cut in on your slow dance with Drew Barrymore anytime soon. You see wasted lads whose defining sexual moment was in the showers at a state correctional institution with a Dennis Rodman look-alike. While it's true that any penis these kids have can probably perform like a trained seal at Sea World, it is unlikely your penis would follow theirs until an AIDS vaccine is nailed down.

• *Fetish Faddists.* Speaking of being nailed down, what is this compulsion to ram sharp metal implements through the penis all about? This is deep-and-dark penis abuse, yet some comrades of the Penis Party seem unable to "Just say, 'no way.' "

You've got your Prince Alberts coming out of the penis's tip, your Ampullungs going through the penis's shaft, your foreskin-restoring fishing weights dangling down your pants legs, and your ever-so-cute little studlets and ball bearings glimmering from glans to scrotum like a string of seed pearls that took a wrong turn at the neck. It's hard enough to spring a boner—for a wife, an ex-wife, or a Ron Jeremy porn loop—without hanging a few pounds of precious metal on Mr. Happy.

You'd think a pain-centered fashion like this would come and go about as quickly as one that said it was *de rigueur* to drive a red-hot needle through both nostrils, but no—it's happening and hip, from sea to shining sea. I don't know about you, gentle reader, but when I hear of a guy with a good part of the Home Depot inventory bolted to his schlong, I think of someone who has some unresolved issues with mom and craves a letter of introduction to Lorena Bobbitt.

Enough already. We need to reassert the values of the Traditional American Penis, before our dicks really get out of hand. After all, the TAP spends most of its life inside underwear that, admit it, could be fresher than it is, or peeing, or seeking out a dark, moist place in which to find a few brief moments of ecstasy. Shouldn't we be doing our best to make the shallow and thankless existence of our dicks as pleasant and painless as possible? I don't know about you, but I'm putting my penis on the table and writing to President Clinton. I know he shares our pain.

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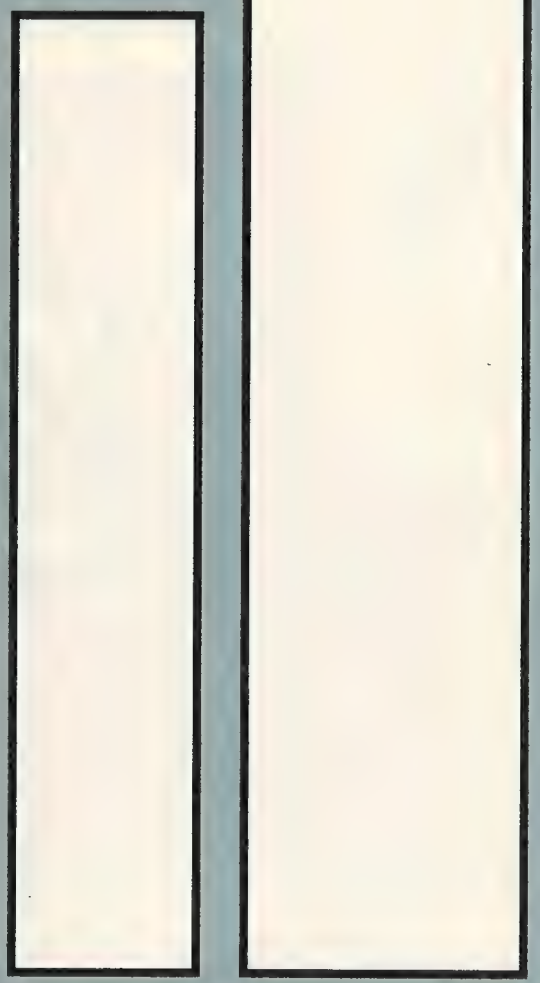

The rectangle on the left measures 5" long and 1" wide. The rectangle on the right is 2" longer and 50% wider.

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"Chester, darling, have you ever thought about quitting your job at the censorship bureau?"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

the sidewalk to talk. I always dressed in outfits that would let him see my body at its best—and he did notice. One time he invited me inside his house for a cool drink.

On that occasion I'd asked him about his girlfriend and their relationship. Eventually I let him know that a young man of his caliber would be a delight for an older lady like me. He flashed his wide grin, and said that any man, no matter what his age, would be ecstatic to have a woman like me. Then I invited him to my house so we could talk more about it.

The next day he came over. I received him in my sheer baby doll. When he saw me he stammered, "You're beautiful." We fell into each other's arms and kissed ourselves into a frenzy. I was so hot that my body undulated on its own volition. His hands slid down my back and grabbed my ass cheeks. It felt so good. I felt his erection on my stomach. I leaned back, looked at him, and whispered, "You're so young and wonderful."

We moved to the bedroom, and slowly, lasciviously undressed, kissing and touching each other until the heat was too much to bear. Harrison pushed me onto my back and mounted me. His thick cock found its mark, and slowly I felt it split my pussy in that delicious friction that made me tremble and squeal in delight. He fucked me hard and climaxed too fast. The darling boy apologized and caressed me tenderly. He stayed inside me and did not soften. Soon he began to move again, slowly and deliberately. Then he sucked on my nipples, and kissed my ears and neck until goose bumps ran up and down my spine. I finally felt the rush coming over me. With all my strength I held onto him and burst out in a long orgasm.

I kept playing with him, crouching over his penis, licking and sucking it. At the same time I turned to expose my charms to his view and pleasure. His hands stroked my pussy lips. He inserted his fingers inside me, inflaming me until I was ready again. I lowered myself onto his pole and rode him to nirvana.

Harrison has been visiting me ever since. Occasionally he is off in the evening, and joins me and my husband for a very erotic night. Ah, how delectable and charming is youth.—*W. T., Washington*

Female Bonding

At eight P.M. on Sunday night I finished lighting the candles. I poured the wine, and the fireplace was burning just right. I went upstairs to take one last look in the mirror—absolute perfection is what I was striving for.

The doorbell rang and I started downstairs to greet an expected friend. What a vision! Her skintight black dress accented every curve. Was it a little chilly, or were those hard, perky nipples her way of saying hello? I caught myself in a stare of amazement as she strutted toward the living-room sofa. Closing the door, I turned and offered her a glass of red wine. "Of course," she said.

I poured two glasses and joined her on the sofa. I couldn't help but notice that the slit of her dress was cut to mid-thigh. The soft blonde hairs on her thighs glistened in the candlelight. Her long, thick golden hair was just as I remembered it.

We hadn't seen each other in a year, so we talked for a while about our lives. We had been best friends since we were 14 years old. It comforted me that we could be this close even after being apart for long periods of time.

A few days earlier on the telephone, when we'd arranged to meet, she revealed she had finally lost her virginity. Part of me was surprised, but the other part wasn't. I'd had a feeling it was going to happen soon.

As we moved closer on the sofa, she started to explain how happy she was and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

Sexual Aides

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APOCALYPSE NOW!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

changes. Central to the philosophy is the familiar New Age optimism about humanity's ability to change the planet.

With Zen-like calm, according to her devotees, Ching Hai says that unless the association's 200,000 members work for her, the world will end. She sweetens the message by scattering "messiah candy."

If Ching Hai really is the messiah she has chosen a profitable way of returning to Earth. In addition to moving the world, she works as a fashion designer and restaurant tycoon. Her San José restaurant is one of 60 scattered around the world. The walls are hung with her paintings, which resemble drowned Monet water lilies. In an adjoining shrine patrons can buy the art or clothes designed by the master.

Ching Hai's emphasis may be on beauty and meditation, but her control is iron. "I have no home or family," said David Bui, a 24-year-old Vietnamese-American who gave up a lucrative career to work in Ching Hai's restaurant for free. "I gave them up. I chose to follow her because I need to help before disaster happens." Bui is required to meditate six hours a day, and he is convinced the survival of the planet depends on him. "Disasters have already started," he says. "But we can neutralize them. Five hundred people meditating can be a strong force."

Ching Hai's disciples are convinced she intervened to lessen an earthquake in California this past summer. "I think she can do anything," says Esther Schenk, a former officer at the Federal Reserve Bank of Switzerland, "although we don't always understand what she's doing. Her role is to save beings from suffering the endless cycle of birth and death."

According to her followers, Ching Hai's influence extends beyond the planet Earth. "U.F.O.'s ask her for advice," says Schenk. "She is helping them establish a galactic federation, together with Buddha and Jesus."

Meanwhile, back on the planet, Ching Hai's flair for self-promotion is key to her success. She recently received a prestigious award from the Jimmy Carter Human Rights Foundation for her flood-relief efforts on the Mississippi River. The awards committee chose to honor her for her $60,000 cash donation, presumably not for her meditation efforts that her followers say averted worse flood damage.

During the previous surge of millenarianism, some 20 years ago, a number of the cults mentioned here were raided by the police. Today they are allowed to function unimpeded. Experts ascribe this to the growing political clout of sects, and to powerful new laws protecting religious freedom.

"He's not gonna make it! Wave him off!"

Some doomsday sects have even lobbied their way into the White House. Last year Charles Yah Lin Trie, an Arkansas businessman who is a friend of President Clinton's, delivered two envelopes stuffed with $460,000 in checks to the head of the Clinton legal defense fund. The money came from Ching Hai, who had recently brought Trie into the fold. She said she had ordered her followers to contribute to Clinton because "I feel sorry for the guy."

Black Race Saved by Spaceships?

A measure of the power of the apocalyptic message is that it is used by the far right, with Pat Robertson claiming Christ will return sooner if more Christians win political office, and liberal groups like the Worldwatch Institute, which predicts impending food and population crises.

Radical African-American political groups use the millennium to sharpen racial differences. The Reverend Louis Farrakhan's Nation of Islam promotes a theory that the black race will be saved by dark-skinned beings now roaming the universe in spaceships.

With their message finding acceptance, sects are becoming bolder. Representatives of several major groups met to devise a common defense against charges of brainwashing. Meanwhile the anti-cult network is a disheartened community, rocked by the apparent increasing acceptance of cults and by devastating lawsuits over kidnapping charges. America's most prominent anti-cult group, the Cult Awareness Network, was forced to close its doors last year after being hit with a one-million-dollar judgment in a case in which a young man was abducted back into society by CAN operatives at the request of his mother.

Experts say our legal system is ill equipped to deal with cults. At least 24 states have legislation prohibiting paramilitary training, but if a doomsday church does it, the law closes its eyes. A federal statute guarantees religious groups exemptions from state laws on child care, education, and a host of other matters. A challenge to this law is now before the Supreme Court.

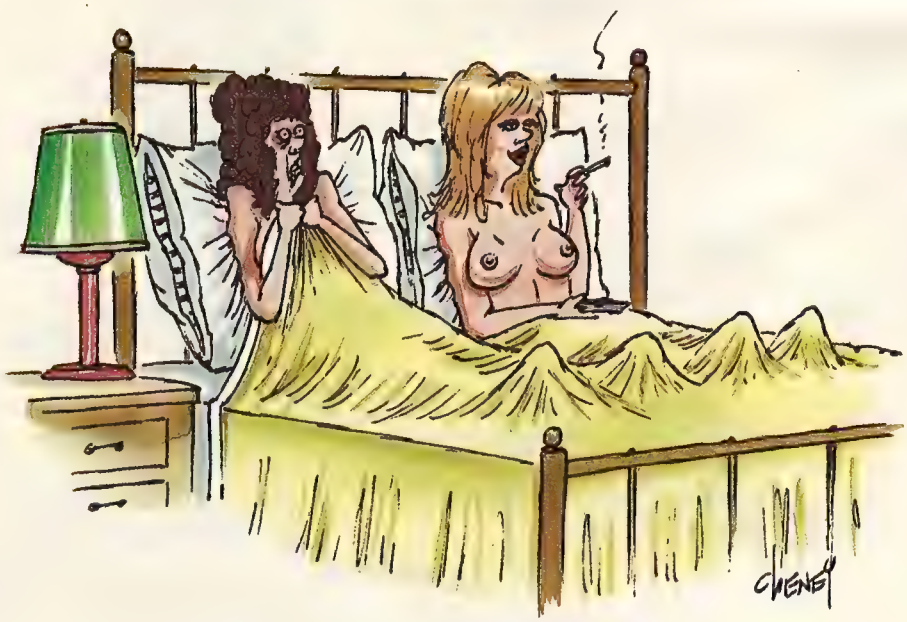
It may be too late. Millennium fever is infectious, and major sects like the six-million-strong Jehovah's Witnesses, the Seventh-Day Adventists, and various fundamentalist Mormon sects are taking a cue from the doomsday cults. All in all, tens of millions of Americans are at this moment packing their spiritual suitcases. For the rest of us one thing is certain: The millennium is a strong commercial vehicle. Don Knittel, the shelter salesman of CUT, is ecstatic about this possibility. "Please tell everyone to build shelters," he says from his mobile home in Paradise Valley.

PENTHOUSE WALKS
ON THE (OSCAR) WILDE SIDE WITH

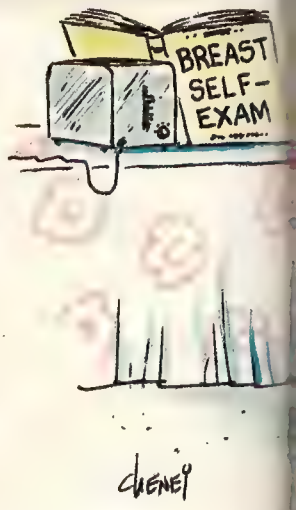
"DON'T ASK, DON'T TELL"

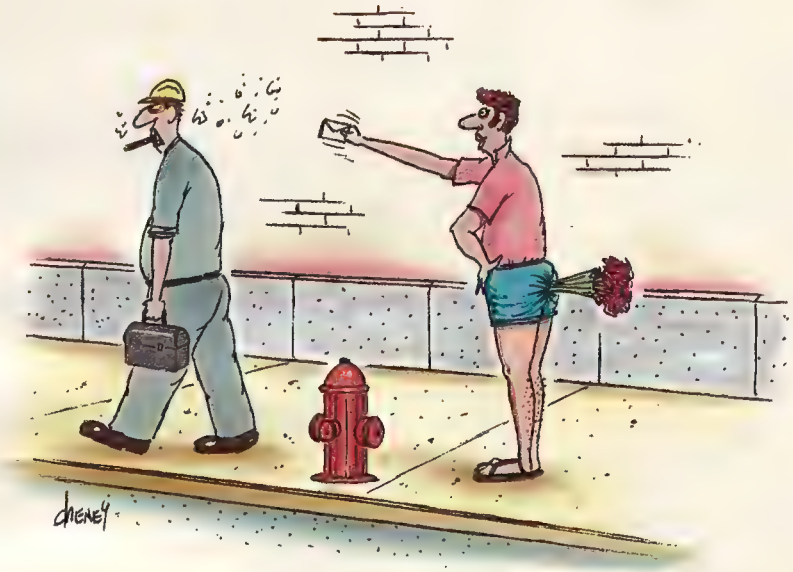
SATIRE BY TOM CHENEY

"Turn your head and lisp."

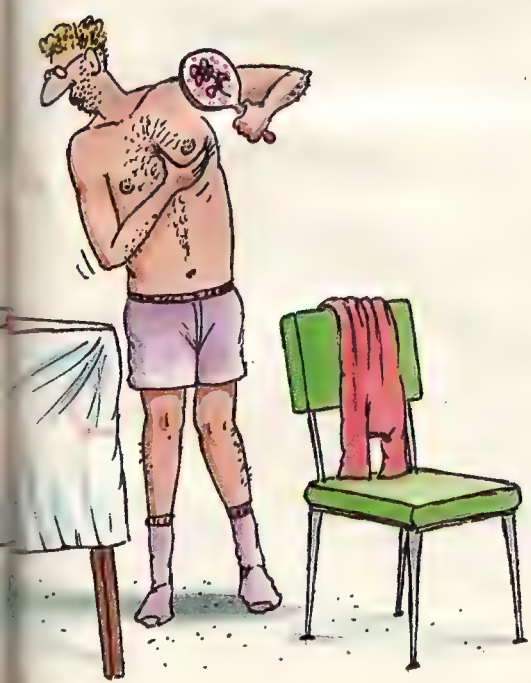


"Yeah, right. What we did was disgusting, immoral, and perverted. I suppose that explains why you came five times."





"Okay, so you don't like flowers—at least read the card!"



FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

how long she'd been waiting to experience what a hard dick felt like inside her. I told her that now that she'd been fucked, she'd want it all the time. She quickly agreed. My eyes couldn't help but focus on her crimson lips. They looked so inviting I just wanted to kiss them.

"While we're on the subject of fucking," I asked, "have you ever thought about being with another woman?" She said it had crossed her mind but she'd never gone anywhere with it. I told her she should try it, because I have, and it's a wonderful thing to experience. She nodded, but in an unsure way. She sensed that I was staring at her lips, which prompted her to steal a quick glance at my luscious pout. Our eyes locked and time seemed to grind to a halt as we sat wondering what we should do next. I knew what I wanted to do, but would my advances jeopardize our friendship? I didn't think so.

She was breathing more heavily, because my fingers had found her hard clit. I wanted her so badly, I couldn't stand it. I wanted to taste that sweet pussy and drive her wild. Hooking each side of her panties with my fingers, I slid them over her hips and down to her ankles. I could see her wet snatch glistening with come.

I took her by the hand and led her to my bedroom. She sat on the edge of my bed with her legs spread open as I turned to light several candles on my dresser. I stood her up and removed her dress. I finally had her completely naked, and I could tell she was ready for whatever I chose to do to her.

The excitement built as she lay down on my bed and spread her legs wide. I straddled her waist and kissed her mouth again. She reached out and touched my blouse over my breasts. Her touch was slow and gentle. She began to unbutton my blouse, revealing the swell of my large tits. I could feel my pussy getting hotter as she worked my blouse all the way off. I unclasped the back of my bra, freeing my tits. As she gazed at them her mouth opened, and I knew she wanted to taste them. I lowered myself and felt her lips around my nipple. First she licked it, then she started to suck on it. This was causing my cunt to get wet. All I wanted to do was fuck her. As she devoured my breasts, I could feel her hand reach down to my pussy and touch my wetness.

"She was burning rubber on my tool—working her mouth and lips up and down on my piston."

She looked so innocent sitting there with that curious expression on her face. It provoked me to take the first step. I leaned a little closer to her and slid my hand over her warm, tan thigh. This caused her lips to open slightly as she awaited my next move. I slowly moved closer to kiss those full, wet lips. I could feel the heat of her breath on me. I pulled away to see her reaction, and her eyes pleaded for me to do it again. I was ready for a second kiss, only this time my tongue took over, sliding side to side. My tongue continued sliding over her lips as she began to moan softly. My hand automatically moved farther along her thigh, lightly touching her silk panties. I could feel her pussy getting hotter as I slowly stroked it. Her legs opened as if to invite me to continue.

My other hand reached to her shoulder and slipped down one strap of her dress, exposing a beautiful, hard nipple. I bent down and licked the pink point while my hand slid farther underneath her panties. Her pussy hair was soft and damp. By then her dress was revealing both tits and her nipples were hard as a rock. I lowered my mouth and wrapped my lips around them alternately. Like a baby, I could have sucked them for hours.

I stood up to take off my skirt and panties. This time when I moved on top of her my mouth started at her tits and my lips slid down toward her navel with a destination known. I spread her legs as wide as I could. Her clit was visibly hard and wet. I continued my journey, pausing to kiss her soft pussy hair, and then the outside of her lips. Finally I buried my face between her legs and licked up and down her clit. I felt like a dog in heat as I quickly lapped up her salty-sweet juices. I loved eating this cunt so recently virgin.

I told her to close her eyes, and I helped her get on her knees facing the headboard. She was getting hotter. Her ass tilted up like an animal in heat. The tight, pink display encouraged me to slowly lick her puckered ass hole. I loved the smell and the taste, which were my reward. Her moans were getting heavier and louder, which prompted me to retrieve my panties from the bedside and ask her to taste them. So far she'd made no attempt to stop me, which only increased the urges building deep within me.

I turned over onto my back and slid my face beneath her. I told her to lower her ass so I could snack on her pussy, which she did eagerly. I devoured her snatch, as she did my tits. I tried to drive my tongue as deep as it would go inside her. I could feel the tight, wet walls of her treasure contract with the movements of my tongue. I was licking her as fast as I could, and my chin was getting soaked with her come. She was starting to tremble, and a flow of her pussy juice was covering my face and dripping onto my neck and tits.

She was ready. I pulled a dildo and a bottle of Astroglide out of my nightstand drawer. With her still on her knees, I ordered her to lift her ass as high as she could. I coated the dildo and added a little extra for her ass hole. I pressed my middle finger against her tightness and slowly inserted it. It was getting wider as I pulled my finger out and quickly replaced it with the dildo. She squirmed again. I was being very careful, even though I wanted to pound her ass with the dildo.

She was overcome with desire and in need of another orgasm. I grabbed the dildo and placed it against her slit. There was no need for any Astroglide here, with the honey dripping from her hole. I dipped the dildo in her juices. Then I rubbed it over her clit, which was swollen and engorged with come. She moaned again. I inserted the dildo effortlessly into her cunt and wiggled it back and forth, in and out. I increased the tempo and started fucking her with full force. Her body moved from side to side in wild convulsions as a river flowed out of her and down her thighs toward her knees. What an intense fuck session that was!—*J. S., California*

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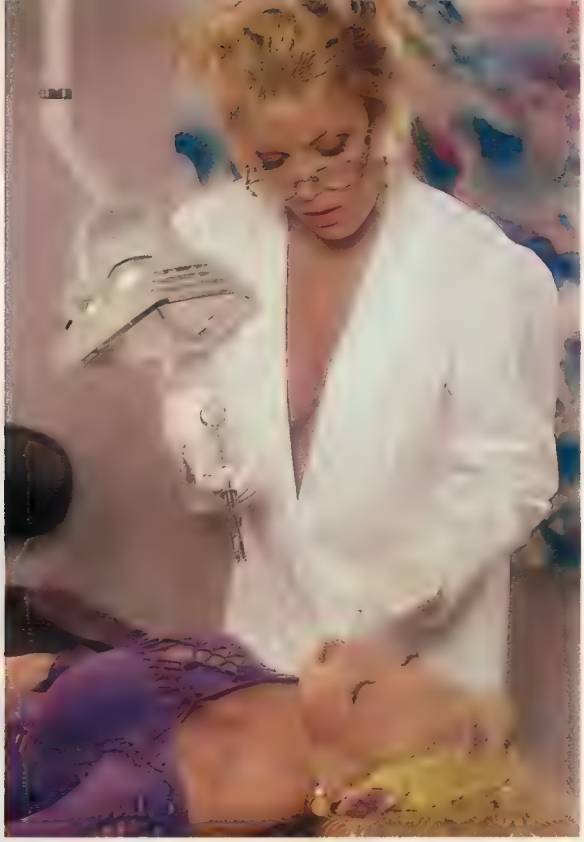


GRACE AND ANITA

TOOTHSOME TWOSOME

"I've got good news and bad news," Dr. Anita said. "The bad news: You'll have to come back tomorrow for a filling. The good news is, I can make the procedure relatively painless ... even pleasurable!" The next morning Grace showed up early for her appointment; she couldn't wait to be near this pretty purveyor of pain and pleasure. Hoping Anita might fill her *other* cavity, she left her panties at home.

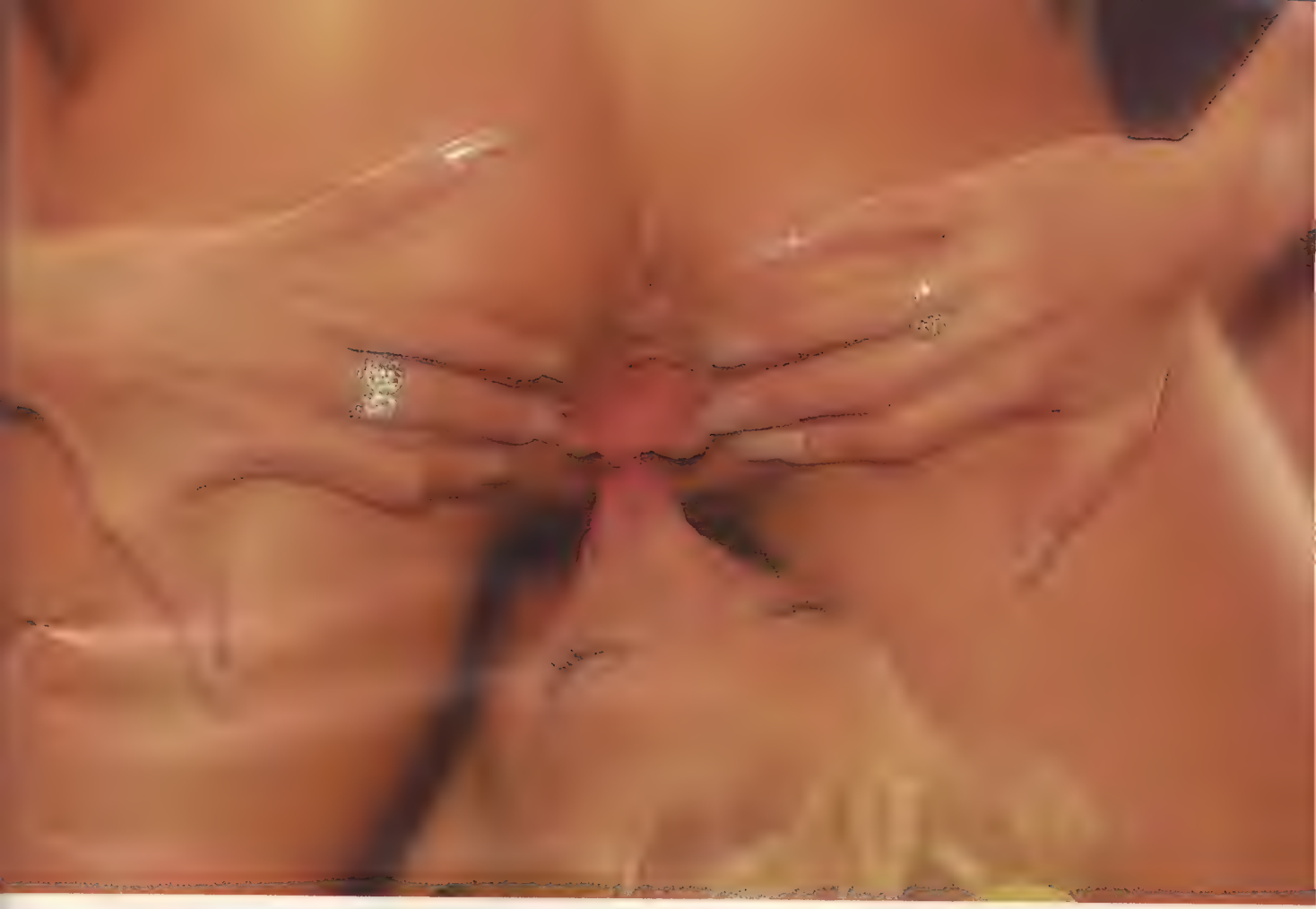
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

"Let's start with a rinse," Anita said. "For proper results the area must be thoroughly cleansed and lubricated."

A conscientious patient, Grace was eager to show Anita her skills at flossing ... to say nothing of kissing and licking and nibbling.

The good doctor had never experienced a patient like Grace. After one more probe, she could hardly contain her excitement.

Without a flinch, Grace sat still for more drilling and exploration, secretly hoping it would take longer than usual.



"Cancel all appointments," Anita ordered her nurse. "This patient needs my complete and undivided attention."

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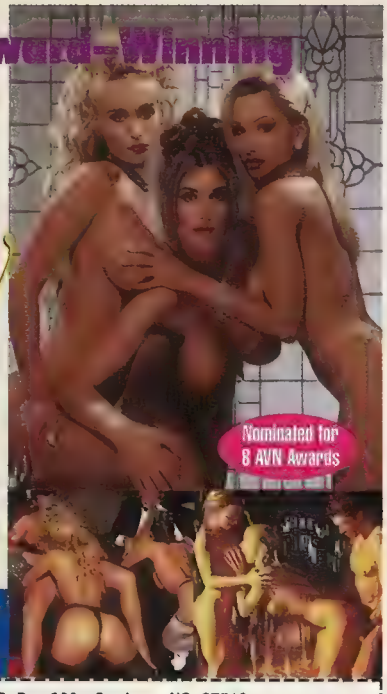

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HYPERSEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

MindFling: I pull your dress down so I can see your quivering tits.

SweetXXX: My nipples harden in the evening air.

MindFling: I take your left nipple in my mouth, tonguing it and then biting hard.

SweetXXX: I love that.... How did you know?

MindFling: Now I'm buried in you up to the hilt. I reach down and caress your cunt lips with my hands as I fuck you with long, slow strokes, licking and biting your nipples.

SweetXXX: Suddenly I feel a wave of heat rush through me.... I'm going to come.

MindFling: I reach under your ass and lift you out of the truck, trapping you on my cock.

SweetXXX: Oh, God ... bouncing so hard on your cock as I come, dripping in intense waves.

MindFling: I carry you to the side of the truck, my pelvis rubbing against your clit as you come down from the waves of that first orgasm.

SweetXXX: Just don't stop fucking me.

MindFling: I wouldn't dream of it, darlin'. We don't do things that way in Wyoming.—*SweetXXX@aol.com*

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

I'm hoping that by writing to you I can get in touch with a man I met online. My pussy still gets tight when I think of him. We were cyber-lovers for a while, but it wasn't enough—I had to hear his voice.

He gave me his number, and before I called I took a shower to relax. Then I lay on the bed, naked and soaking wet, and picked up the phone. When I heard his voice it was so sexy and deep that I nearly came on the spot. He told me to tease my nipples and play with my clit, first with my hand and then with a gigantic vibrator that stretched me wide open. Finally we came together, one of the most intense orgasms I've ever felt.

After talking on the phone every day for a week, I asked him to meet me at a motel. But the next day when I called the number had been disconnected. He's not even online anymore. Maybe the whole thing got too hot for him, but I keep thinking of the motel meeting we never had.—*Jackie8399@aol.com*

TASTE SENSATION

DurangoMan: You look so good, I was wondering what you tasted like.

PrincessLia: Why don't you find out?

DurangoMan: Licking a wet trail down your belly ... pausing to swirl my tongue in your navel. Mmm, salty. Been swimming?

PrincessLia: I was at the beach earlier.

DurangoMan: I inhale your aroma as my tongue continues downward. My hands slide down your breasts, tracing their way around your back to caress your beautiful ass. I tease you, licking your thighs as my fingers work into the moist cleft between your ass cheeks....

PrincessLia: Oh, yes.... (*moaning softly*).

DurangoMan: Your moisture is dripping down your inner thighs. I lick it and lightly drag my tongue between your pussy lips. Slowly, my tongue probes your clit. I'm encircling it with my lips as I tease you. First I slide one finger into your cunt ... then two....

PrincessLia: Waves of pleasure engulf me.... I want to suck your cock while you lick my pussy.

DurangoMan: Yes, taste me while you give me your juices.

PrincessLia: Sliding into a sixty-nine ... licking the tip of your cock, then stroking you as I suck your eight hard inches deep into my throat.

DurangoMan: My tongue plunges inside you, lapping your juices. I hold your ass tightly, snaking one finger into your ass hole as I lick and suck your wet pussy. My face is slippery with cunt juice as you buck against me....

PrincessLia: I play with your balls, stroking and sucking harder and faster.

DurangoMan: Yes, baby ... I'm going to come ... sliding in and out, feeling your cunt quiver as I grind my face into it....

PrincessLia: Ohhh ... come in my mouth.

DurangoMan: Taste my come as you give me yours.—*D. B., California*

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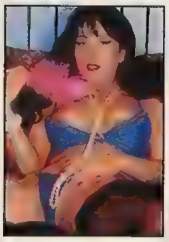
SCOTTY

RATED VIDEO X

By Al Goldstein



Fresh bodies, a stunning array of fetishes, and women who just like fucking—this month's offerings bring European tastes to the American screen.

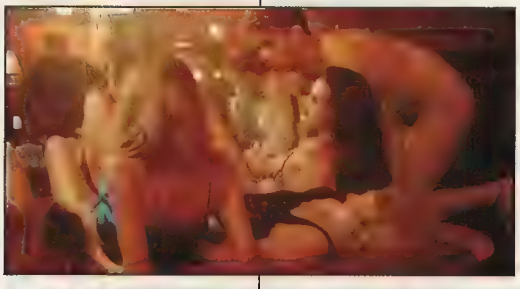
PENTHOUSE PICK
Prague by Night
(Evil Angel) ♟♟♟
Great big dollops of crotch-drenching, gonad-wrenching sex, huge steamy helpings of it, each coupling faster and more furious than the last. That's the trademark of Rocco Siffredi, the Italian hellion, a porn actor-director who puts his body on the line in each and every video. He's handsome enough to attract women instantly, but once they take him on, you have to wonder if they knew what they were in for.

Here Rocco is romping through the green and fertile fields of the Czech Republic—which he has plowed many times before. But the women there always come through, primarily because they are thankfully lacking in the self-conscious career-girl puritanism so common in America. These girls just like to fuck, pure and simple. Rocco is a protégé and discovery of the great John Stagliano, who shows up to demonstrate his "Buttman" moves yet one more time.

LONG LIVE THE KINK
Skin 4
(Eurotique) ♟♟♟
European smut has a different flavor from the homemade variety. All those fresh bodies, for one reason. Anyone ever hear of Nyribi Kalman? How about Maîtresse Lady Amanda ihre Gefolgschaft? You get them here, splayed out in all their continental glory, put through their paces in a languorous plot that probably has lost something in translation. Which brings us to another aspect of Euro-porn: the likelihood that you will encounter a stunning array of fetishes within a supposedly mainstream video. Rubber, latex, leather—I think I even glimpsed some Naugahyde in there somewhere.

At any rate our intrepid hero has bizarre *Behind the Green Door*-style sexual experiences, one non-sequitur vignette after another, the only common theme being increasingly high readings on the Surreal-O-Meter. For those on the lookout for something out of the ordinary, this entry in the ongoing *Skin* series fills the bill.

VILE TONE
Telephone Exposé
(VCA) ♟♟
Phone sex as an activity has its attractions—sex can't get much safer, plus there's no need to dress for it—but as a plot device it is distinctly lacking. There is something banal, passive, and, well, boring about watching a woman talking on a phone, even if she is as gorgeous as Kylie Ireland, and even if she's murmuring things like "I want you to swab my tonsils."



Telephone Exposé gives us Jonathan Morgan as "Spike Bavard," a tabloid-talk-show host intent on "exposing" the world of phone sex. This framing device allows a lengthy visit with the stunning Ireland, though she is not put to particularly good use here. I guess with a luscious body like hers, just showing up is considered effort enough. Also in this video a lady named simply Kia demonstrates some contortionist sexual positions, supposedly developed in ancient Asia, where they had sex but no telephones. Apart from these two episodes *Telephone Exposé* barely rises to the level of the mediocre.

WRITE ON
All That
(Video Team) ♟♟
If you can swallow the proposition that the actress Cherokee can believably play a romance writer, then you'll have no trouble at all with *All That.* The premise here is that in order to get material, she inhabits the sexual dreams of a mind-numbing array of subjects, whose fantasies are of course also played out for our viewing pleasure. There is some extra collateral sex apart from the dreams, as when Ken Dahl, playing the writer's agent, nails his secretary in a wickedly hot desktop fuck.

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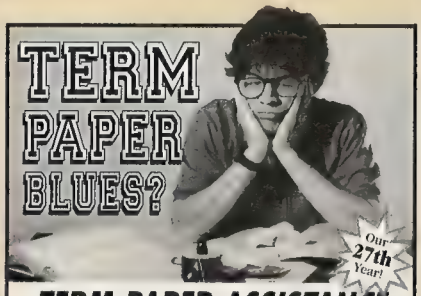

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Hard Times

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SMELLS LIKE TEAM SPIRIT

In Burbank, California, a 51-year-old fund-raiser for Burbank High was tried for having seduced an underage member of the school's football team. The lad testified that while visiting the woman at her home he massaged her neck and touched her breasts. Later that evening he found a note instructing him to go into the bedroom, where he discovered her naked, leaning against a bed. He told the court she then said she'd make a donation to the football program if he had sex with her. Then she whispered in his ear, "Do this for your team." (*Los Angeles Times*)

An obvious misunderstanding. She probably whispered, "Next time, bring the other ten guys."—Editor

THE DEEP DISH ON DOMINO'S

Domino's Pizza's practice of color-coding neighborhoods in which it delivers—or won't deliver—pizza can be revealing. Their computer brackets your address as green zone (pizza to your door), yellow zone (come out to the truck to pick up the pie), or red zone (come to the store or forgetaboutit). One Domino dealer said, "A person who ordered the pizza can be a good person, perfectly well intentioned—and then ten strong black men get in front of your car with a gun." (*Wall Street Journal*)

Or it could be ten salivating Jehovah's Witnesses, with Bibles and a fiendish gleam in their eyes.—Editor

VICTORY AT THE I.R.S.

A Deltona, Florida, couple recently capitulated to the I.R.S. and sent in the money the feds were hounding them for. Given ten days to comply, the couple made out and mailed in a check for exactly one cent. (*Tallahassee Democrat*)

Let's see ... 32 cents for the stamp, about $5 to process the form, another $5 to process the check. Net loss: $10.31. That's the I.R.S.—adding to the federal deficit one red cent at a time.—Editor

SPEED BUMPS ON THE HIGHWAY OF LIFE

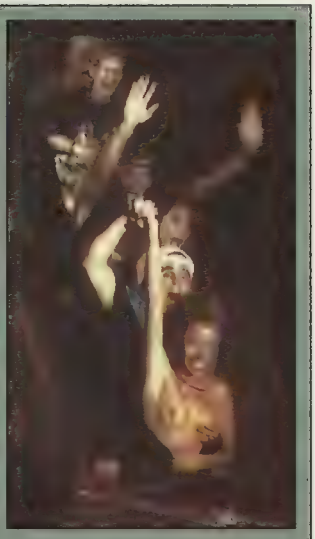
Workers repairing a patch of Route 895 in Andreas, Pennsylvania, last summer were in such a hurry to complete the task that they paved over an entire dead deer. The corpse—which had been there for three to four weeks—was unceremoniously covered with oil and rocks. An engineer for the Pennsylvania Department of Transportation says that was against state policy. "We do not routinely oil and chip over deer kill," he stated. (Associated Press)

Well, that's one bit of road kill that won't be seeing a stew pot anytime soon.—Editor

SECRETS OF SPLASH MOUNTAIN

Bared breasts and Disney World may seem to be a contradiction in terms, but if you know where to look you can get a glimpse. And the Disney Company has the technology to record these moments.

At the moment when riders of the floating logs on Splash Mountain go over the final drop to the pool below, an automatic flash camera takes a souvenir picture of the reactions of the plunging adventurers. Knowing this, some women have elected to flash their tits at the camera. Needless to say, these photos are not placed on the racks to be retrieved at the end of the ride. Some unknown hero has averted this potential loss to mankind by liberating a series



of photos and putting them on the Internet. Disney neither confirms nor denies the authenticity of these photos.

Now if we could just get Snow White and the dwarfs on that ride.—Editor

PENIS-SNATCHING OUTBREAK

Three men were lynched in Cameroon after citizens of several townships decided the "penis snatchers" were guilty of eradicating male genitals with a simple handshake. When an 18-year-old student shook hands with one (subsequently lynched) friend from Nigeria, he said he "felt an electric-like current" run through him, and a feeling that his manhood had retreated into his stomach. (Associated Press)

We guess this explains what happened to Michael Jackson.—Editor

STRESS-RELATED INJURIES

Thirteen percent of all U.S. companies have had a fistfight between co-workers in the office since 1994. The statistic comes from a study done by the Society for Human Resource Management, which also notes that pushing and shoving goes on in 22 percent of offices. The study also claims that women account for a quarter of all threats and attacks. (*Wall Street Journal*)

As we were going to press, one of those creeps in the art department said he thought this was a stupid item, so we just decked his sorry ass on the spot.—Editor

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

woman except his wife, et cetera.

Puritans in our society seem to be proliferating, however, so maybe the best way to introduce your husband to Victoria's secret (and yours) would be to invite Victoria over for the traditional candlelit number, and with the after-dinner drinks organize a viewing of the same video you watched with her, and let nature take its course.

We have, most of us, been raised to believe in the sanctity of the American family, and that the horrible word *adultery,* beginning with the scarlet letter A, has been coined to define what is now referred to as "cheating"; but neither of these descriptions deters thousands of wholesome American husbands and wives from having good-quality extramarital sex. The simple fact of the matter is that the traditional Western marriage does not suit everyone.

One-on-one marriage did not work for your friend Victoria, so why not let her share the joy of your comfortable marriage, which can be painlessly and enjoyably extended to include her. These are all ideas that will help persuade your husband of the excellence of your potential new arrangement, the ménage à trois. The only thing to be careful of is letting your husband feel excluded from your girlie world. Convince him that the sun shines out of his penis, for whatever you do when he is not there, he must never get the idea that he's taking second place. Men have such fragile egos that you can't be too careful.

Swept Away

My girlfriend recently broke up with me. One of the many reasons she gave was the classic: "I wanted someone to sweep me off my feet, and with you that didn't happen."

This leads to the question, "What does it mean to be swept off one's feet?" I would also like to know how a 23-year-old single male living in Manhattan would go about doing this, or for that matter, is it a concept worth worrying about?

I would appreciate any thoughts or feelings you have on this matter.— S. E., New York

Any girl who insists on being swept off her feet will probably want it to happen about twice a week, and if you don't do it, someone else will. But just in case you want to try, Manhattan is the ideal place for doing so.

The traditional way is to keep her guessing about which exotic restaurant or club you're going to take her to and how much the diamond choker or the emerald tiara you give her every time you see her really costs. Few of us can handle this kind of expenditure, but two dozen long-stemmed roses might be more affordable if you skip the fancy stores and head for one of those inexpensive rose shops that have sprung up around Manhattan.

There are other ways, but it's easier to use your imagination. In the end, however, you only sweep a girl off her feet if she is in love with you and you are in love with her. If you are not sure whether you are, or were, in love, then you are not. Many writers, myself included, have attempted to describe the emotions of a person in love, but no one has done it better than nineteenth-century British prime minister and novelist Benjamin Disraeli. He wrote: "Magnificent, sublime, divine sentiment! An immortal flame burns in the breast of that man who adores and is adored...."

Had you truly loved your lady, you would have been in no condition to write the letter you sent me, and that is why she, quite rightly, broke off her relationship with you.

Happy Families

Like most men, I have long held a fantasy of bedding two luscious women at once. So far this has not happened, but I was lucky enough to find myself a breathtakingly beautiful girlfriend, who has now been my almost constant companion for two years.

About a month ago I found myself telling Jennifer of my threesome fantasy. The moment the words left my mouth, I regretted them. I was certain I'd just ruined our relationship, but she surprised me. As I watched her face in a guilty panic, the expression of disgust and revulsion I was dreading never appeared. Instead I saw curiosity, excitement, and a kind of erotic mischief play across her features.

She was perfectly willing, even eager, to try a threesome with another girl, and within the week we'd picked her out. There is a beautiful, tiny, redheaded little angel who tends bar in the same club as Jennifer. She flirts outrageously with everyone who comes in, male or female, sometimes with very suggestive language and erotic body motions. Jennifer feels the girl—her name's Heather—would be open to the idea, but we don't know how to approach her with it. Jennifer is too shy and embarrassed to bring it up when they're at work. She tried to get me to ask Heather, but I don't really know her all that well.

Please help us. We've enjoyed the fantasy, the discussion, the planning, and the arguments (we love to argue), but we're ready to try the real thing. We don't know how to take that step. It requires a delicacy and a finesse we both seem to lack. If we do this wrong, we may end up offending someone we'd like to seduce.—V. P., New Mexico

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

MARILYN MANSON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

and yet is not washed from its filthiness." What do you think of that?

I know it. Where is it from?

Romans 30:12.

It's a good description of America. People are so desensitized that they don't realize or appreciate taboos anymore. I am always in constant search of my own innocence, because when you see so much it doesn't mean much anymore. Americans are not so dumb that they think they can live in a tabooless society. People try to make themselves feel better by taking on this false ideal of conservatism.

That's anti-Christian in that it assumes a degree of sins.

Right. It's the idea of forgiveness and the whole mentality that your sins can be washed away if you ask for forgiveness. That's about control. It's about making people feel guilty for being human beings. It's about making people feel like they're constantly needing to answer to somebody, some higher power. It's a matter of believing in yourself and you don't feel obligated to live that way anymore. What *Antichrist Superstar* will do in the next five years, you know, to my generation, is that it will make people realize the old ways are dead and there's time to be strong and stop living under a weak God.

Did you say your prayers when you were a little kid?

Up to a certain point, but I always felt embarrassed, like someone else was listening besides God. I was even told to not let the devil know you're afraid, because he can hear your prayers also. That scared and excited me at the same time.

Do you think you'll mellow out one day?

Sure, I'll probably run out of energy.

In the past you've said that you were a good rock star, that you do that very well. Today it seems a trend among rock musicians, especially with the Eddie Vedder camp, to deny this fact.

I think that that's starting to change, now that image is coming back to music. I even see a lot of bands now that are influenced by what we do. I think that in the next few years a new life will be given to rock-and-roll and it'll be like the seventies.

You say that you like being a rock star, like the money, the chicks, the drugs.

It's everything you've worked for. This album deals with that whole idea. The last line is: "When all of your wishes are granted, many of your dreams will be destroyed." So there's a double-edged sword. That's what makes it exciting. If it was easy, why would I want it? What's fun about something that's easy?

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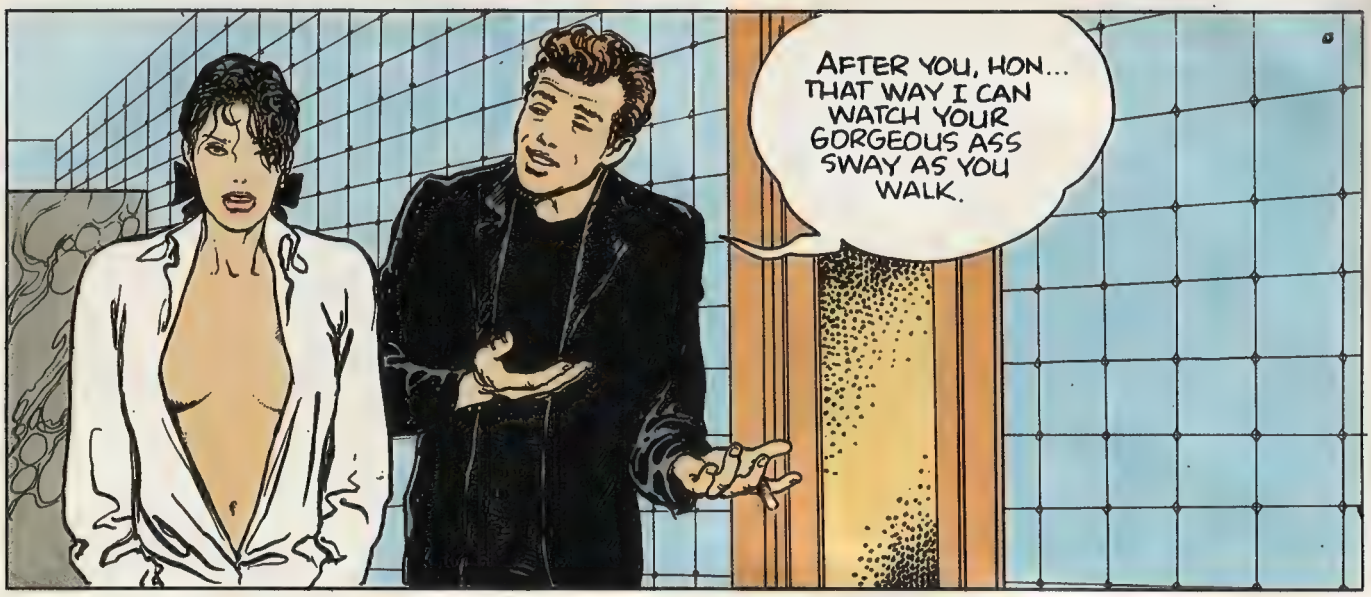
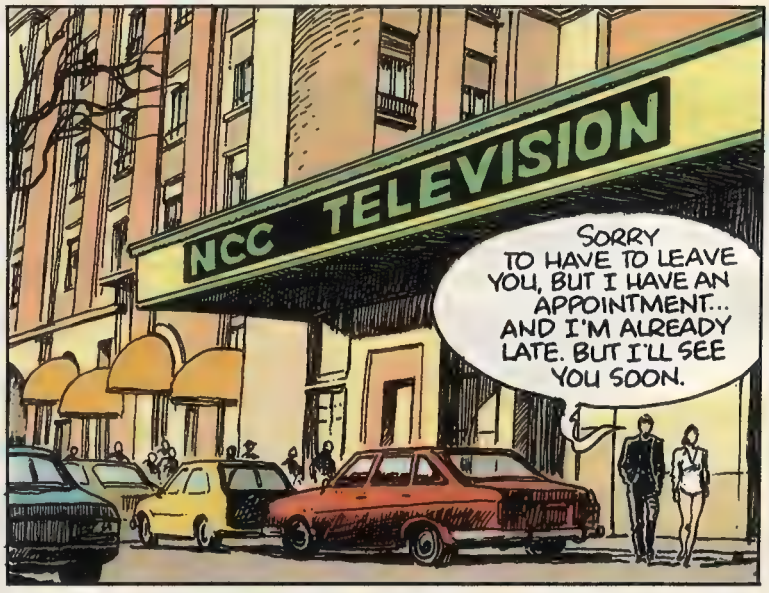
by Milo Manara

IT'LL DRIVE YOU WILD! YOU'LL FEEL CLOSE TO DYING... COMPLETELY MAD... ONE DAY YOU'LL ASK ME FOR IT...
YOU'LL BEG ME, FOAMING AT THE MOUTH, TO RAM MY WHOLE ARM UP YOUR ASS. AND I'LL INITIATE YOU IN FAUST-FUCKING.
OH MY GOD.. MY GOD...
THEN, ONLY THEN, I'LL GIVE YOU BACK THE BOX. NOT A MINUTE SOONER.
NOW, LET'S CLEAN UP, LIKE A GOOD GIRL... THE PARTY'S OVER FOR TODAY!
OH MY GOD... WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?
ONLY WHAT YOU WANTED, MA'AM AND YOU KNOW THE BEST PART? THE BOX WAS OFF ALL THIS TIME! HA, HA! I THINK WE'RE GONNA HAVE SOME FUN, YOU AND I!


AFTER YOU, HON... THAT WAY I CAN WATCH YOUR GORGEOUS ASS SWAY AS YOU WALK.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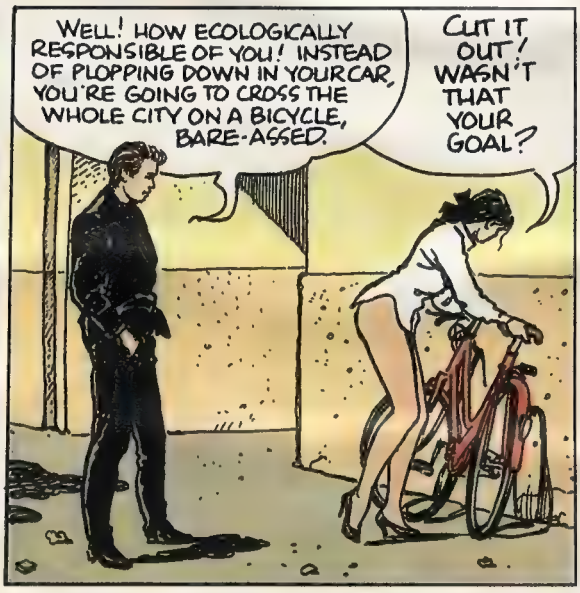
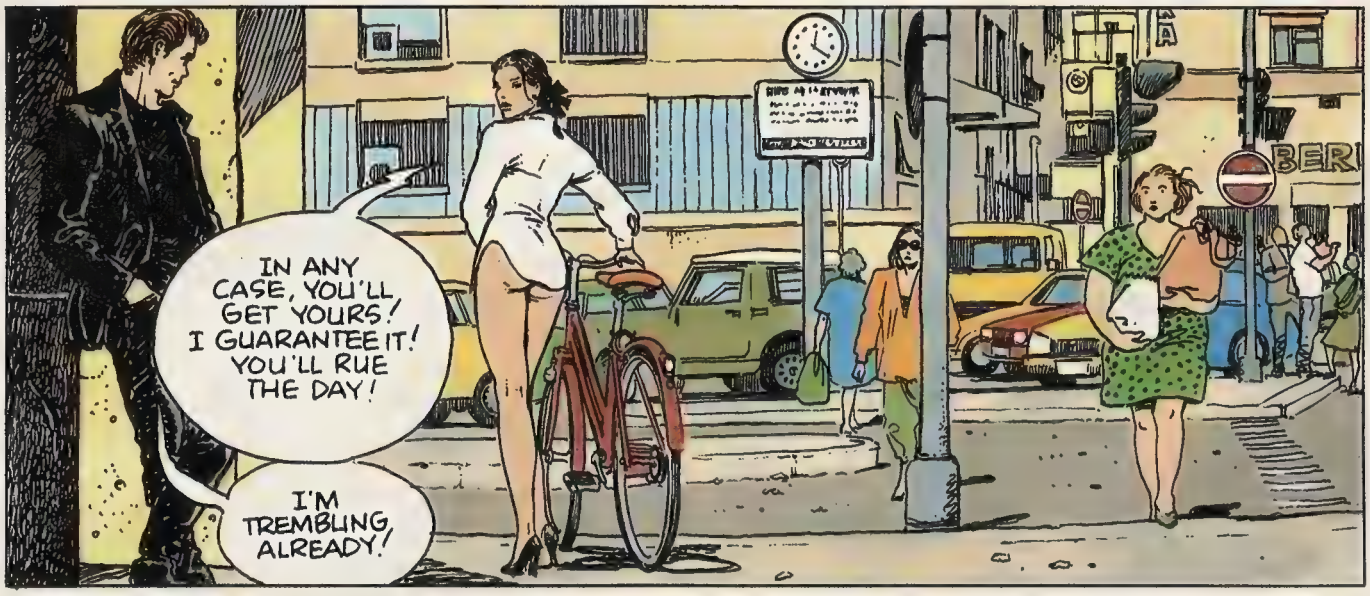
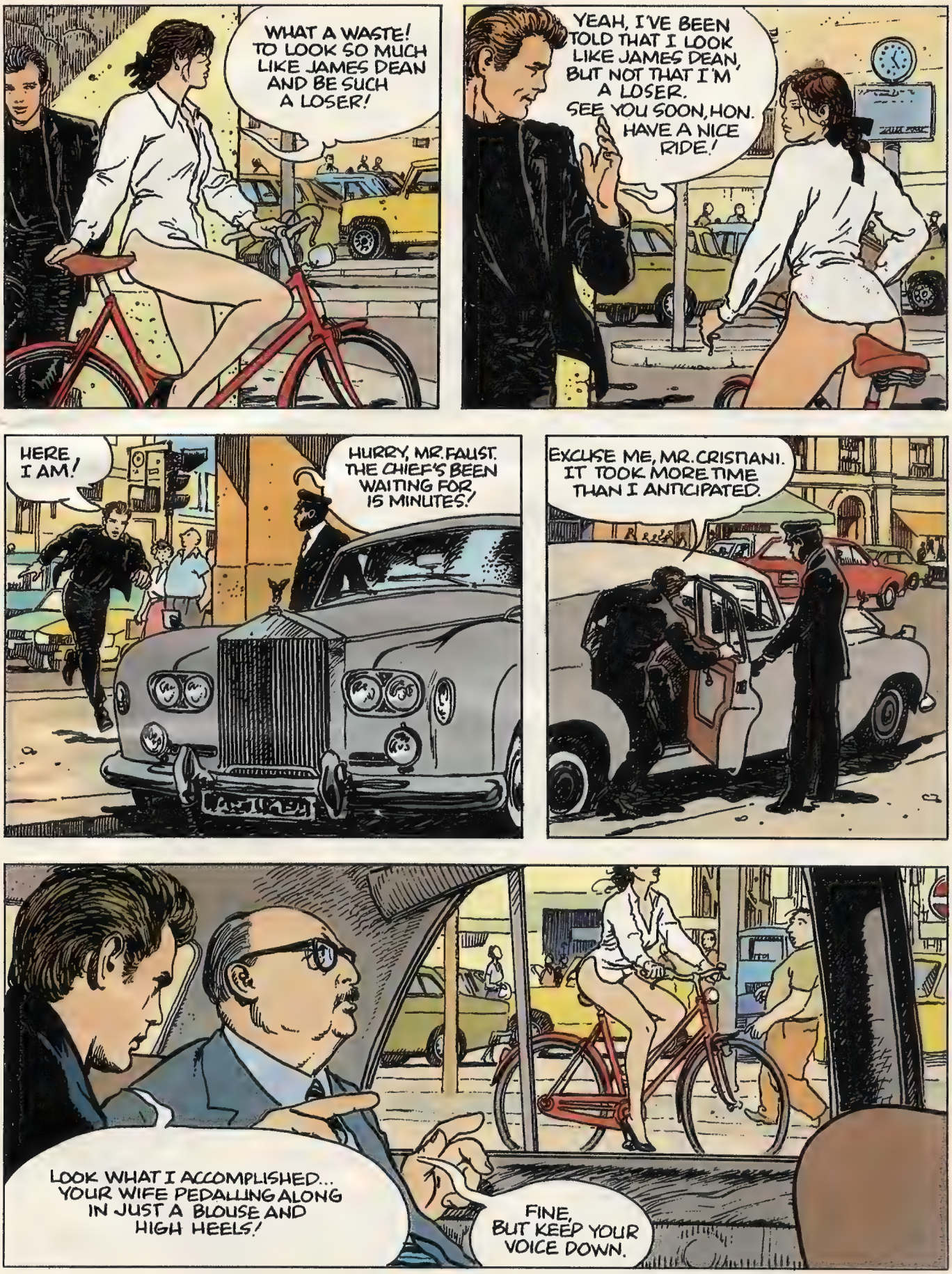
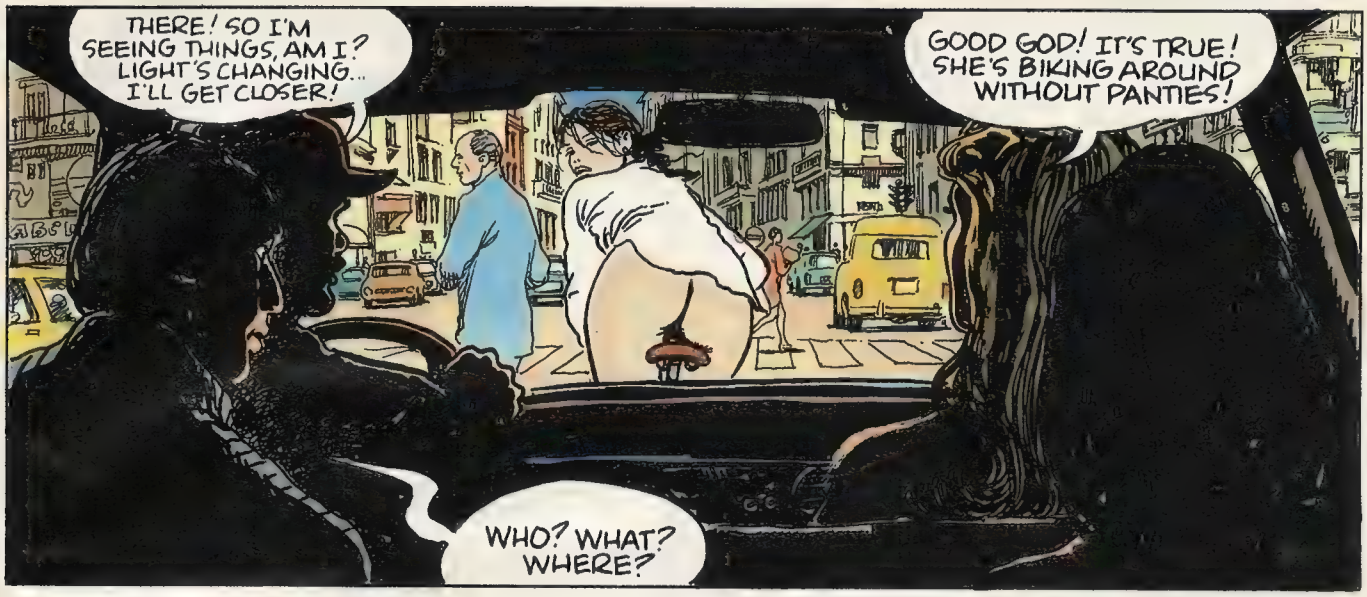
SORRY TO HAVE TO LEAVE YOU, BUT I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT... AND I'M ALREADY LATE. BUT I'LL SEE YOU SOON.

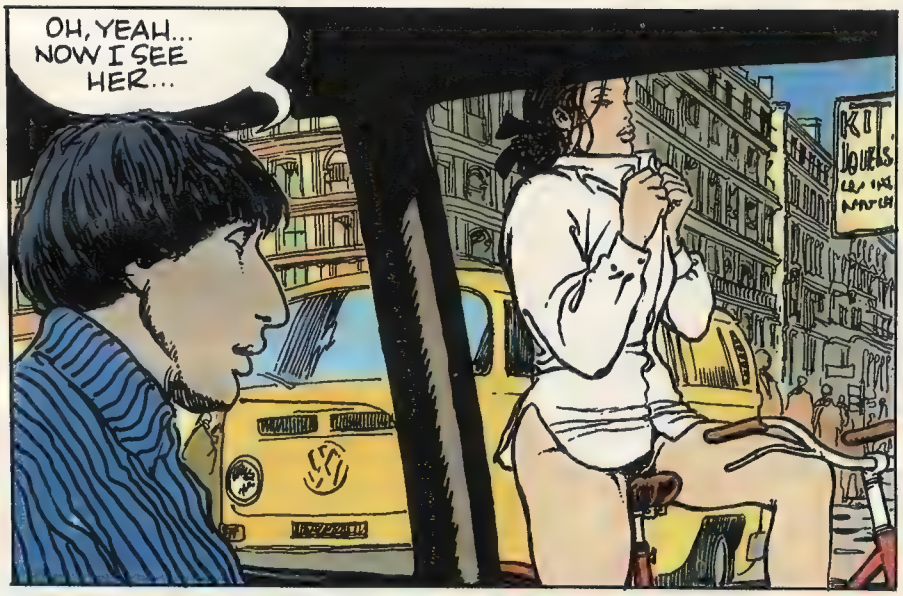

WELL! HOW ECOLOGICALLY RESPONSIBLE OF YOU! INSTEAD OF PLOPPING DOWN IN YOUR CAR, YOU'RE GOING TO CROSS THE WHOLE CITY ON A BICYCLE, BARE-ASSED.
CUT IT OUT! WASN'T THAT YOUR GOAL?

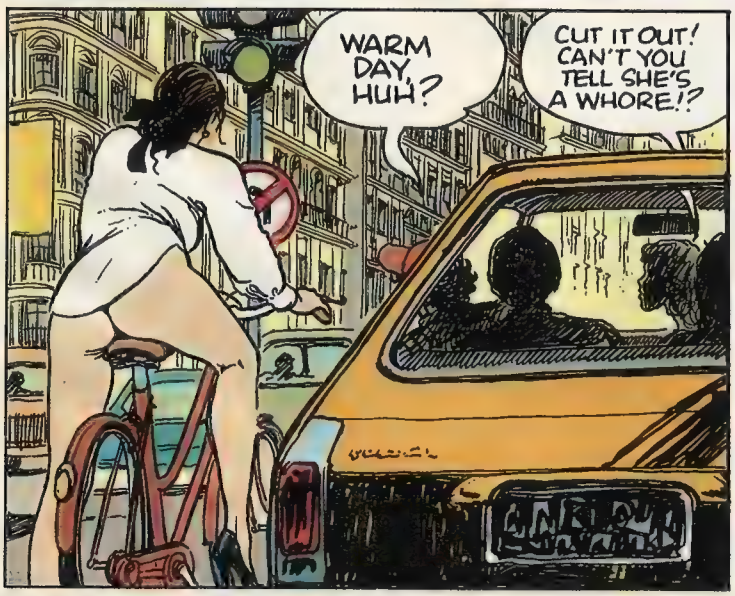

IN ANY CASE, YOU'LL GET YOURS! I GUARANTEE IT! YOU'LL RUE THE DAY!
I'M TREMBLING ALREADY!

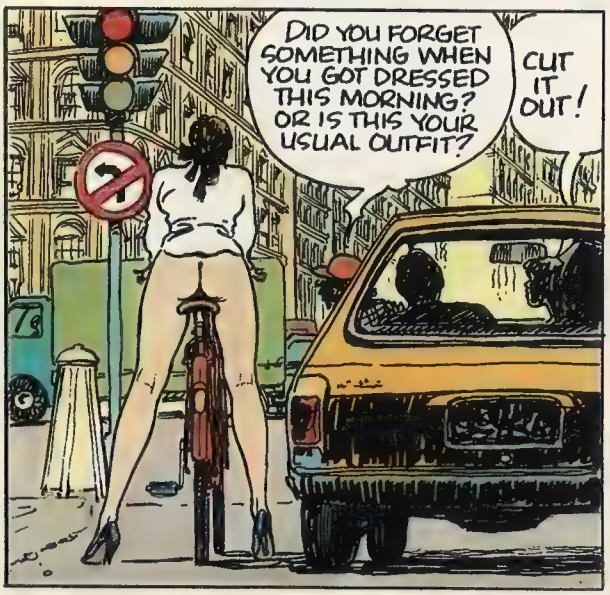

WHAT A WASTE! TO LOOK SO MUCH LIKE JAMES DEAN AND BE SUCH A LOSER!
YEAH, I'VE BEEN TOLD THAT I LOOK LIKE JAMES DEAN, BUT NOT THAT I'M A LOSER. SEE YOU SOON, HON. HAVE A NICE RIDE!
HERE, I AM!
HURRY, MR. FAUST. THE CHIEF'S BEEN WAITING FOR 15 MINUTES!
EXCUSE ME, MR. CRISTIANI. IT TOOK MORE TIME THAN I ANTICIPATED.
LOOK WHAT I ACCOMPLISHED... YOUR WIFE PEDALLING ALONG IN JUST A BLOUSE AND HIGH HEELS!
FINE, BUT KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN.

GOOD WORK, FAUST. HERE'S THE MONEY. YOU'VE CERTAINLY EARNED IT. BUT REMEMBER: MAKE SURE YOU FOLLOW MY ORDERS EXACTLY. IF YOU DARE EVEN BRUSH AGAINST MY WIFE, YOU'LL PAY BIG TIME
BUT CHIEF... WHY DO YOU WANT TO RUIN HER CAREER AFTER HAVING DONE SO MUCH TO GET HER ON T.V.? THERE'LL SURELY BE A SCANDAL.
YOU TEND TO YOUR DIRTY BUSINESS AND KEEP YOUR NOSE OUT OF MINE! ALI! FOLLOW MADAME.. BUT NOT TOO CLOSELY.
SPORT
SON OF A BITCH! YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
THERE CHIEF! THOSE KIDS IN THE CAR NOTICED HER AND ARE FOLLOWING HER!
BE READY IF WE NEED TO INTERVENE. I DON'T WANT HER ARRESTED.
A CHICK ON A BIKE WITHOUT HER PANTIES!
YOU AND YOUR FANTASIES OF NAKED GIRLS ON EVERY CORNER! YOU BETTER KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE ROAD!
BUT I REALLY SAW HER! LOOK FOR YOURSELF!


THERE! SO I'M SEEING THINGS, AM I? LIGHT'S CHANGING... I'LL GET CLOSER!
GOOD GOD! IT'S TRUE! SHE'S BIKING AROUND WITHOUT PANTIES!
WHO? WHAT? WHERE?







TO BE CONTINUED...

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

Whether you are proposing to a woman or propositioning her to have sex with you in a twosome, threesome, or moresome, the deal is the same: You must not treat her like a piece of meat. You must give the impression that you are making a social invitation, and the same rule applies whatever the circumstances. As you well know, it is almost always counterproductive to say, "Hey, d'ya wanna fuck?"

In your position you must also carefully consider the result of who makes the proposition. If you let Jennifer do it, then when action time arrives it will be her responsibility to call the shots. If on the other hand you do the inviting, then when you get your girl-toy home you will have to be the ringmaster.

You might not find this hard on your own, but everything you say is going to be listened to by the same Jennifer about whom you said, "The moment the words left my mouth, I regretted them." Are you going to be able to calmly seduce a comparative stranger with your adored and adoring girlfriend as enthusiastic audience?

In your situation I think it would be best for *both* of you to pop the question. Get your tiny angelic redhead to join the two of you for a drink at a reasonably secluded table in the club when she comes off duty, tell her how gorgeous you both think she is, and ask her back to do some serious sexual fooling around. The worst that can happen is that she can say no.

If you do this jointly with your girlfriend, as if you were inviting Heather for dinner—which you could also do, but you then run the risk of a possible "So you only invited me here because you wanted to fuck me" reaction—it would be out of character for her to take offense. The only possible snag that might arise is that some passionately horny women are dedicated heterosexuals and cannot handle the idea of anything that smacks even faintly of lesbianism; but even there you can simply suggest that one should not criticize anything one has not tried oneself, you are sorry you misjudged her and hope you will all stay friends.

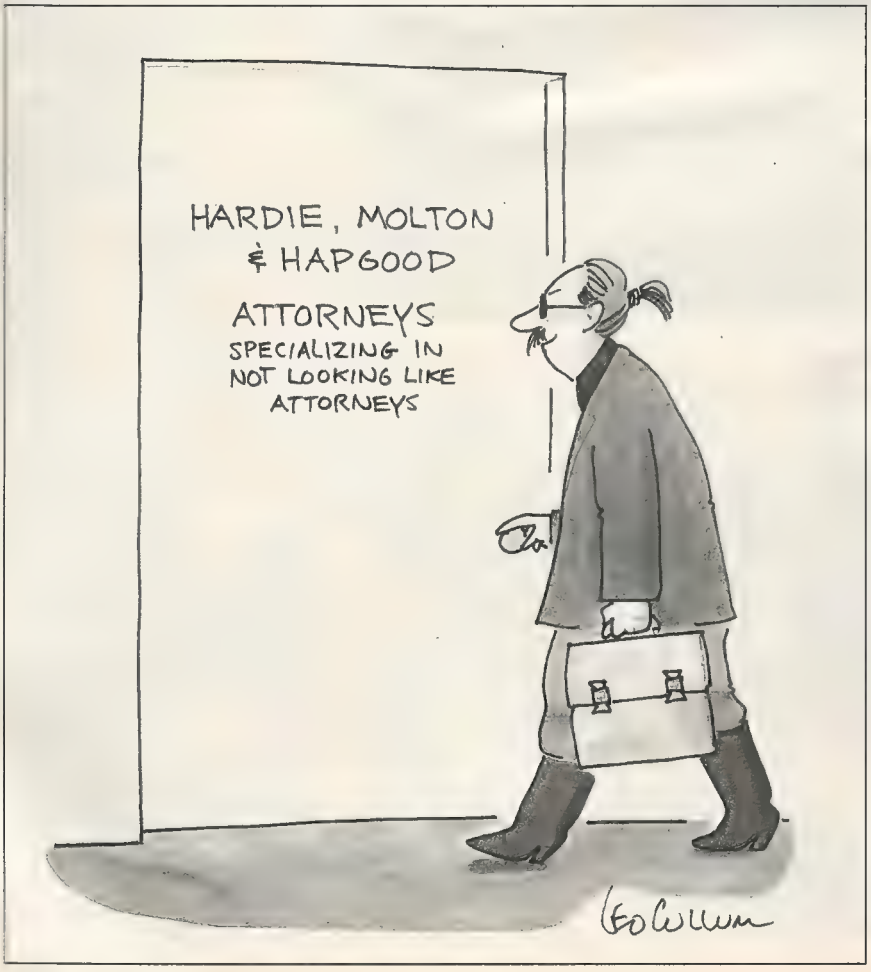
Sauce for the Goose

I have a few problems that maybe you could help me with. First, my wife won't let me come in her mouth, and it pisses me off. She gives truly good head, but she won't gobble the goo. She sucks me till I am almost ready to blow my wad, and then she wants me to fuck her. Giving head turns her on, makes her cunt burn, and when she gets me to that point I can't last long. I've told her if she made me come when I am ready I could then fuck her brains out. She always comes in my mouth. I like it, and she likes it, but she says that my coming in her mouth is different. I fail to see the fucking reasoning behind that.

Another thing: Recently she went to a seminar out of town with a friend she works with. They went to a bar, she met some total stranger, and fucked him. She didn't even tell me; boy, did that piss me off. She fucked this guy in the hotel room next to her friend's, but when that friend, her co-worker, stays at our house, my wife won't fuck me. She won't fuck me no matter who stays at our house. What the fuck is the matter with doing it then?

One more thing. I've always wanted a threesome. She said okay. I then went through all the bullshit of finding someone who was the clean, discreet, out-of-town person that we had both agreed on, and at the last minute my wife backed out, again pissing me off.

What I don't understand is, what the fuck is wrong with this woman? I know you're a woman too, so don't get mad at me for saying that. I want a more varied sex life, and I say if she steps out, I should be allowed to step out too. As they say, What goes around comes around.—B. J., Pennsylvania



In your last paragraph you say: "I know you're a woman too, so don't get mad at me"—so you mustn't get mad at me when I tell you that this is the root of your problem. However unreasonable you think your wife's behavior may be, she's behaving like a typical woman, while you are working at being a terminal redneck. Your problem with your wife is not that she won't let you come in her mouth, it is that both of you have reached that stage in your relationship when secretly you can't stand anything the other one says or does.

As far as the sex is concerned, don't grumble. Not only are you doing all right, you're getting more than a lot of husbands, in that you suck each other, she comes, then you penetrate her, and, if I have understood you correctly, you come. That is good sex.

Surprisingly, although nowhere in your letter do you say you love your lady, it is obvious that you do, and also that you are a good, faithful husband who won't fuck around without his wife's permission. Actually, cheating is no big deal, and you might solve some of your problems by visiting a hooker, except that these days nobody is going to chug-a-lug gallons of your come, because of the AIDS risk.

So try not to take it all so seriously. Don't get angry, and be more patient with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 143

The Unrepentant Voyeur

THE JOY OF FOOT SUCKING

By Ralph Gardner, Jr.

■ It was an otherwise typical Manhattan publishing party. There were lots of stylish young single women sipping white wine, male editors wishing they didn't have to go home to their wives, and The Author holding court in the center of a small knot of admirers. The big difference was the book they'd come to celebrate. It wasn't a coming-of-age novel, a cookbook, or a celebrity biography. Its title said it all: *Footsucker.*

A novel by Geoff Nicholson, a Brit, it's the story of a foot-loving gentleman who dates women for their feet rather than their faces or minds, has a secret shoe museum in his apartment, and falls in love with a lady who possesses the world's most perfect feet.

Mr. Nicholson, a moon-faced fellow with glasses and a beard who has written eight previous novels, contends he merely wanted to explore fetishism, and feet were more socially acceptable than, say, piss or sheep. But his book comes at a pivotal moment, when foot fetishism seems to be going mainstream as a subject of erotic fascination.

First there were the feet of Sarah Ferguson, the Duchess of York. Who can forget those photographs of John Bryan, Fergie's "financial advisor," on his knees by that pool in Saint-Tropez, sucking her royal toes?

Then came the revelation that Dick Morris, President Clinton's political guru, was as dependent on prostitute Sherry Rowland's pedal appendages, which he provided with daily tongue baths in a hotel around the corner from the White House, as he was on his daily tracking polls.

In between, the British were rocked by a second foot scandal that never made it to the States. (What most scandalized the Brits about the Fergie photos was that an American was doing the sucking, according to Quentin Letts, *The Times of London*'s man in New York.) In that other incident David Mellor, Britain's heritage minister, a member of Parliament, and supposedly a proud family man, was forced to resign in the wake of news reports that he was getting his toes sucked on a regular basis by a fetching model. Her former boyfriend, a journalist who may have been upset that she was no longer sucking *his* toes—apparently she was enormously talented at it—tipped off the press. The public was revolted, but on aesthetic rather than moral grounds. "If you looked at Mellor's face you wouldn't want to see his feet," author Nicholson observed.

Such events have given feet in general, and foot sucking in particular, a kind of legitimacy, according to my friend Stephanie, a freelance writer, whose new boyfriend had sucked her toes just the previous evening.

"Once the idea gets out, people try it," she said. "I think it's delightful: I wish more people would do it."

While few women would contend that foot sucking will ever take the place of penetration, it's quickly gaining a foothold, if you'll excuse the expression, as a much-practiced form of foreplay.

"It's an incredible erogenous zone," attested Szilvia, a 24-year-old Hungarian actress with porcelain skin and very small, though muscular, feet. Her first experience came a few weeks back, when she and her boyfriend, a British screenwriter, decided that if two people genuinely love each other no part of their bodies should be off limits.

"First I giggled," she confided. "Your brain wants to stop it—it's my foot, for God's sake. It's so far from my genital area. Especially for me; I have long legs. But then you start feeling it's very erotic. It's not like licking ice cream. It's more like eating chicken, and you want to get the last meat from the bone. The eye contact also makes it erotic. You feel like royalty suddenly. You really are put on a pedestal."

Some girls even welcome the idea of a foot fetishist in their life. Last summer one approached Wendy, a publicist, as she was leaving the subway in Brooklyn wearing a pair of flip-flops. "This guy says, 'I want to suck your toes,' " she recalled.

Wendy didn't scream for help. She was charmed. "He was nicely dressed, late twenties, black, very good looking," she reported. "It's fun to get your toes sucked."

It took the 23-year-old a minute to remember she was in a committed relationship. "I just said, 'Well, I have a boyfriend.' Then he asked me, 'Does your boyfriend rub your feet?' I said, 'He does, actually.' "

Unbowed, her assailant threatened to abscond with Wendy if he ever saw her bare feet again. "I'm safe for the moment," she sighed in relief. She's been wearing boots.

It's important to draw a distinction between the fetishist, who requires a pair of feet or Manolo Blahnik slingbacks to get off, and the rest of us, who don't think of feet first but can still be driven wild by the right pair. Feet remain shrouded in mystery, leather, and often shame—which only heightens their aphrodisiacal properties.

Geoff Nicholson denies he has a foot fetish or that his protagonist is his alter ego. "I like feet and shoes, but I don't need them," he said as he feasted on clams at a restaurant in Manhattan's SoHo during his book tour. "If my girlfriend puts on a pair of high heels for sex, that's a great extra. But sex is possible without them."

Nicholson admits, however, that he didn't do all the research for his novel in the library. "All the things one can do with feet, I've done," he said, adding that his girlfriend has "beautifully arched feet."

"If I had a girlfriend who said, 'I won't put on the red high heels,' " he confessed while ordering coffee, "that might be a problem."

While no one truly understands the psychological power of feet, some believe it starts in infancy, in the child's contact with its mother's feet. "Feet are very accessible to the child on the floor," observes Eva Margolies, a sex counselor and author. "They have a particular smell associated with them. That can cause a kind of imprinting."

I don't know about my mother, but I once had an Irish baby-sitter whose feet remain imprinted on *my* imagination. She was a country lass with a violent temper, whom I lived in perpetual fear of—except on those rare occasions when she lay in bed on her stomach, as docile as a puppy, and allowed me to powder and pamper her feet. Their aroma was unforgettable.

In *My Story* Fergie claims that John

"First I giggled.... But the eye contact makes it erotic

Bryan wasn't actually kissing her feet—all the evidence to the contrary notwithstanding. "John and I were actually playing at Cinderella," she writes.

For some reason the duchess feels ashamed of the photos. "I pinned on my scarlet letter—mine would be 'T,' for toe-sucking—and wore it everywhere, with a sort of perverse comfort," she continues.

Fergie misunderstands the media's reaction to her predicament. They weren't furious at her for humiliating the monarchy. They were merely envious—the female members of the press, because their own boyfriends and husbands didn't love them enough to suck their feet; the men, because they didn't have a woman who made them want to drop to their knees.

"Worshipping a foot is a form of veneration," argues Larry Ross, a porno filmmaker whose work features starlets sucking feet—their own as well as others'. "These girls are very, very agile," Larry observed.

Ross added that he catches hell from his customers if he doesn't show his actresses' soles enough. "There's a form of foot worship that isn't known much in this country, called 'trampling,'" he said. "It's very popular in Italy. It could be as simple as standing on a grape."

I assumed that this arose from Italy's proud wine-making heritage, but Larry corrected me. "It's putting yourself in the position of the grape," he explained.

"There are guys who like dirty feet," said Joe M., whose Ciné Research Labs makes some of the most stylish foot videos around. "There are guys who want to see women crush toys with their feet. Anything and everything goes with feet."

"I've got a reader who wants to see the big, wide older feet of black women," says Dian Hanson, editor of *Leg Show* magazine.

If there's one person above all who understands the magical power of feet, it's Ellen Sirot, New York's hottest foot model. We met for coffee one morning between Ellen's appointments. She serves as the spokesmodel for Peds, those cute little stocking-socks women wear to protect their feet from their shoes. On this day Peds was trotting Ellen around town and showing off her feet to editors at the top fashion magazines.

"I care so much about my feet, and my feet are so extremely beautiful," Ellen said, summarizing her spiel. "In addition to moisturizing twenty times a day, I wear these Peds to protect my feet."

I asked Ellen whether I could see her feet. We were sitting in the lobby of a midtown hotel. I would have understood if she had demurred. I'd have understood if she had decided I was a pervert and had stalked out. But she didn't. Ellen admires her own feet as much as anyone—she proudly admits to being something of a princess, though not a royal one—and had no qualms about removing her shoe, an expensive size-seven navy suede loafer.

She was right. Her feet truly were exquisite. "They have this line which is perfect," she said, pointing out the curve of her toes. "My skin is very smooth and even-toned, the nails are strong, and the toes are long and thin, like my fingers."

I was prepared to be impressed with Ellen's feet, but disappointed by the rest of her. But she's one of those rare creatures whose hands are equally as gorgeous as her feet—she's also a successful hand model, and says she can seduce men simply by bringing her hands to her face—and she has the legs and body of a dancer, which she was before modeling took over her life. "I'm a modern dancer," she noted. "I never did pointe work. I think that's what saved my feet."

On her first "go see" for a Dr. Scholl's ad she beat out 50 other foot models. Now she reports that on almost every assignment somebody—if not the photographer, then his assistant or an ad-agency guy—becomes obsessed with her feet. She encourages it. "I tend to really get into it and make it a performance," she stated. "It's like a bikini. You're always hiding that area, so when you take it off it's really titillating."

After Ellen appeared on "Entertainment Tonight," in a segment about body-parts models, she had to have her phone number unlisted. "I started getting these calls from very persistent foot-fetish people," she said.

While Ellen must be strict about whom she allows near her tootsies, those she does—first boyfriends, and now her husband, a choreographer who wasn't even into feet when he met her—quickly become subservient to them. Ellen got married in sneakers. She rarely wears high heels, and when she must, she sometimes forces her husband to carry her. He massages her feet every night, and when she goes to sleep she wears socks and often plastic bags to moisturize them. Such rituals only heighten their allure, particularly when the wrappings come off for lovemaking.

"The feet really add to it, knowing that I'm keeping them from a lot of other people," she confided. "It's like this forbidden thing that comes out."

But what does her husband do when he finally gets his hands on these lovely lotuses, as an eleventh-century Chinese poet called them.

"There's the normal touching, kissing, licking," Ellen said softly.

I asked whether I could see her foot again. I was in something of a frenzy with all these tales of her boudoir. I even considered asking whether I could tag along when Ellen retired upstairs, where a pedicurist was waiting to buff and polish her feet before her next round of appointments on behalf of Peds.

Ellen delicately removed her shoe again. "My feet are so articulate," she stated, as she observed them with satisfaction. She attributes their skills to her former career as a dancer. "There are ways of touching with my feet. I like being the active partner. You can have a lot of fun with your feet."

Such as? Even though we were in the hotel coffee shop surrounded by tables of tourists, by now I was seriously considering ducking under the table and peppering them with kisses. "I don't want to go into any other details," Ellen said firmly, abruptly terminating my fantasy.

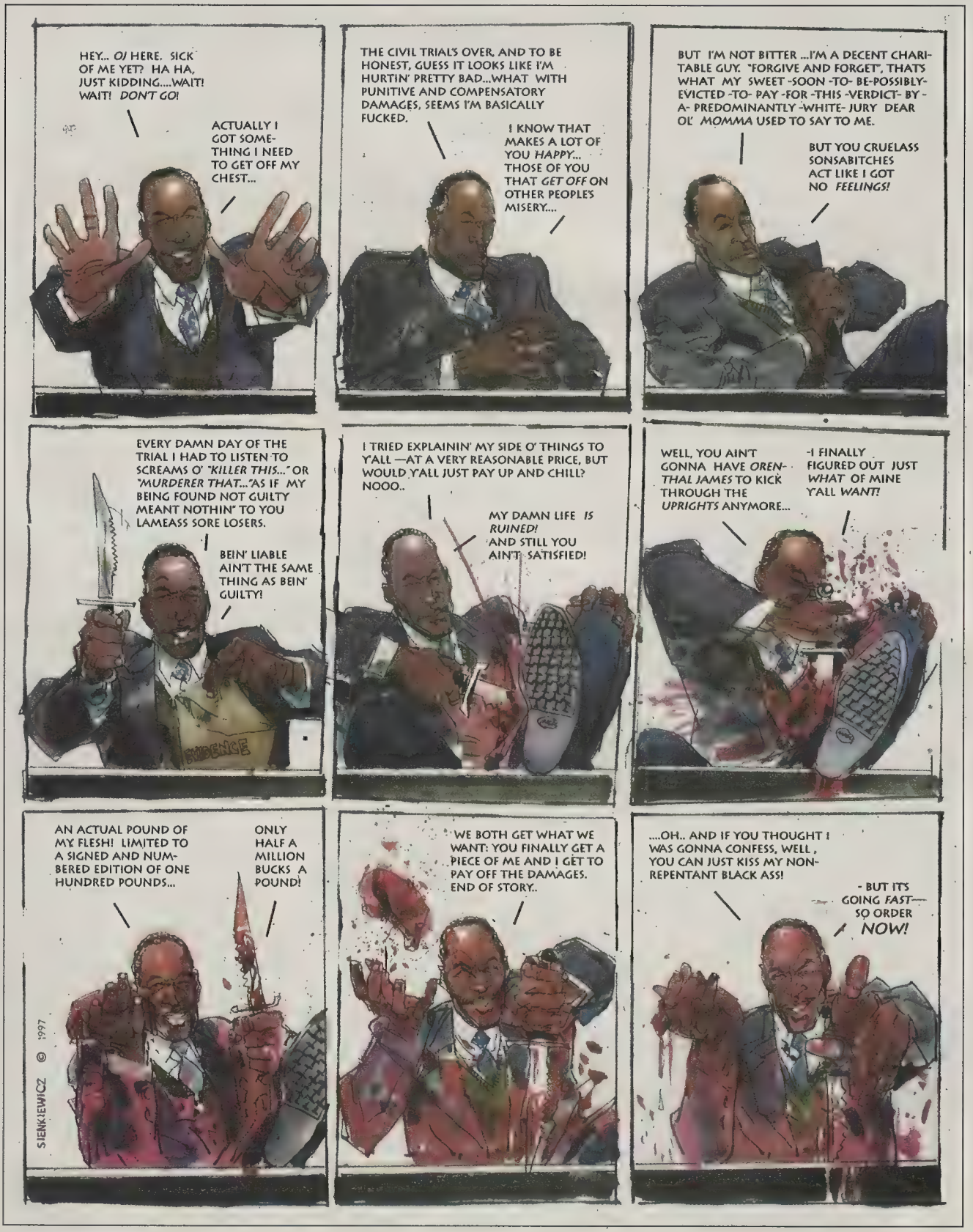
And what of her poor husband's hard-working feet? Don't they deserve the occasional lick?

"He has gorilla feet," Ellen said with a grimace. "I'm not really into anyone else's feet."

"You feel like royalty. You really are put on a pedestal."

PARTING SHOT

BY BILL SIENKIEWICZ
humor@generalmedia.com


HEY... *O!* HERE. SICK OF ME YET? HA HA, JUST KIDDING....WAIT! WAIT! *DON'T GO!*
ACTUALLY I GOT SOME-THING I NEED TO GET OFF MY CHEST...
THE CIVIL TRIAL'S OVER, AND TO BE HONEST, GUESS IT LOOKS LIKE I'M HURTIN' PRETTY BAD...WHAT WITH PUNITIVE AND COMPENSATORY DAMAGES, SEEMS I'M BASICALLY FUCKED.
I KNOW THAT MAKES A LOT OF YOU *HAPPY*... THOSE OF YOU THAT *GET OFF* ON OTHER PEOPLE'S MISERY....
BUT I'M NOT BITTER ...I'M A DECENT CHARI-TABLE GUY. "FORGIVE AND FORGET", THAT'S WHAT MY SWEET -SOON -TO- BE-POSSIBLY-EVICTED -TO- PAY -FOR -THIS -VERDICT- BY -A- PREDOMINANTLY -WHITE- JURY DEAR OL' *MOMMA* USED TO SAY TO ME.
BUT YOU CRUELASS SONSABITCHES ACT LIKE I GOT NO *FEELINGS!*
EVERY DAMN DAY OF THE TRIAL I HAD TO LISTEN TO SCREAMS O' *"KILLER THIS..."* OR *"MURDERER THAT..."* AS IF MY BEING FOUND NOT GUILTY MEANT NOTHIN" TO YOU LAMEASS SORE LOSERS.
BEIN' LIABLE AIN'T THE SAME THING AS BEIN' GUILTY!
EVIDENCE
I TRIED EXPLAININ' MY SIDE O' THINGS TO Y'ALL —AT A VERY REASONABLE PRICE, BUT WOULD Y'ALL JUST PAY UP AND CHILL? NOOO..
MY DAMN LIFE *IS RUINED!* AND STILL YOU AIN'T SATISFIED!
WELL, YOU AIN'T GONNA HAVE *OREN-THAL JAMES* TO KICK THROUGH THE *UPRIGHTS* ANYMORE...
-I FINALLY FIGURED OUT JUST *WHAT* OF MINE Y'ALL *WANT!*
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WE BOTH GET WHAT WE WANT: YOU FINALLY GET A PIECE OF ME AND I GET TO PAY OFF THE DAMAGES. END OF STORY..
....OH.. AND IF YOU THOUGHT I WAS GONNA CONFESS, WELL, YOU CAN JUST KISS MY NON-REPENTANT BLACK ASS!
- BUT IT'S GOING *FAST*— SO ORDER *NOW!*

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

your sweet wife, who wouldn't behave the way she does if she didn't love the shit out of you ... God knows why.

Change of Life

I wasn't aware that menopause could change a woman's sex drive, but it has certainly had a liberating effect on quiet Joan. I've know her about ten years, from when she went to work at a steak house after her divorce. We became friends and had coffee now and then, but never got into sex. She said she'd never been that interested in it. With the personality she has, and the body, that struck me as odd, but whatever. I was 42 and she was 44. Then she went through menopause, and seven weeks ago she practically dragged me into bed one night—not that I needed dragging. It was like someone had attached a live wire to her libido.

We engaged in the hottest sex I've had in years. Bluntly speaking, she is the most ardent cocksucking woman I've ever known. Her pussy is like a furnace, and sucking and fucking her breasts makes her come. We did a second round that first night that was more passionate than the first. We came so hard she passed out, and I along with her.

It's been almost like a dream. She has started wearing the sexiest bras and thongs, garter belts and heels, and we fuck every morning when we're together, no matter how much we've fucked the night before. It has to be the menopause.

She says that when the hot flashes were over, it felt like someone had turned up the heat in her cunt, and she is horny all the time. I'm amazed I can keep up with her, even though I'm in great shape for my age, because she is hotter than a smoking machine gun. Just being around her for more than an hour gives me a hard-on that won't quit. And the second erection lasts well over an hour, and we fuck like tigers—I've got her nail marks on my back to prove it.

Do you have any information on menopause causing a woman to become a walking wet dream? Her enjoyment of anal sex is completely erotic, along with everything else we do.—J. L., California

A woman's sex drive usually diminishes after menopause, but in a few cases, like your Joan, it can actually increase. Sometimes this has a simple psychological background, because many women are scared off sex by the fear of getting pregnant. Menopause brings them a wonderful sense of release. They don't have to go on taking the Pill, they no longer need worry about contraception, and they don't ever have to dread that horrible sinking feeling when their period is a few days late.

Not many men understand how a woman's life is influenced by her menstrual cycle, how her emotions and her behavior are programmed by the changes that happen inside her body as that monthly clock ticks remorselessly on.

The old-fashioned name for menopause, "change of life," is certainly true, but there is no reason for it to be a change for the worse, especially if one keeps fit and healthy. One of the healthiest forms of exercise is vigorous sexual intercourse, and what you and Joan are doing together is certainly the best way for her to stay young.

Lonesome Cowboy

I am a 25-year-old young man, and I've been collecting X-rated magazines and hard-core videos for quite a while. I am a nymphomaniac of masturbation, and come an average of ten times a day. I want more, but my body can't take more. Because I have not had a partner in a couple of years, or even a date in quite a while, and have only been with eight girls and had sex about two dozen times, I've been left feeling very unloved and unwanted. I just don't know what to do. There seem to be more single guys than girls in my area. I am extremely shy, and can't go up and talk to beautiful girls I don't know.

I've tried it all. I go to bars to shoot pool, and although I don't really go looking for girls, I figure just getting out is better then sitting home. I've tried personal ads and even going on television to get hooked up, with no luck.

I don't think I am God's gift to women or anything, but I don't understand why I'm so lonely.

I've got a thick, eight-inch-long cock, and I can't believe it's going to waste on my right hand. The only good I can see in all this is that while all my friends were off sleeping with all kinds of sluts and catching V.D., I have retained my standards by not fucking sleep-around chicks just for something to do, and have stayed disease free. You know what they say: "No one has ever gotten V.D. from his hand." It gets boring, though. I like women who dress the way they used to, in short skirts and high heels, but the only girls who dress like that around here are hookers, and even they don't always.

I'm sure somewhere out there, there must be beautiful girls who, like me, just can't get enough sex but lack attractive partners. The fakes can keep their photos and videos. I am on every adult mailing list out there and can get any kind of porn I want. I need a real, beautiful girl to hold in my arms. What advice do you have, Xaviera?— I. R., Virginia

CONTINUED ON PAGE 153

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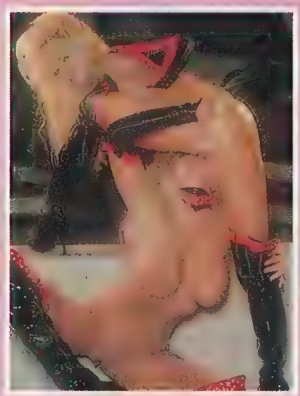

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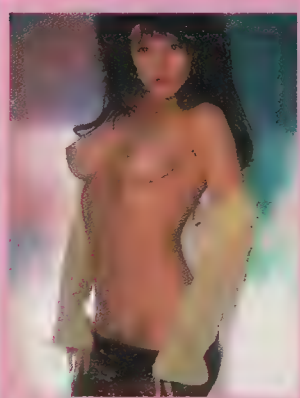

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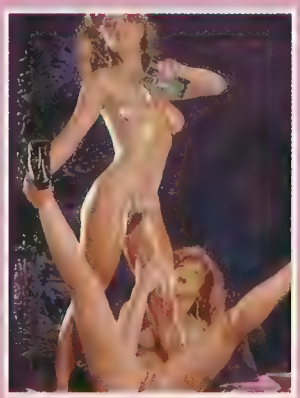

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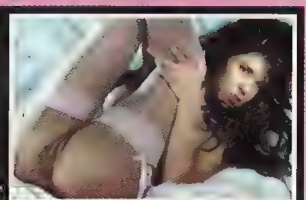

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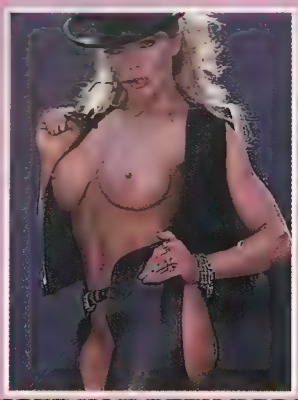

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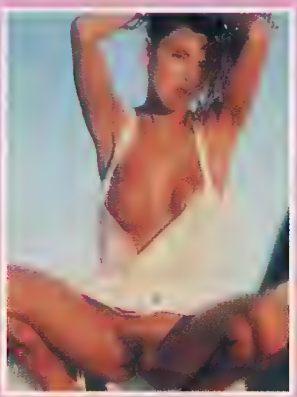

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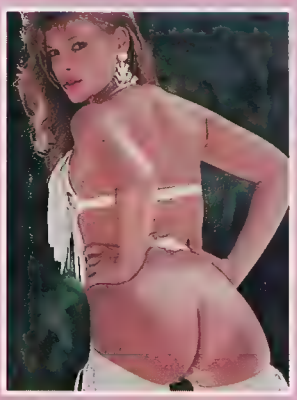

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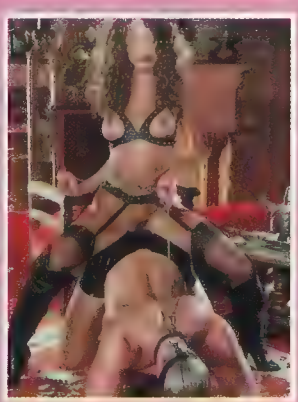

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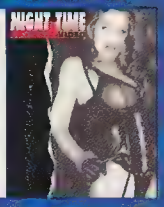

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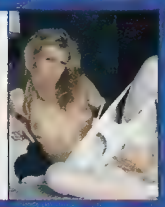

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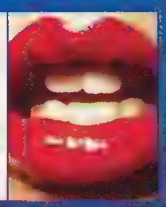

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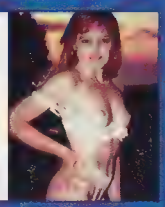

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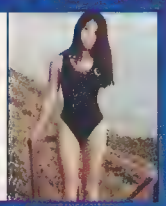

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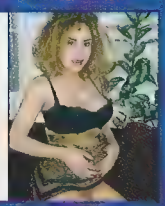

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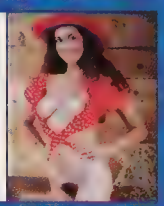

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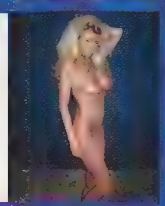

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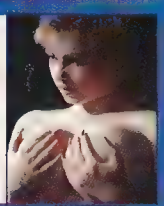

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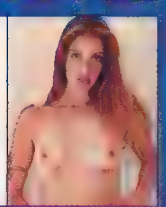

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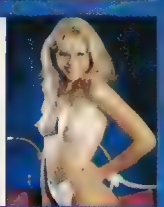

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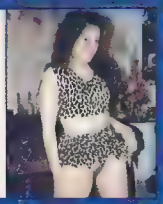

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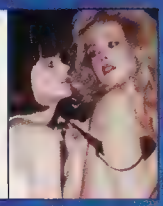

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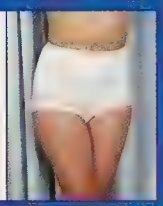

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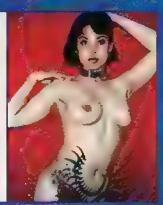

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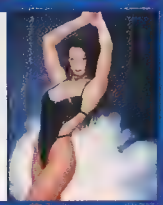

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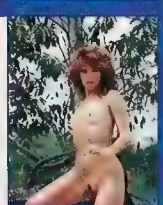

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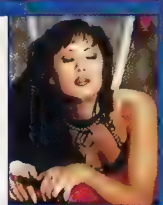

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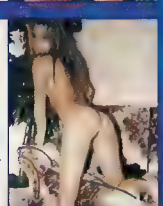

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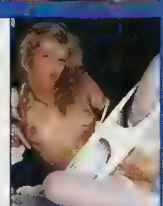

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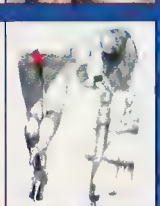

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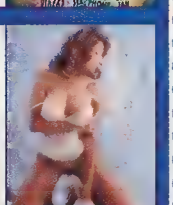

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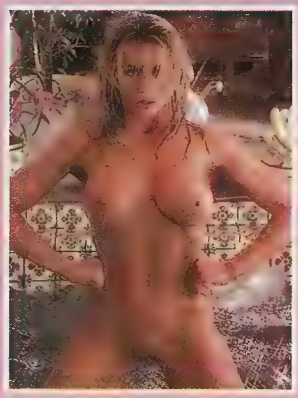

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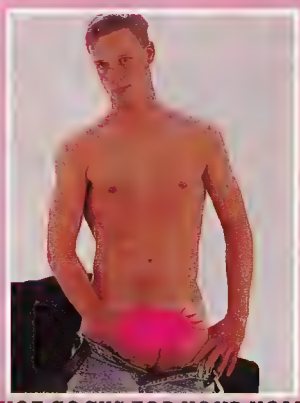

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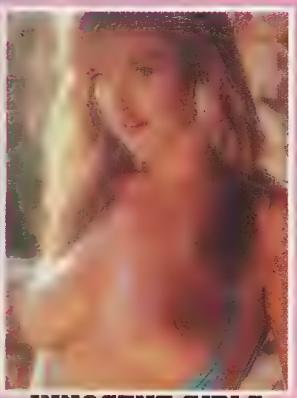

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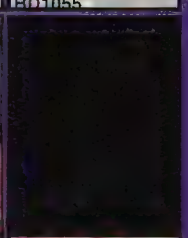

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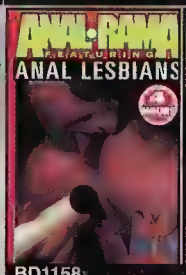

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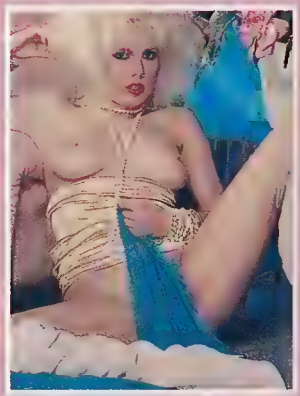

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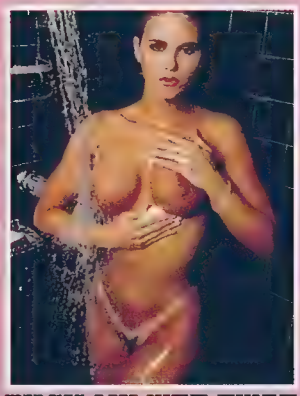

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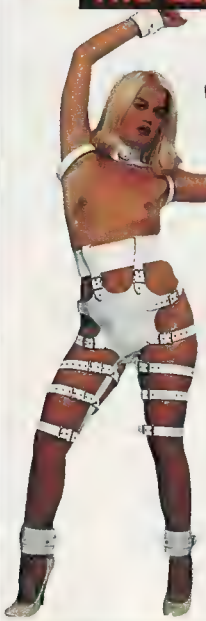

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 143

When I started reading your letter I felt sorry for you, but as we got deeper into your personality it became obvious what the trouble is. Toward the end you say: "While my friends were off sleeping with all kinds of sluts ..." May I ask you what exactly is a slut? *Webster's* says a slut is a "dirty, slovenly woman," but how many "dirty" women do you actually meet in Virginia, or anywhere else for that matter? Sadly, we do have a number of bag ladies in New York, but though I will probably be criticized for lack of p.c. for saying it, nobody in their right mind really considers bag ladies sex symbols.

What you really mean by a slut is the second dictionary definition, "an immoral woman," which in normal human terms means a woman who is prepared to have sex with a man she is not married to without receiving payment (if she gets paid she is a prostitute, who may also be described as a slut, but that is technically incorrect).

Your problem is that you probably start despising any woman who in your estimation might be prepared to have sex with you, and you are shy about talking to her because you secretly think she may be infected with every disgusting sexually transmitted disease in the book. Sleeping with her may cost you your life, you think.

What you have to do is clean up your act. Try to grasp the idea that women are human beings just like you. They think, they feel, and they need sex, but they also need to feel some human warmth, affection, or simply normal polite conversation, which is a prelude to the romantic candlelit dinner and the kissing and cuddling that hopefully come afterward.

You don't need to jerk off ten times a day—nobody does—but you are using your orgasms as a substitute for love. Other people do it with chocolate, which is much worse for you, but loneliness is actually a psychological condition.

Xaviera would love to hear from you. Send your letters, comments, or fantasies to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse*, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10172-0003. All letters should carry name and address, though these will be changed—in addition to other identifying characteristics—for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Ms. Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

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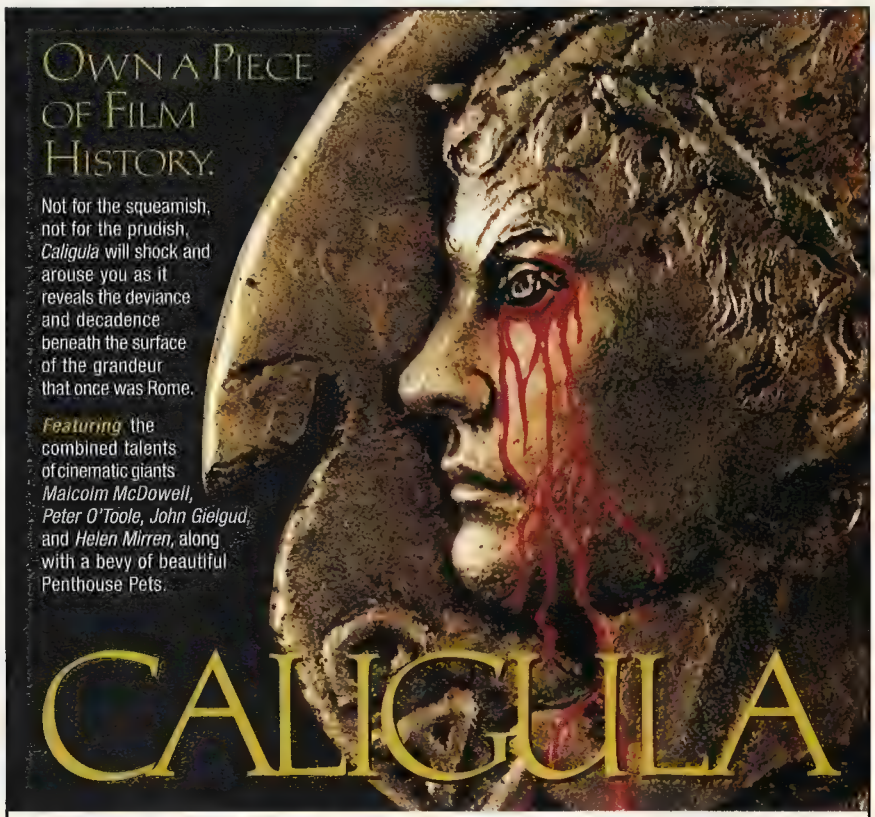
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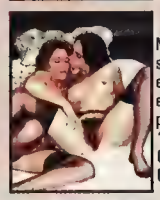

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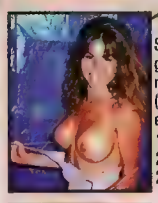

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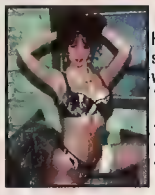

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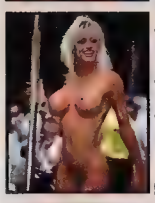

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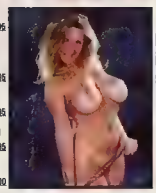

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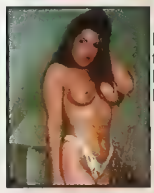

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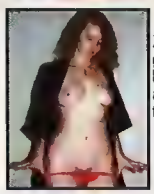

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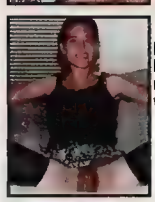

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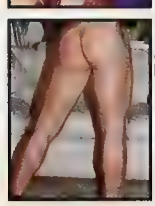

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53 Fancy Footwork $24.95
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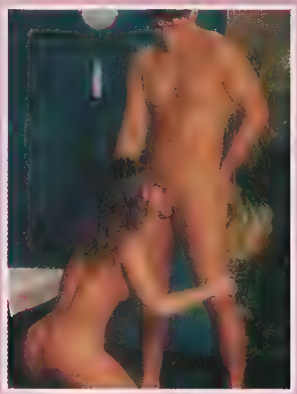

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LET'S HAVE SOME SEX FUN!
1-900-WETT VANA
1-900-938-0021
$4.95 / min. billed to your phone

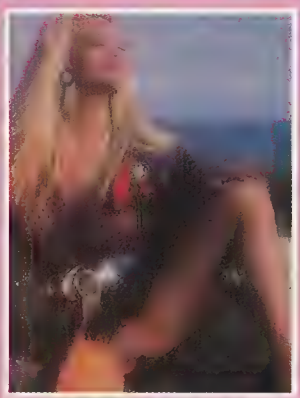
HORNY WET
1-800-759-2o6n6l
1-900-938-0020
1-800-442-6670 $4.95

CUM IN MY ASS!
1-800-605-BUTT™
1-800-587-9876
ALL BUTT ALL THE TIME!

SEX ANY WAY!
1-900-WETT FOR U™
1-900-WETT 4 CUM™
$4.95 / MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE
GAY CONNECTION
011-592-593-740

BANG ME WITH MY DILDO!
1-900-WETT DILDO
$4.95/min. billed to your phone.
KINKY CROSSDRESSING
1-800-573-TSTV

I'M DRIPPING WET & WAITING FOR YOU!
1-900-WETT BUSH
$4.95 / MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE



EXOTIC ISLAND GIRLS
1-800-945-FOXX
1-800-846-LICK
1-800-284-3363

"COME HERE & FUCK ME!"
1-800-395-WETT™
FRESH PUSSY MEAT™
1-800-666-UCUM

2 GIRLS + U
HORNY MEN OVER 18 ONLY!
1-800-274-3SUM™
LESBIAN LINE. WOMEN ONLY!
1-800-753-8837

CUNT LICKING
1-900-938-0027
1-900-938-0030
900#S Billed per min. to your phone
CALL NOW OR ELSE!

WE MAKE YOUR FANTASIES CUM TRUE
1-900-WETT DREAM
$4.95 /MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE
CALL ANYTIME 24 HOURS A DAY! • 18+

1-900 WE TAME U - NEW! FREAKS ONLY, PLEASE NO STRAIGHTS
BI CURIOUS? TRY IT! 1-900-WET STUD
$4.95 / MINUTE BILLED TO YOUR PHONE 1-900-938-7883
NON-STOP SEX PARTY 24 HRS 1-800-595-6678
1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MINUTE TO MC/VISA/AMEX.
YOU MUST BE 18 OR OLDER TO ACCESS THESE SERVICES!

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

SAMPLE THEIR PHONE SEX
TWO GALS AND YOU
1-800-205-6300
1-800-210-8808
1-800-405-3687
ADULTS 18 AND OVER.

CUM IN ME- I'M WIDE OPEN FOR YOU!
1-800-780-10$_6$N$_6$1
$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/ CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+
1-900-674-1111
$2.98 PER MIN 18+

HORNY HOUSEWIVES
WANT TO GET YOU OFF
1-800-806-6699
1-900-745-5550
NASTY HOUSEWIVES AT HOME
1-818-889-1997
MC/VISA/AMEX OR INSTANT CREDIT 18+

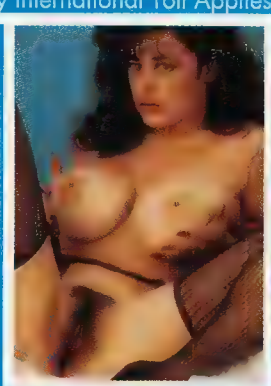
CALL THE BEST! 24HRS LINDA'S LIP SERVICE
CREDIT CARDS/CHECKS BY PHONE/LIVE!/EVERY 6TH CALL FREE
1-800-L$_5$I$_4$N$_6$D$_3$A$_2$-Ø7
(415)-665-5216
COSTS LESS
CANADA: 1-888-L$_5$I$_4$P-S$_7$E$_3$X$_9$-Ø
1-900-745-2329
$2.50-4.99 PER MIN. 21+ ONLY
CANADA: 1-900-451-2775
CDN $4.99 PER MIN. 21+ ONLY

I'M HOTT
1-800-666-HOTT
(4688)
ALL CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY

Fuck My Butt
Live One on One Sex
011-683-2771
Direct & Private
No Refusals
Only International Toll Applies 18+

ALWAYS 2 HORNY GIRLS WAITING!
1-800-395-2on1
DO US DOGGIE STYLE!
1-800-937-BUTT
UNCENSORED FANTASIES! INT'L NO C.C. NEEDED
1-900-938-1919
$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 800# TO MC./V.

1-800-980-4S$_7$E$_3$X$_9$
$2.98/MIN. MAJOR C.C. /CHK. BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL 18+
HORNY GIRLS WILL MAKE YOU CUM
1-900-666-1515
$2.98 PER MIN 18+
011 (INT'L PREFIX) **592-569-076**
INT'L. RATES APPLY

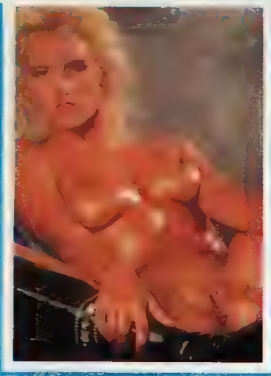


CUM HERE AND F*CK ME
011-592-247-754
011-592-599-533
011-592-588-861
INT'L. LONG DISTANCE RATES APPLY

1-800-HOT-GIRL
HORNY GIRLS!!! 1-800-468-4475

Want XXX Sex???
1-800-HOT-4SEX
1-800-HOT-SUCK
18+ V/MC $2.50-$4.99 Minute

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN



SHOOT YOUR LOAD IN MY CUNT!
1-800-923-CUNT
DON'T FIGHT THE URGE!
1-800-234-URGE
U/CENSORED FANTASIES! INT'L. LD. RATES APPLY.
011-683-8072
1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA. 18+

OTHER MEN'S WIVES
BEST PHONE SEX AWARD
1-900-745-1109
1-800-733-7825
VISA/MC/AMEX/DISCOVER
CANADA:1-900-870-1099
18+ $1.00 - $2.99 1/2 MIN.

Hardest **LIVE** 1 on 1
FUCK
011-683-2770
No Credit Cards
Only Int. L.D. Rates Apply 18+

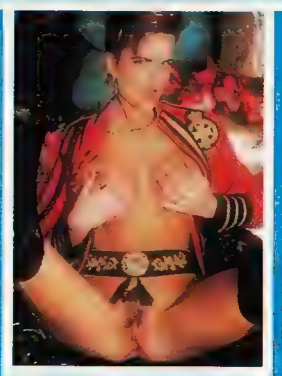
WE DO IT YOUR WAY!
1-800-680-ORGY
$2.98/MIN. MAJOR C.C. /CHK. BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL. 18+
1-900-537-3030
$2.98 PER MIN 18+
011 (0 INT'L PREFIX) **592-569-103**
INT'L. RATES APPLY

TAKE ME FROM BEHIND
1-800-806-HARD
THE BEST PHONE SEX COMES IN SPURTS
1-800-558-2CUM
TELL ME YOUR DIRTY LITTLE SECRETS
1-800-689-NIKI
TOLL-FREE 800#'S LIVE 1-ON-1 $2.00 PER MIN. CC & CHECKS 18+

MY GIRLFRIENDS GONE
I'M HORNY
1-800-677-MENN
CALLS AS LOW AS 99¢ PER MIN BILLED AS 4600 INC.
MEN-WOMEN-COUPLES
1-800-766-BI-69
BILLED TO V/MC/AMEX/D. MUST BE 18+
CALLS AS LOW AS $2.49 PER MIN.

TWO KINKY LESBIAN LOVERS!
1-800-285-KINK
HOT MAN TO MAN ACTION!
1-800-444-STUD
$4.95 PER MIN. TO MC/VISA. 18 OR OLDER
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900-WET-STUD
$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

CUNT LICKING BABES
1-800-831-ORAL
ALWAYS 2 LESBIANS TO GET U OFF!
1-800-964-3SUM
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900-WE TASTE U
900# BILLED TO YOUR PHONE $4.95/MIN. 800# ON YOUR C.C.

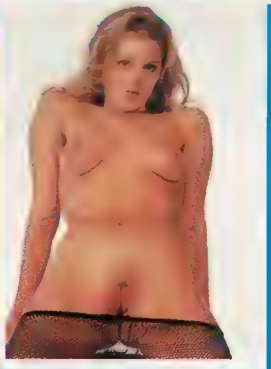


TASTE MY SUCCULENT PUSSY!
1-800-688-69ME
SUCK MY TITS & I'LL SUCK YOU DRY!
1-800-967-ORAL
BANG MY WET CUNT!
1-800-766-WETT
BILLED PER MINUTE TO MC/VISA. 18 OR OLDER.

1-800-BLOW-JOB
Licking & Swallowing!!! **1-800-256-9562**

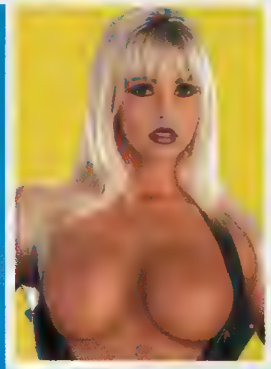
1-800-HOT-STUFF
SEX BI-WAYS!!! **1-800-468-7883**
18+ V/MC $2.50-$4.99 Minute

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN



College Girl Available
For LIVE 1 on 1 Phone Sex
No C.C.'s Needed
011-683-2772
Direct Dial
Only Int. L.D. Rates Apply 18+

FLAMING DESIRE
WRAP YOU LIPS AROUND THIS!
1-800-407-C$_2$L$_5$I$_4$T$_8$
1-900-674-1144
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+



!!! STRICTLY FOR SUBMISSIVES!!!

NYMPHO SEX SLUTS-594!	011-592-592-426
NASTY SUCK OFF-594!	011-592-592-427
BACK DOOR BITCHES!	011-592-592-428
WET SWOLLEN PUSSY!	011-592-571-050
DOMINANT MISTRESSES!	312-263-WHIP
FANTASTIC FUCK-A-THON!	312-263-FUCK

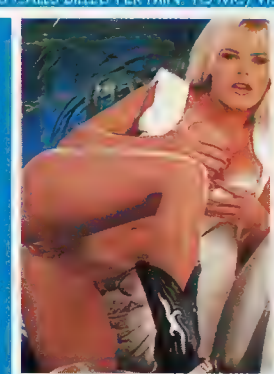
LICK MY WET CLIT
1-900-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$T$_8$-C$_2$L$_5$I$_4$T
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED!
WET, WILD, HOT F*CKING PETS
1-900-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$-4P$_7$E$_3$T$_8$
UNCENSORED ORGY SEXLINE!
1-900-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$-0217
$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 18+

LIVE HORNY, KINKY GIRLS WILL GET YOU OFF.
1-800-605-O$_6$R$_7$G$_4$Y$_9$
$2.98/MIN. MAJOR C.C./CHK. BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL. 18+
1-900-666-4400
$2.98 PER MIN. 18+
USA 011 OR INT'L PREFIX **592-569-127**
INT'L RATES APPLY

KINKY LESBIAN SEX!
1-800-395-2on1
CUM BETWEEN OUR TITS!
1-800-678-TITS
UNCENSORED FANTASIES! INT'L I.D. RATES APPLY.
011-683-8071
1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA. 18+

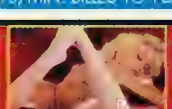
MY GIRLFRIEND'S GONE & I'M HORNY!
1-800-842-HUNK
BILLED TO V./MC/AMEX/DISC. CARDS
HOT MAN TO MAN ACTION!
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900-WET-4-GAY!
$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

MY PUSSY'S DRIPPING WET
1-800-365-WETT
SLIDE IT INTO MY HOT CUNT!
1-800-923-CUNT
UNCENSORED FANTASIES!
1-900-938-1155
$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 800# MC./V.



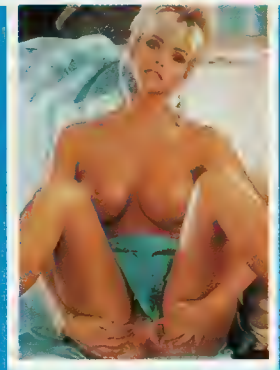
ALL ANAL FETISH!
1-800-376-4ASS
STICKY, WET & NASTY!
1-800-WET-4PET
UNCENSORED FANTASIES! NO C.C. NEEDED
1-900-938-2300
$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 800# MC./V.

Lick'em & Suck'em
1-800-H$_4$O$_6$T$_8$-T$_8$I$_4$T$_8$S$_7$
1-800-H$_4$O$_6$T$_8$-L$_5$I$_4$C$_2$K$_5$



1-800-HOT-SLUT
SLEAZY SLUTS!!! 1-800-468-7588
18+ V/MC $2.50-$4.98 Minute

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN



LICK MY LOVE JUICES

011-592-599-535

011-592-588-754

011-592-247-751

INT'L. LONG DISTANCE RATES APPLY.

TALK TO HORNY GIRLS LIVE 1-ON-1

1-800-939-1-0$_6$N$_6$-1

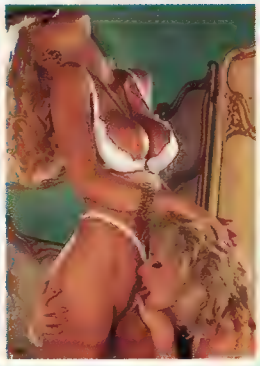
$2.98/MIN. MAJOR C S /CHK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL 18+

1-900-666-P$_7$I$_4$N$_6$K$_5$

$1.98 PER MIN. 18+

...011 **683-9979**

INT'L. RATES APPLY.



SELECT-A-SLUT

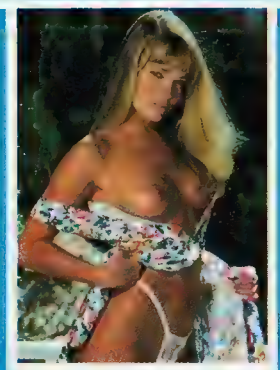
YOU GET IT YOUR WAY EVERY TIME

1-800-218-4V$_8$I$_4$P$_7$

1-900-537-2030

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+



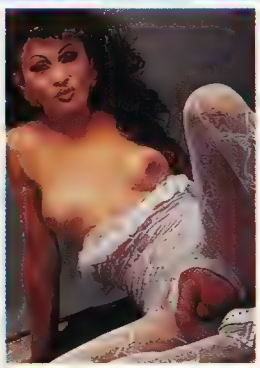
DISCREET SEX SAMPLES

CALL AS MUCH AS YOU WANT

1-800-511-2428

1-800-518-5425

ADULTS 18 & OVER



TWO FOR ONE SPECIAL

THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS

1-800-779-7319

YOU MUST BE 21 OR OLDER

Fuck Me Good

Live One on One Private Sex

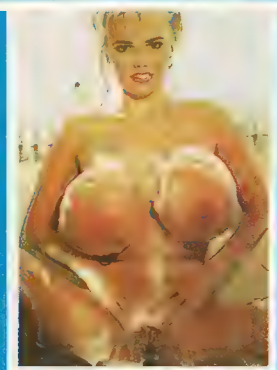
Just Call

011-683-2773

You Don't Need A Credit Card Just A Hard Dick

How About A Blow Job? 011-683-2774

Only Int. L.D. Rates Apply 18+



LIVE 24 HRS. 1 ON 1

ALWAYS WET, ALWAYS WILD

1-800-364-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$T$_8$

YOU KNOW WHERE I LIKE IT

1-800-213-4A$_2$S$_7$S$_7$

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

HOT & HORNY WOMAN WILL TURN YOU ON

1-800-294-2-T$_8$0$_6$-1

1-900-666-1199

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

CUM FEEL MY WET PUSSY!

ALWAYS LIVE! ALWAYS 1 ON 1!

1-800-214-1-T$_8$0$_6$-1

1-900-537-1818

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

Hump my Ass & Pussy

1-800-HOT-BUTT

1-800-HOT-TWAT

1-800-SPANK-ME

DO IT HARD!!! **1-800-772-6563**

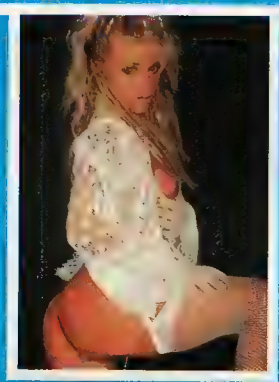
18+ V/MC $2.50-$4.99 Minute

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

NEW
SEX CALL SAMPLES
1-800-488-0514
1-800-495-7710
1-800-501-7825
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.

MASTURBATE WITH ME!
I'LL MAKE YOU CUM IN 30 SECONDS
1-800-251-1-T$_8$O$_6$-1
1-900-666-1177
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

I'M HOLDING FOR YOU
1-800-820-C$_2$H$_4$I$_4$C$_3$
FOR A GOOD TIME CALL:
1-800-424-L$_5$I$_4$S$_7$A$_2$
ALL#'S LIVE ONE-ON-ONE
1-800-956-6598
LIVE $2.00/MIN. CREDIT CARDS & CHECKS 18+ LIVE $2.00/MIN.

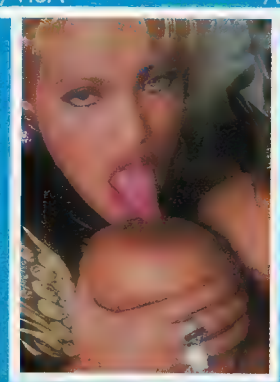


Cock Sucking Coed
Live One on One Just You and Me
011-683-2775
Fuck My Tight Hole
011-683-2776
No C.C.'s No Refusals
Only Int. LD. Rates Apply 18+

TALK DIRTY TO ME!
1-800-955-5600
LIVE 24 HOURS
MC/VISA AMEX

YOU'LL COME IN 30 SECONDS! 1 ON 1!
YOU DO NOT NEED A C.C. TO DIAL THESE #'s
ALL CALLERS GET THRU.
NO LONG INTROS, NO BORING RUBBISH. JUST DIRTY HARD SEX TALK. YOU'LL BE PAINTING WITH PLEASURE AND EXPLODING ALL OVER THE PHONE.
011-683-9723
011-683-9729
EAVESDROP ON KINKY SEX!
011-592-580-273
Int'l. LD. Rates Apply 18+

HORNY HOUSEWIVES WAITING FOR YOUR HARD PIECE
1-800-990-4S$_7$E$_3$X$_5$
$2.98/MIN. MAJOR C.C. / CHK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL 18+
1-900-674-2020
$2.98 PER MIN. 18+
011 (INTL. PREFIX) **592-569-053**
INT'L. RATES APPLY



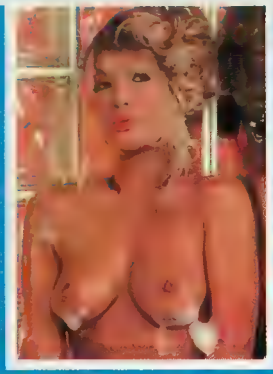
WARM WET LIPS ON YOUR COCK
1-800-967-O$_6$R$_7$A$_2$L$_5$
WET BLOW JOBS
1-900-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$T$_8$-B$_2$L$_5$O$_6$W
WET, WILD, HARDCORE ORGY ACTION
1-900-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$T$_8$-O$_6$R$_7$G$_4$Y
800#S BILLED/MIN. TO V/MC/AMEX
900#S $4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 18+

FUCK US BOTH
1-800-926-20$_6$N$_6$1
DEEP THROAT COCKSUCKING
1-800-285-H$_4$E$_3$A$_2$D$_3$
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$T$_8$ 4 T$_8$W$_9$O
$4.95 MIN. 900# BILLED TO YOUR PHONE • 800# BILLED TO V/MC/AMEX/DISC.

Hot Sex Action !!!
1-800-H$_4$O$_6$T$_8$-S$_7$T$_8$U$_8$D$_3$
1-800-H$_4$O$_6$T$_8$-G$_4$U$_8$Y$_7$S$_7$

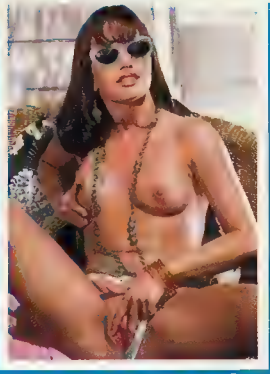
1-800-BLOW-JOB
SUCKING SLUTS!!! **1-800-256-9562**
18+ V/MC
$2.98 1st Minute

SAFE SEX–THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN



HOT SEX SAMPLES
FIND OUT HOW - TRY IT NOW
1-800-488-0517
1-800-506-5425
1-800-508-8255
ADULTS 18 AND OVER ONLY.

COLLEGE COEDS ARE WARM
WET + READY FOR YOU!
1-800-980-O$_6$R$_7$G$_4$Y$_9$
$2.98/MIN. MAJOR C.C. /CHK. BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL. 18+
1-900-666-3555
$2.98- PER MIN. 18+
USA 011 OR INT'L. PREFIX **683-9998**
INT'L. RATES APPLY



HOT! HORNY! SEXY!
DON'T MISS OUT!
1-800-319-B$_2$A$_2$B$_2$E$_3$
1-900-666-2244
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

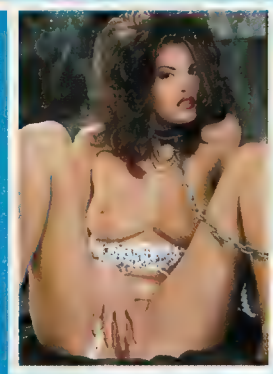
Bang My Butt
Or Any Suggestion
LIVE 1 z 1 Private
011-683-2799
Any Caller No Blocking
Only Int. L.D. Rates Apply 18+

I JUST MET OUR NEW GIRLFRIEND
1-800-892-M$_6$U$_8$F$_3$F$_3$
BI GIRLS NEVER SAY NO
1-800-501-G$_4$I$_4$N$_6$A$_2$
WE'RE GETTING OFF SOON, CALL NOW
1-800-831-T$_8$I$_4$N$_6$A$_2$
LIVE 1-ON-1 $2.00 PER MIN.CREDIT CARDS & CHECKS 18+

TOP 5 LIST

LOCAL HOUSEWIVES	1-888-HORNY-WIFE
NASTY OLDER WOMEN	1-800-NASTY-TALK
KINKY ASIAN GIRLS	1-800-SEXY-ASIAN
HARDCORE DOMINATION	1-888-DOMINANT
REAL GIRLS AT HOME	1-818-597-9181

MC/VISA/AMEX OR INSTANT CREDIT 18+



WET YOUR SEXUAL FANTASIES WITH HARDCORE KINK!
1-800-224-R$_7$O$_6$X$_9$Y$_9$
1-900-666-1133
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

JOIN OUR KINKY 3SUM!
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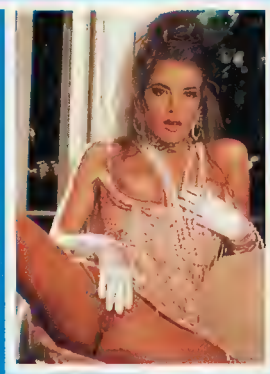
UNCENSORED FANTASIES! INT'L. LD. RATES APPLY.
011-592-246-208
1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA. 18+



STICK IT IN MY WET PUSSY!
1-800-766-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$T$_8$
I WANT TO SUCK YOUR COCK!
1-800-879-S$_7$U$_8$C$_2$K$_5$
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED!
1-900-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$T$_8$-10$_6$N$_6$1
$4.95 PER MIN. OVER 18 ONLY.

1-818-609-9141
CREDIT CARDS/CHECKS 18+

$1 XXX LIVE!
HARDCORE DOMINATION FETISH!

1-818-758-9769
ONLY $ 1/MIN. 18+

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

TASTE THE CUM FROM OUR PUSSIES LIVE SEX !

1-800-408-4V$_8$I$_4$P$_7$

$3.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/ CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

1-900-537-1040

$3.98 PER MIN. ON YOUR PHONE BILL. 18+

I'D LIKE TO WHISPER IN YOUR EAR!

1-800-274-9999

MC/V/AMEX. NO CALL BACKS

HOT FANTASY

INDULGE YOURSELF

1-800-268-8535

"HALF HOUR FLAT RATE"

V./MC/AMEX. MUST BE OVER 18

INTERNATIONAL CALLERS 1(416)924-1852

I'LL GET YOU OFF IN MY ASS!

LIVE GAY PHONE SEX!

1-800-795-9996

$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/ CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

1-900-666-9996

$2.98 PER MIN. 18+

Are You Man Enough?

Try Me Live 1 on 1 Phone Fuck

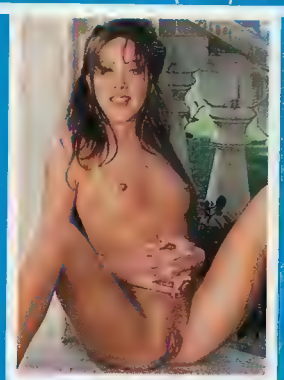
011-683-2800

I'm Ready For Anything

Have You Misbehaved? 011-683-2870

No Credit Card Needed

Only Int. L.D. Rates Apply 18+



HORNY COLLEGE FRESHMEN

800-816-6699/900-993-2700

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800-504-7474/900-435-5556

HORNY ORIENTAL SLUTS

800-987-9797/900-435-5551

HORNY SLUTS AT HOME 1-818-865-8925

$2.50-$4.99/MIN. MC/VISA/AMEX OR INSTANT CREDIT 18+

TASTE THE EXOTIC

ALWAYS LIVE 1ON 1

1-800-741-L$_5$I$_4$C$_2$K$_5$

1-900-674-2277

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

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ALL NEW! ALL LIVE! INTERNATIONAL HOT ENGLISH GIRLS.

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CREDIT CARD CALLERS ONLY!

KINKY 2 GIRL PARTY LINE!

1-800-254-KINK

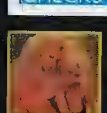
LIVE OBEDIENCE TRAINING SESSIONS!

1-800-955-WHIP

BILLED PER MINUTE TO MC/VISA. 18 OR OLDER

1-900-WE TAME U

$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE.

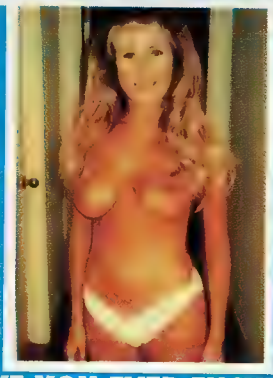


PHONE SEX SAMPLES 1-800-588-1750 SCREAMERS 1-800-717-1150

BIG ONES ONLY 1-800-724-2280 BEST PHONE SEX SAMPLES 1-800-449-1003

ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN



HAVE YOU EVER FUCKED A STARVING COLLEGE GIRL?

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MC/VISA/AMEX OR CHECKS 18+

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99¢/MIN.

(212) 741-1202

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COME INTO ME, YOU WON'T FORGET IT

1-800-991-7733

VISA/MC OR DIRECT TOLL FREE $2.50 $4.99/MIN

1-900-745-0561

$2.99/ MIN. MUST BE OVER 18+

011-592-1860

LA RATES APPLY

CALL US NOW WE WILL MAKE YOU CUM

1-800-230-4S$_7$E$_3$X$_9$

$2.98/MIN. MAJOR C.C. /CHK. BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL. 18+

1-900-666-1122

$1.98 PER MIN. 18+

011 592-569-043

INT'L. PREFIX

INT'L. RATES APPLY

Fuck My Perfect Ass

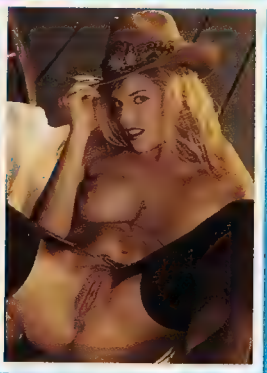
Live One on One

011-683-2871

Fuck My Tight Pussy

011-683-2872

No C.C.'s No Refusals Only Int. L.D. Rates Apply 18+



KINKY SEX OF ALL KINDS

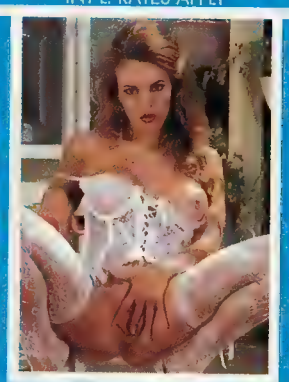
BE READY TO CUM!

1-800-208-1-0$_6$N$_6$-1

1-900-674-1188

$2.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+



THE ULTIMATE SEDUCTION!

HARDCORE UNSENSORED LIVE 1 ON 1

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1-900-666-2288

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

MY HOT CUNT IS WATING FOR YOUR TONGUE!

1-800-571-S$_7$U$_8$C$_2$K$_5$

1-900-674-1166

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

STRANGE & UNUSUAL

DIFFERENT DESIRES, FORBIDDEN DREAMS

1-800-396-4F$_3$U$_8$C$_2$

1-900-674-1020

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

PHONE SEX SAMPLES 1-800-588-1810

LESBIAN CONTACT 1-800-720-2230

HOT SEX SAMPLES 1-800-766-4489

KINKY SAMPLES 1-800-748-4420

ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

WET LESBIAN LIPS &YOU GET OFF FAST

1-800-672-2-T8O6-1

1-900-674-2255

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

TASTE MY WARM PUSSY

1-800-716-L5O6R7A2

$3.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/ CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

1-900-537-1007

$3.98 PER MIN. ON YOUR PHONE BILL. 18+

LICK MY ASS!

1-800-873-LICK

FUCK MY WIFE IN THE ASS

1-800-666-U CUM

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED

1-900-WETT 4 CUM

900# BILLED TO YOUR PHONE $4.95/MIN. 800# ON YOUR C.C.

ALWAYS TWO HOT CUNT EATING LESBIANS!

1-800-840-L5I4V8E3

$2.98/MIN. MAJOR C.C. /CHK. BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL. 18+

1-900-666-9090

$2.98 PER MIN. 18+

011 232-923-57

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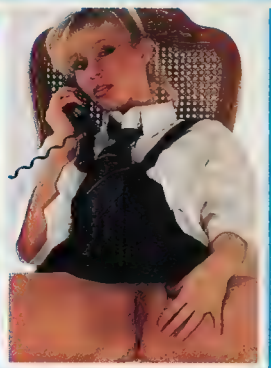
2 HORNY GIRLS

24 HOUR ORGIES

IT'S TOLL FREE

1-800-999-6117

ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS MUST BE OVER 18



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LIVE 121 SEX

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011 683 2873

INTERNATIONAL LD RATES APPLY

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011-592-588-752

011-592-247-750

011-592-599-534

INT'L. LONG DISTANCE RATES APPLY

WET CUM DRIPPING BLOW JOBS

1-800-879-W9E3T8T8

I WILL SUCK YOUR DICK

1-900-W9E3T8T8-O6R7A2L

F*CK MY WET HOLE!

1-900-W9E3T8T8-H4O6L5E

800#S BILLED/MIN TO V/MC/AMEX

900#S 4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE 18+

FUCK MY GIRLFRIEND'S MOUTH

1-800-831-O6R7A2L

2 HOT GIRLS TAKE YOU ON!

1-800-945-2 O6N 1

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED

1-900-WETT-2 ON 1

1-900-938-8266

$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE 800#S BILLED TO C.C.

LIVE,1 ON 1 AND ORGY 1-800-771-6ORG4G9

$2.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR C.C. DIRECT BILLINGOR CHECK BY PHONE. 18+

WE'RE HORNY, WE'LL GET YOU OFF 1-900-666-3SUM6

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Video 2. *Lust In The Loo!* Savannah spreads pink for Tony Montana!

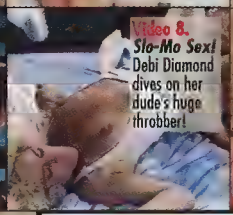
Video 3. *Fireside Fellatio!* Oral lovin' makes Christy Canyon moan!

Video 4. *Breasts A'Plenty!* Wendy Whoppers gets the most from mounting!

Video 5. *Countertop Coupling!* Blonde Olivia bends over for T.T. Boy's ballin'!

Video 6. *Ebony XXX!* Multi-orgasms rock Dominique Simone's world!

Video 7. *Lipps' Stick!* Busty Lisa Lipps knows her way around wood!



Video 8. *Slo-Mo Sex!* Debi Diamond dives on her dude's huge throbber!

Video 9. *Slippery When Wet!* See Veronica Brazil erupt like a man!

Video 10. *Backdoor Man!* Naughty Mimi Miyagi straps on to get off!

Video 11. *Ride, Lady, Ride!* Greek lovin' drives Crystal Gold wild!

Video 12. *Magnified Mounting!* Jordan St. James poses for her stud's pumps!

Video 13. *Legs Up!* Blonde babe Tiffany Lords is hungry for hard-ons!

Video 14. *Grotto Groping!* Tianna Taylor buries a bone out-of-doors!

Video 15. *Deep Throat Diva!* Tiffany Towers inhales her stud whole!

Video 16. *Platinum Pumping!* The thigh's the limit for Tonisha Mills!

Video 17. *Share The Glory!* Kayla Kleevage isn't selfish with oral lovin'!

Video 18. *Give It To Me!* Breast-sex gets Bunny Bleu hot for humps!

Video 19. *Bringing Up The Rear!* Letha Weapons arches her back for more!

Video 20. *A Pretty Mess!* Hot blonde Samantha Strong achieves suck-sess!

Video 21. *Asian Action!* Oriental babe Rikki Lee parts tight thighs for tool!

Video 22. *Bathroom Boff!* Hot, sweaty strokes bring Holly Body home!

Video 23. *Urban Urges!* Danyel Cheeks takes her hunger to the streets!

Video 24. *Squirtin' Sweetie!* Dan Steele's probes make Jasmine Aloha gush!

Video 25. *3-Way To Heaven!* Two hung hunks fill Chantilly Lace with love!

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ORGY IN A BOTTLE!

CUPID'S SPARK: THE CHEMISTRY OF SEX!

IT'S NATURE'S FOREPLAY!

OUR CHEMISTS HAVE *COMBINED FOR THE FIRST TIME: BOTH MALE AND FEMALE SEX PHEROMONES* DESIGNED BY NATURE TO *SEXUALLY EXCITE* MEN AND WOMEN CREATING *AN INSTANT DESIRE FOR SEX!*

PLUS: A NEW SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY: A BOTANICAL SCENT THAT INCREASES BLOOD FLOW *TO YOUR PENIS!*

CREATES A ZONE OF DESIRE

OUR CHEMIST HAVE HARNESSED THESE "3" NATURAL ELEMENTS MAKING CUPID'S SPARK THE FIRST APHRODISIAC BASED ON THE MATING INSTINCT. IT'S A LAW OF NATURE DESIGNED BY EVOLUTION!

THE WORLD'S STRONGEST SEX STIMULANT

BIGGER & HARDER ERECTIONS

BY COMBINING BOTH THE MALE AND FEMALE SEX PHEROMONES AND THIS ASTONISHING BOTANICAL SCENT SCIENTIFICALLY MEASURED TO INCREASE BLOOD FLOW TO YOUR PENIS, *"CUPID'S SPARK"* BECOMES THE STRONGEST SEXUAL STIMULANT IN HISTORY! BECAUSE IT IS BLOOD FLOW THAT MAKES YOUR ERECTION: THE MORE BLOOD FLOW THE *BIGGER & HARDER YOUR ERECTION!*

SMELLING THIS SCENT INSTANTLY SENDS A MESSAGE TO HER VAGINA TO LUBRICATE!

NEW: INCENSE "ORGY" STICKS

WHY SOAP & WATER SPOIL **SEX!**

A SHOWER OR BATH WASHES AWAY YOUR SEX APPEAL, MAKING *YOU SEXUALLY INVISIBLE!*

Nature's aphrodisiac (Pheromones) are created by the sexual organs and this SCENT (*SEX PHEROMONES*) creates sexual desire. Bathing erases the *CHEMICAL SPARK* THAT ATTRACTS WOMEN TO YOU!

If you do not have the aroma of sex pheromones on you, NO WOMAN will be willing to mate with you, BECAUSE *THAT'S A LAW OF NATURE!*

SPRINKLE CUPID'S SPARK ON YOU, YOUR BED ROOM, CAR OR ANYWHERE SEX IS (ACTUALLY) IN THE AIR!

Women Smell & Know who A STUD IS by the strength of the MALE SEX PHEROMONE

CUPID'S SPARK INCENSE STICKS SOAKED & SEASONED IN THE 3 ELEMENTS THAT AROUSE "EVERYONE!" THE NOSE IS THE FASTEST ROUTE TO HER BLOOD STREAM. BURNING TURNS THE PHEROMONES INTO STEAM CREATING AN EROTIC MIST. HER FIRST BREATH SENDS AN INSTANT SIGNAL TO HER *VAGINA* TO "GET WET AND PREPARE FOR PENETRATION" CUSTOMERS CALL THEM " ORGY STICKS"

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3825-4653

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5483
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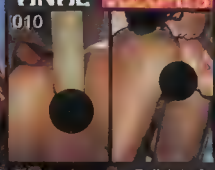
KINKY ANAL

25 VIDEO VOLUMES

DICKS, DILDOS, BEADS, FINGER'S, TONGUE'S, ANYTHING ANAL, GUYS DOING GIRLS-GIRLS DOING GUYS, IT'S ALL HERE - NOTHING LEFT TO THE IMAGINATION!

ALL TAPES 60 MIN

ALL 25 VOLUMES ONLY $8



6 GIRLS & 1 GUY

They do it all in 8 exclusive hardcore videos. Everyone loses their gooey load in this intense group groping.

ALL 8 VOLUMES ONLY $6

ANAL LESBIANS

21 VIDEO VOLUMES

Girls cramming dildos, beads, vibrators up tight soft ass holes!!

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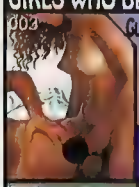
GIRLS WHO BANG GUYS

12 VIDEO VOLUMES



Guys getting pumped by girls with strap-on dildo's & vibrators in the ass. KINKY!!

ALL 12 VIDEOS JUST $6

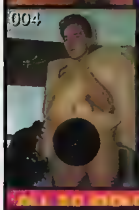
ALL TAPES 30 MIN

GUYS WHO SUCK BIG COCKS

30 VIDEO VOLUMES

Studs suck the biggest cocks - some black, some white - plenty of oral cumshots!

ALL 30 VOLUMES $10



UNIQUE POSITIONS

20 VIDEO VOLUMES

Guys & girls sucking, screwing & cumming in outrageous positions - A MUST

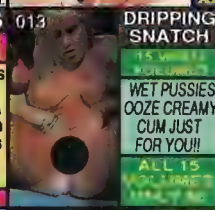
ALL 20 VOLUMES $8 ALL TAPES 30 MIN

DRIPPING SNATCH

15 VIDEO VOLUMES

WET PUSSIES OOZE CREAMY CUM JUST FOR YOU!!

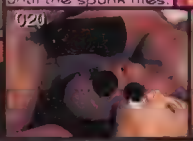
ALL 15 VOLUMES ONLY $6



GIRLS WHO SUCK COCK & EAT CUM

ALL 100 VIDEO VOLUMES JUST $10 ALL TAPES 60 MIN.

These chicks suck super hard cocks until the spunk flies. HUNDREDS OF SCENES!



KINK-O-RAMA

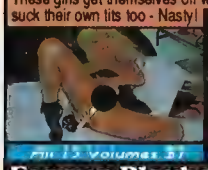
20 VIDEO VOLUMES

Every kinky fetish is explored in this hardcore spectacular!

ALL 20 VOLUMES $7

SOLO SCENE

These girls get themselves off with fingers & dildo's - they suck their own tits too - Nasty!



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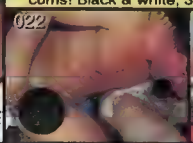
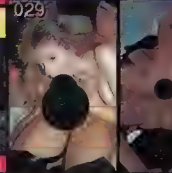


50 VIDEO VOLUMES 200 SCENES

NASTY AMATEURS



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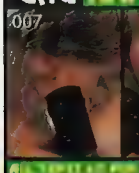

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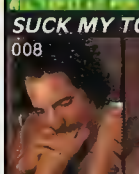

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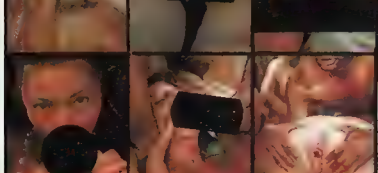

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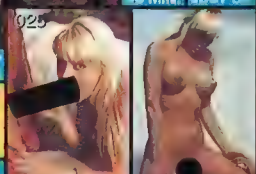

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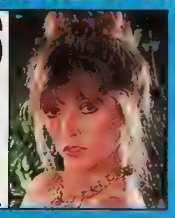

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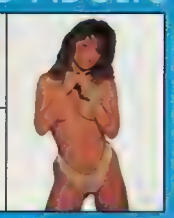

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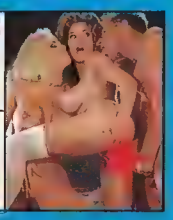

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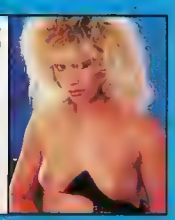

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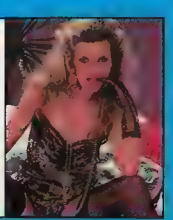

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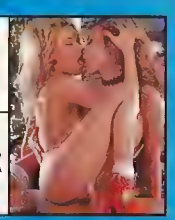

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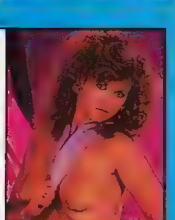

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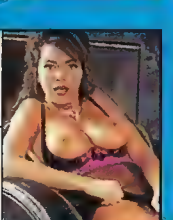

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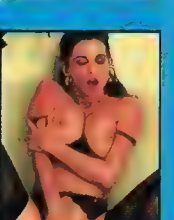

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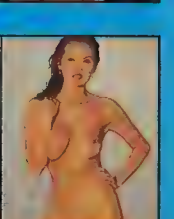

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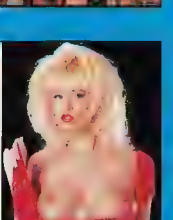

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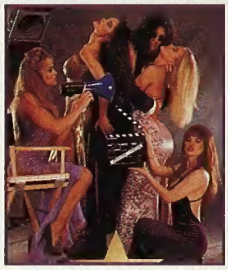
PENTHOUSE

PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF

"When I found out that I was in the Play-Offs," Penthouse Pet of the Year Elizabeth Ann Hilden recalls, "I was *so* excited. But all the other girls were just so gorgeous that I didn't think I had a chance of actually winning." That's what makes the Play-Offs so exciting for all of us. The girls are the most beautiful in the world—but only one can be your special favorite. Next month you get to help us choose Elizabeth Ann's successor. Don't miss your opportunity to peruse all-new photos of some of our most stunning Pets, and to cast your ballot in the world's most sensational beauty contest. It's a dream come true.

HOWARD STERN'S FANTASY PICTORIAL



Megastar Howard Stern has fantasies of his own, but has he finally gone too far? Last month the King of All Media boasted that it was only a matter of time before he seized the crown of King of Erotica from Bob Guccione. Is that just trash talking? Does Howard really imagine he can improve upon *Penthouse*'s hot pictorials? The gauntlet has been thrown, and the best-selling author and star of the hit movie *Private Parts* makes his directorial debut in our special June issue, drawing on his most secret and mysterious desires. Now that he's talked the talk, Howard will have every opportunity to prove he can walk the walk. You'll be the judge.

BIG WAVE

The storm swirls and gains momentum in the North Pacific Ocean. Hurricane-force typhoon winds whip the water into a frenzy. The dreaded *tsunami* tidal wave builds in size and power. Japan braces for its deadly onslaught. Mike Parsons, adrenaline pumping, calls "Surfline!" and then scrambles to buy plane tickets. "Nothing," he gushes, "matches the intensity of the rush when you launch on a really big wave." Writer Geoff Tabin captures that intensity next month, and he explains why worldwide there are now more than ten million surfers, most of whom are perpetually searching for the ultimate wave.

NASCAR—OUR NEW NATIONAL PASTIME

Fifteen years ago big-league stock-car racing got little TV coverage, it was highly regionalized, and the drivers were virtually unknown outside the South. Now televised NASCAR events garner ratings far higher than those for baseball or hockey; races are sold out, some a full year in advance, and take place before crowds that dwarf those for other sports. New tracks in Las Vegas, California, and Connecticut are making it possible for fans across the country to watch rallies in person. Next month Bones Bourcier reports on the explosive growth of the new national pastime, whose racers are now so well known that their images are on cereal boxes and soda machines.

GOING TO EXTREMES

It was a starfish formed of wriggling, squirming, heaving, pumping, convulsing flesh. At the core was Jasmin St. Claire, and around her were five men—three plugged into her usable orifices, two relegated to her capable little hands. Photographers were skittering around, and a cameraman was focusing a bucking camera. There were three Betacam screens, and a scoreboard, sports-stadium-style. This was the stuff of sexual legend, live. Suddenly Jasmin raised her head. "I need a dick in my mouth," she said nonchalantly, as though ordering up coffee. Renowned author Anthony Haden-Guest brings you on the set of *The World's Biggest Gang Bang,* as Jasmin attempts to set a new world record—300 men, the wear-and-tear equivalent of a four-minute mile.

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